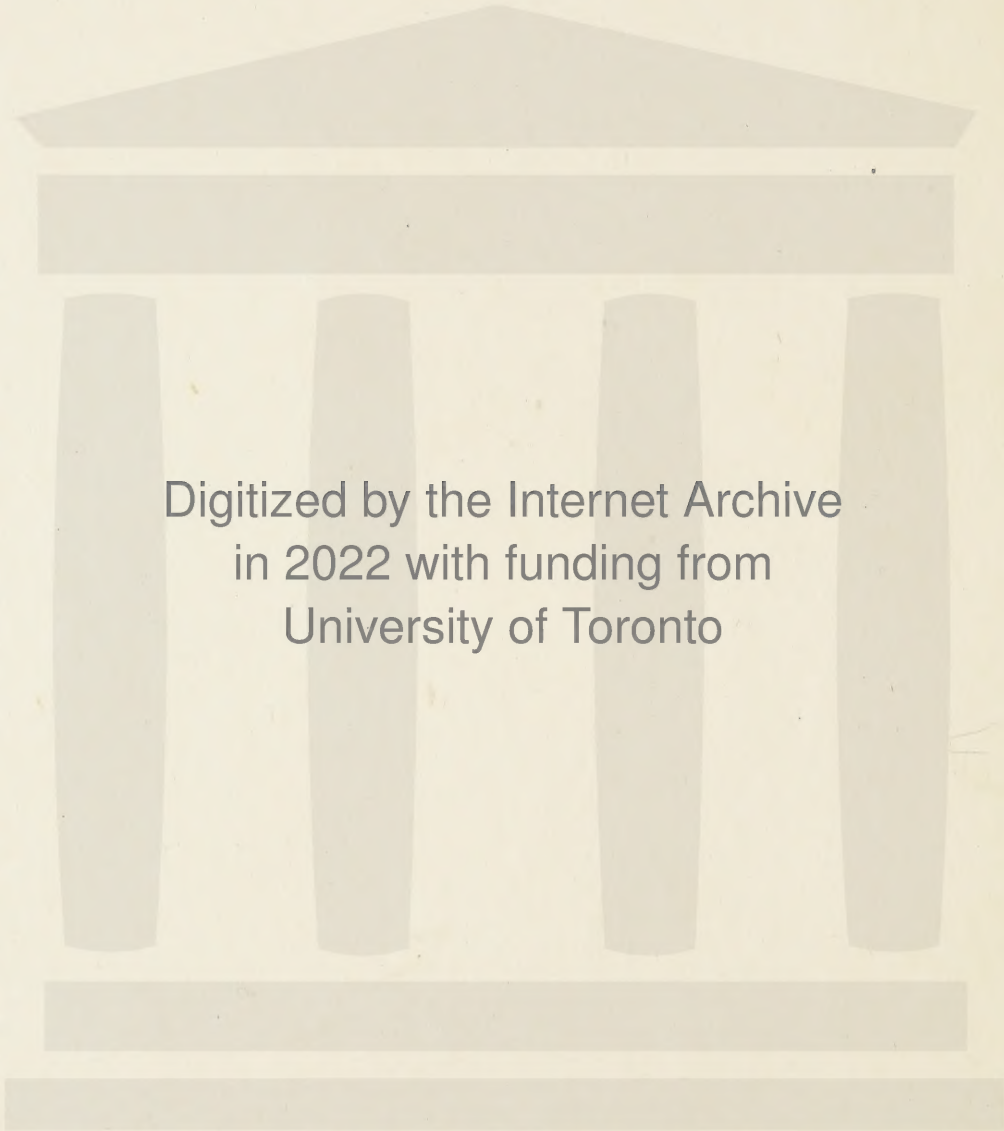
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Songs by Eugene Field



with Music by Reginald de Koven and others

H.M.A



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SONGS OF CHILDHOOD

MARGARET ARMSTRONG

VERSES BY EVGENE FIELD

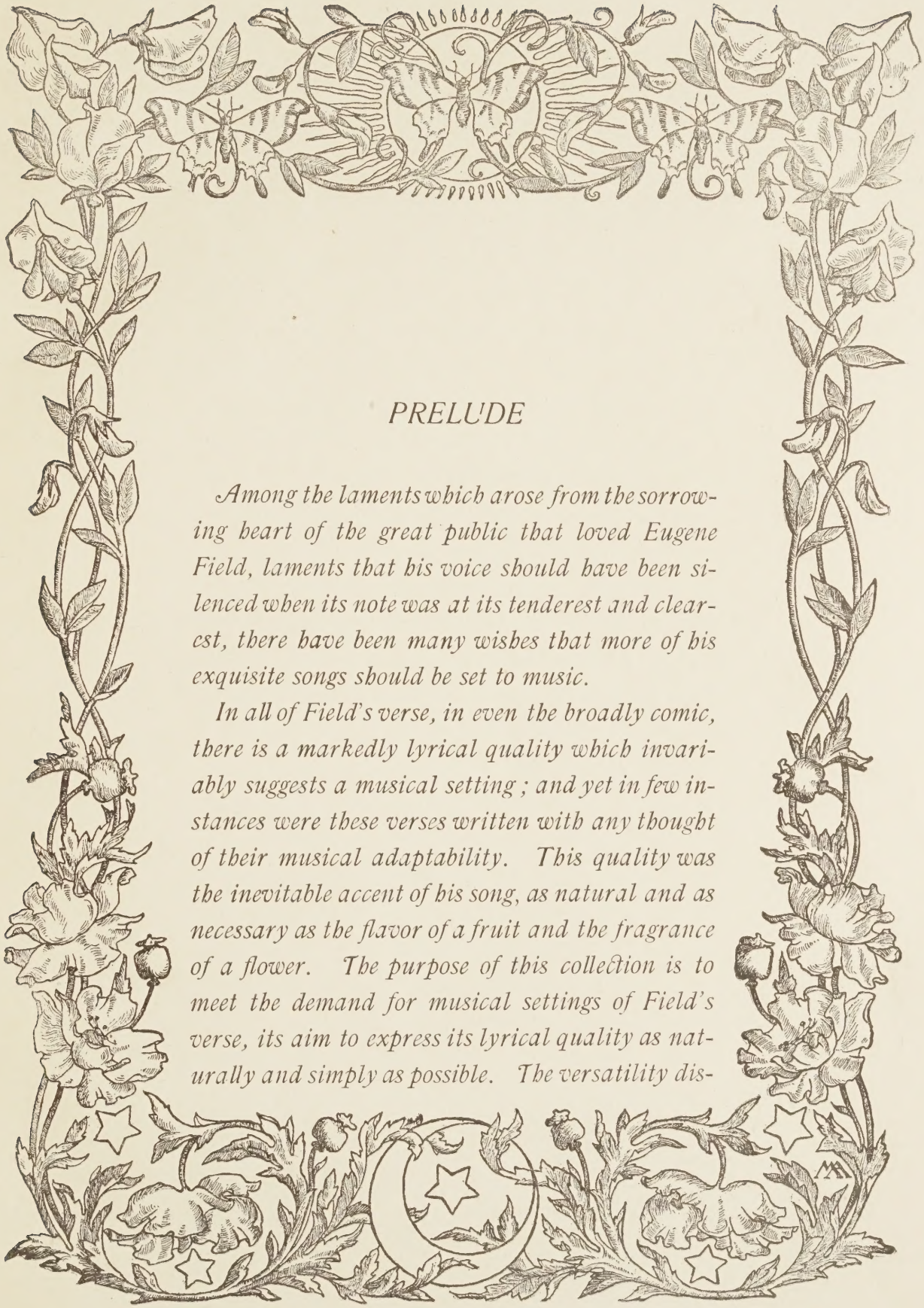


MVSIC BY
REGINALD DE KOVEN
AND OTHERS

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK — 1921

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PRELUDE

Among the laments which arose from the sorrowing heart of the great public that loved Eugene Field, laments that his voice should have been silenced when its note was at its tenderest and clearest, there have been many wishes that more of his exquisite songs should be set to music.

In all of Field's verse, in even the broadly comic, there is a markedly lyrical quality which invariably suggests a musical setting; and yet in few instances were these verses written with any thought of their musical adaptability. This quality was the inevitable accent of his song, as natural and as necessary as the flavor of a fruit and the fragrance of a flower. The purpose of this collection is to meet the demand for musical settings of Field's verse, its aim to express its lyrical quality as naturally and simply as possible. The versatility dis-

played in the varied themes of these lyrics is as remarkable as their suggestiveness to the composer.

The peculiar genius displayed in Field's verses of childhood dictated the prevailing character of this collection, which was finally adhered to throughout, so that the volume should be both harmonious and homogeneous.

As the poet was eminently and always heartily American and of his own country, the composers selected by the Editor to set his verses are likewise American, and their names representative as such and as song-writers. Fifteen out of the twenty songs have been written especially for this work, the other five being included therein by special arrangement with the publishers.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

New York,
October 27, 1896.

SONGS AND COMPOSERS

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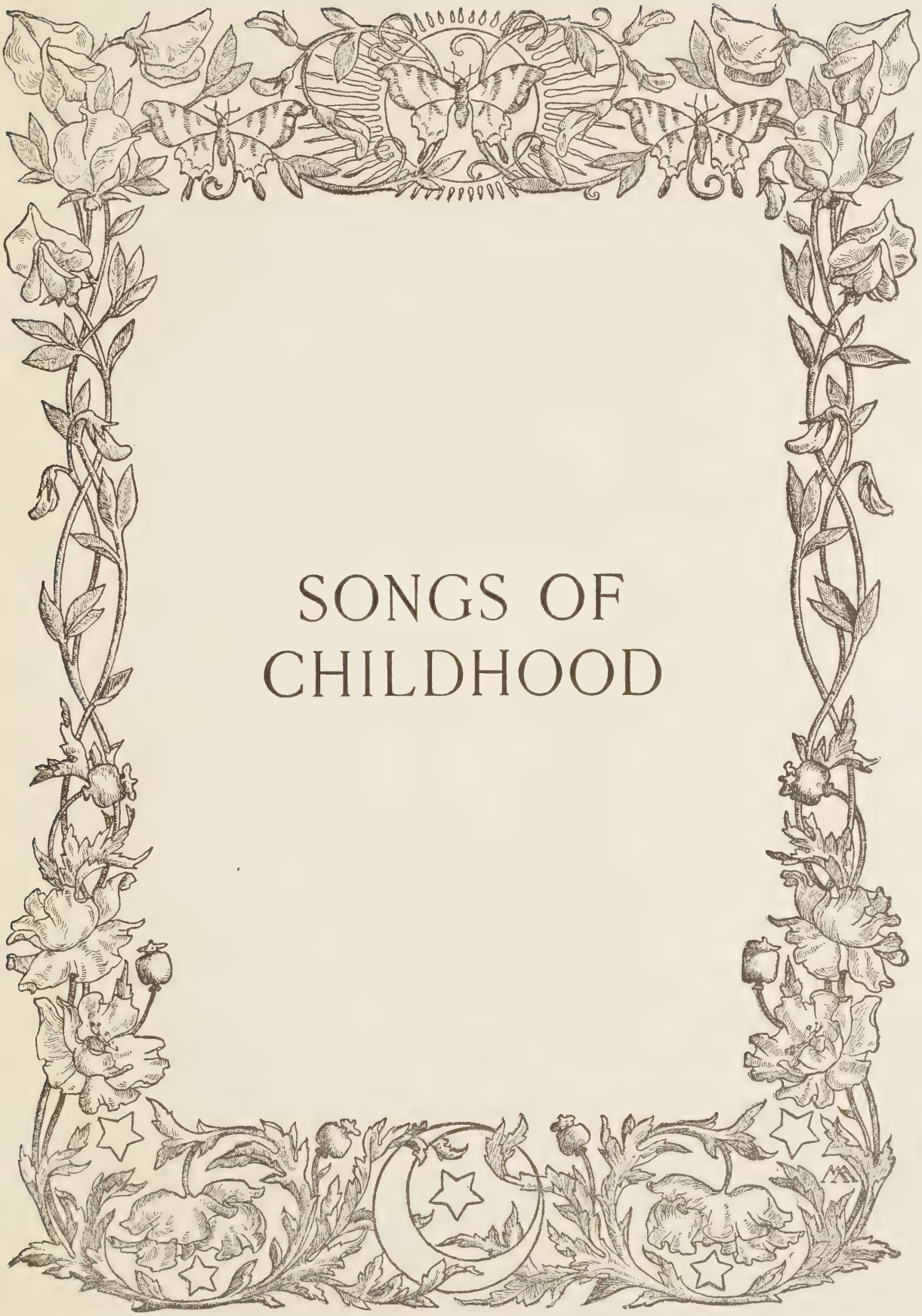
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SONGS OF CHILDHOOD

SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW

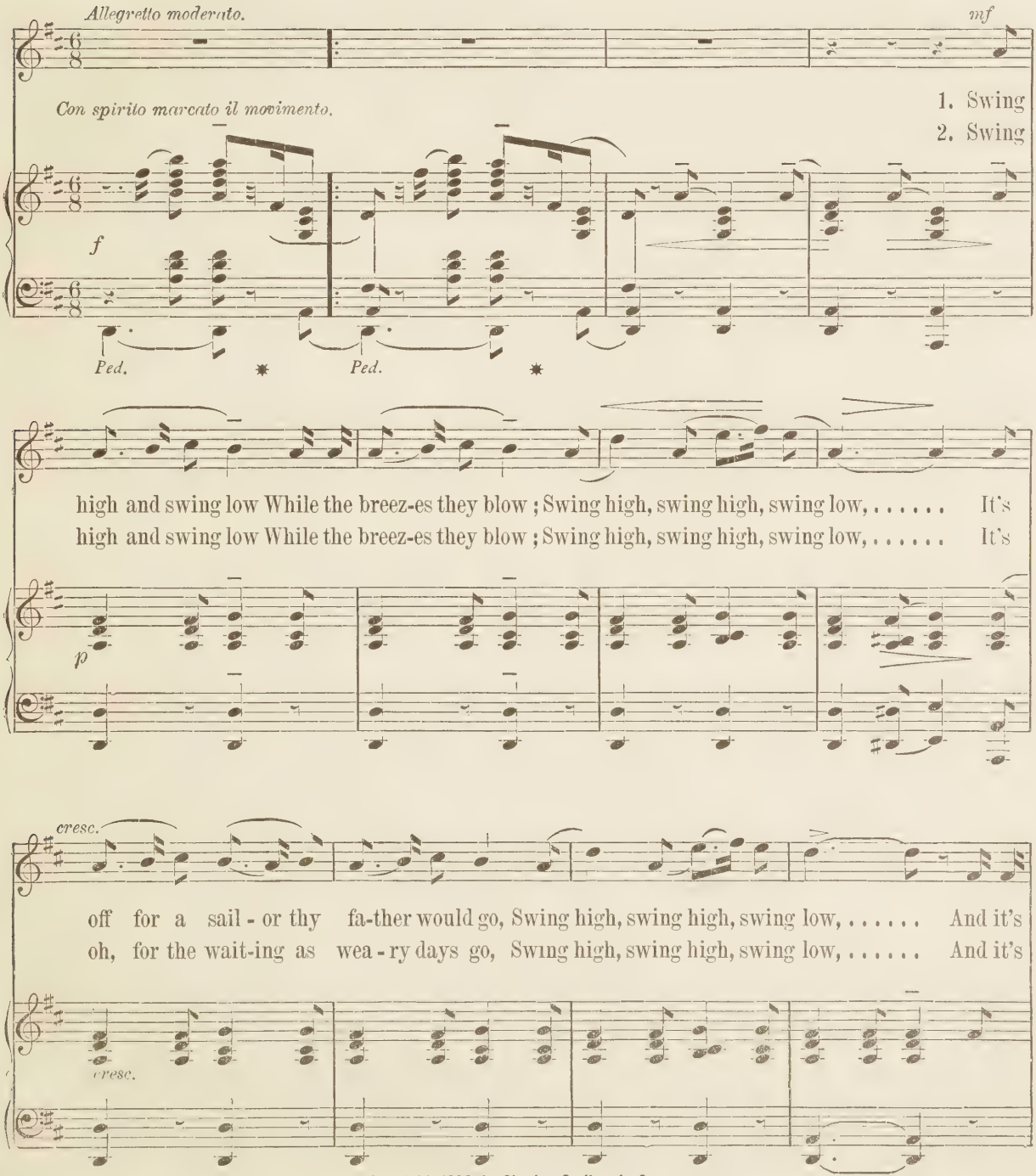
SWING high and swing low
While the breezes they blow—
It 's off for a sailor thy father would go;
And it 's here in the harbor, in sight of the sea,
He hath left his wee babe with my song and with me:
" Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow!"

Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow—
It 's oh for the waiting as weary days go!
And it 's oh for the heartache that smiteth me when
I sing my song over and over again:
" Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow!"
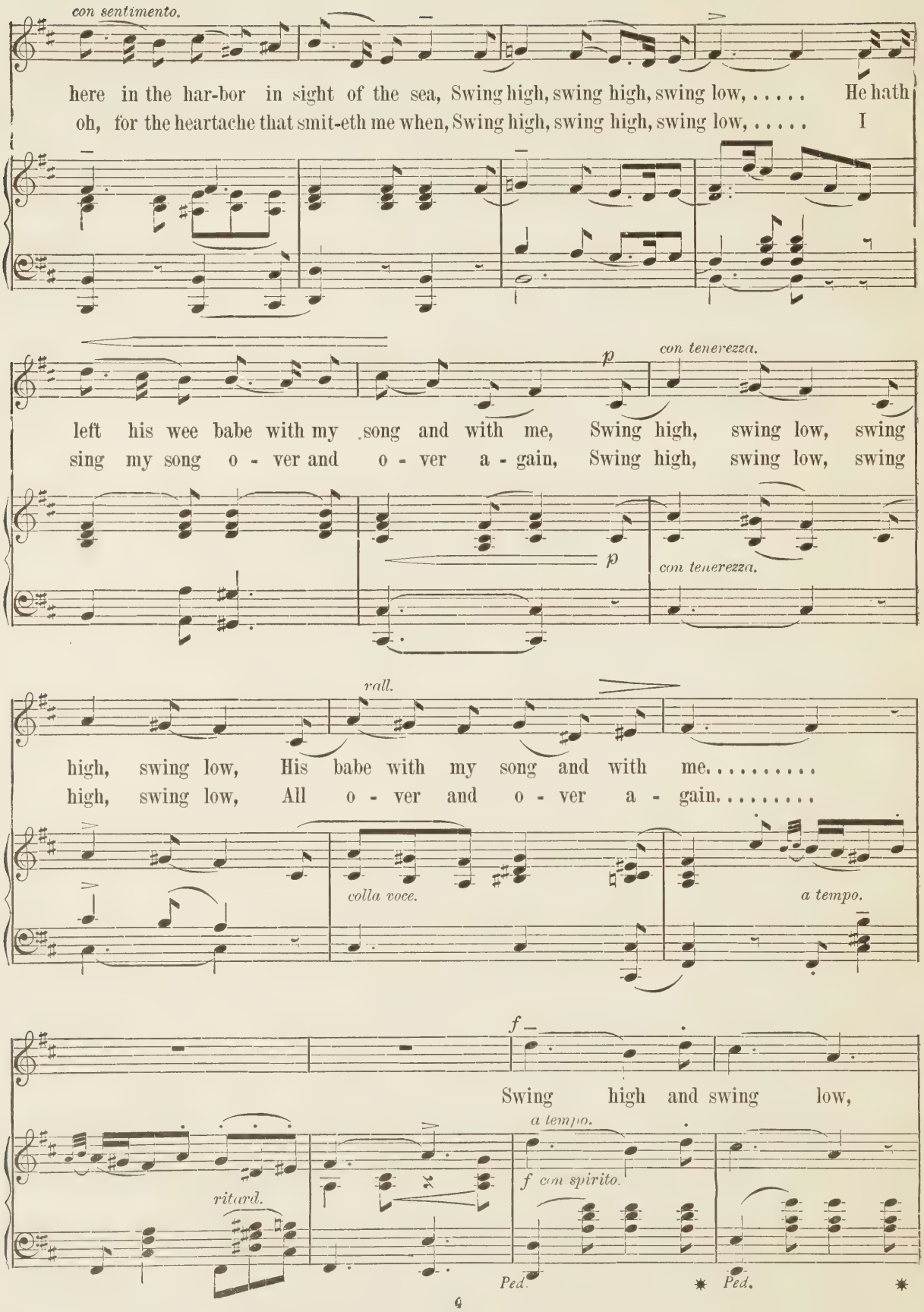
"Swing high and swing low"—
The sea singeth so,
And it waileth anon in its ebb and its flow;
And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the sea,
Nor recketh he ever of mine or of me.
" Swing high and swing low
While the breezes they blow—
'T was off for a sailor thy father would go!"
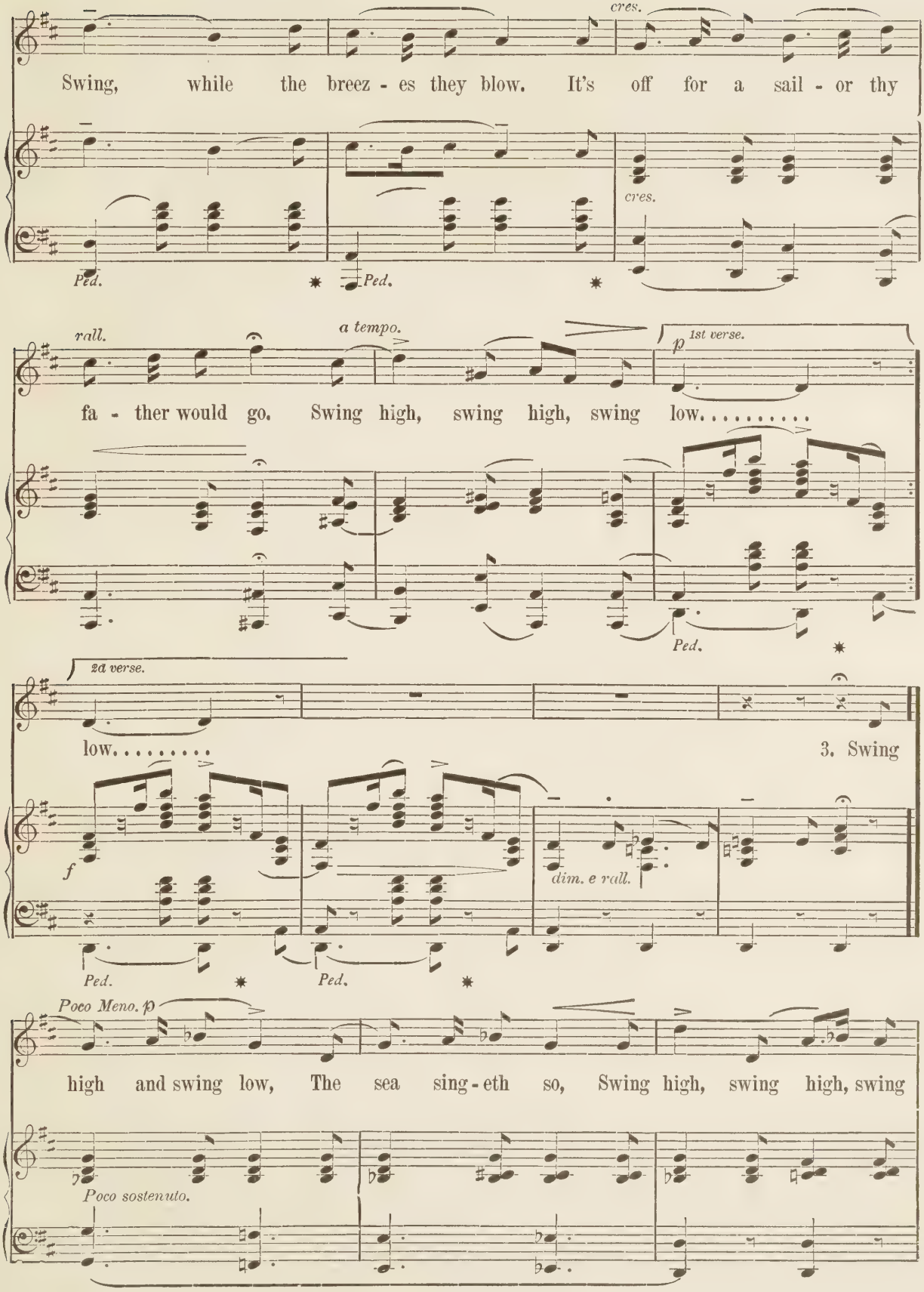
SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW
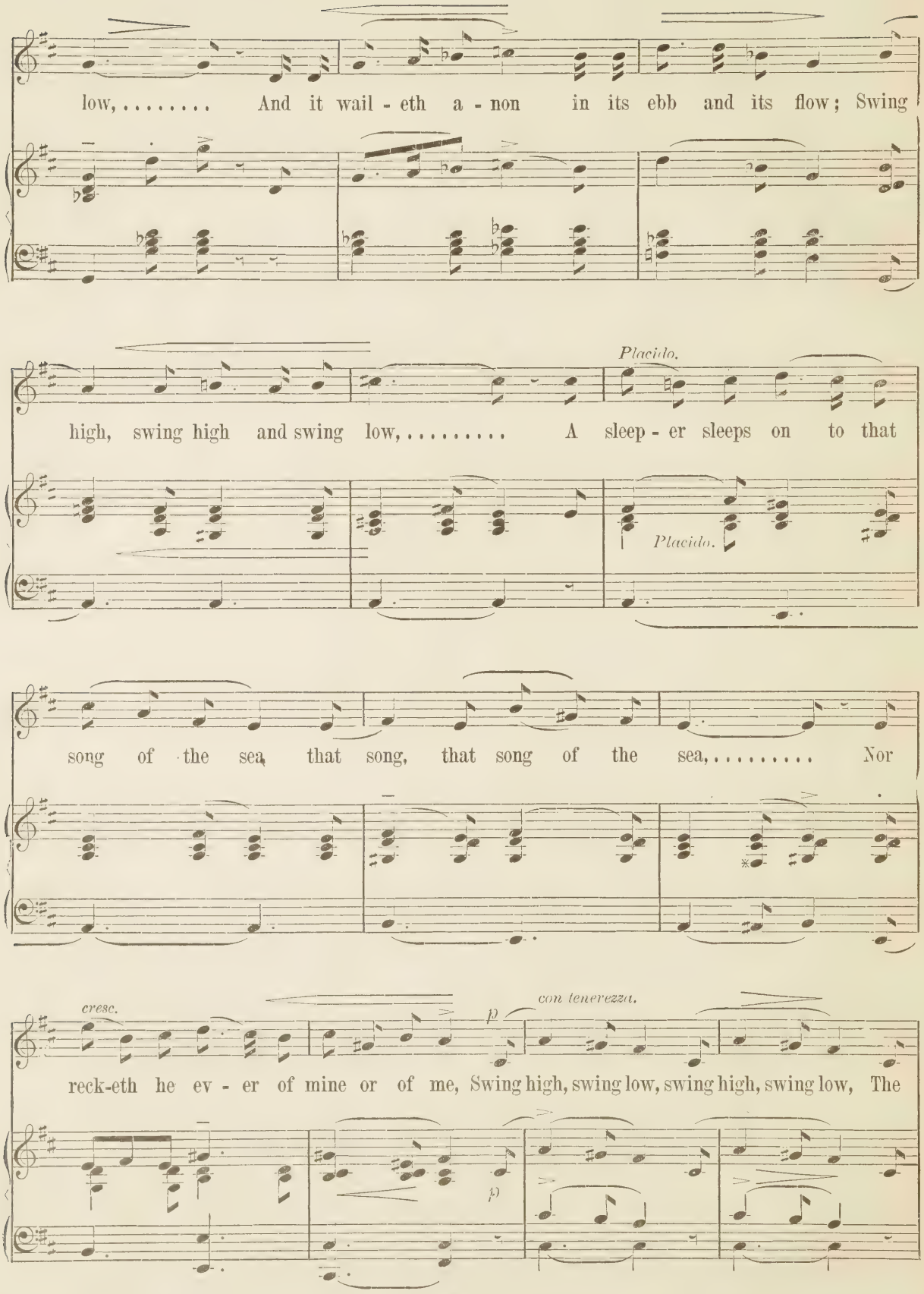
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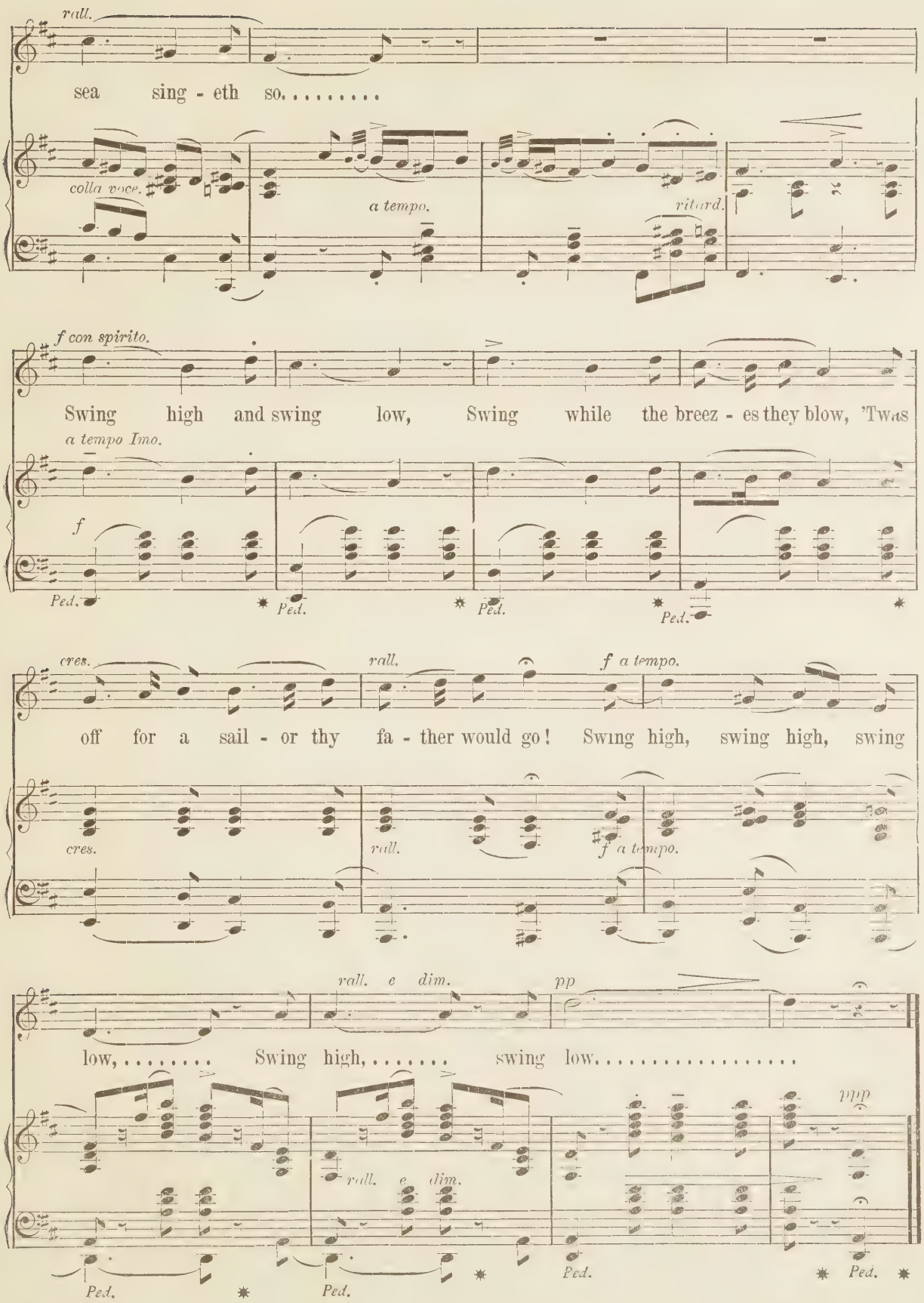


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con sentimento.
here in the har-bor in sight of the sea, Swing high, swing high, swing low, ... He hath
oh, for the heartache that smit-eth me when, Swing high, swing high, swing low, ... I
p
con tenerezza.
left his wee babe with my song and with me, Swing high, swing low, swing
sing my song o - ver and o - ver a - gain, Swing high, swing low, swing
p
con tenerezza.
rall.
high, swing low, His babe with my song and with me. . . . . .
high, swing low, All o - ver and o - ver a - gain. . . . . .
colla voce.
a tempo.
f
Swing high and swing low,
a tempo.
f con spirito.
ritard.
Ped.
Ped.


cres.
Swing, while the breez - es they blow. It's off for a sail - or thy
Ped.
Ped.
cres.
rall.
a tempo.
p 1st verse.
fa - ther would go. Swing high, swing high, swing low.
Ped.
2d verse.
low.
3. Swing
f
dim. e rall.
Ped.
Ped.
Poco Meno. p
high and swing low, The sea sing - eth so, Swing high, swing high, swing
Poco sostenuto.


low, ... And it wail - eth a - non in its ebb and its flow; Swing
Placido.
high, swing high and swing low, ... A sleep - er sleeps on to that
Placido.
song of the sea that song, that song of the sea, ... Nor
cresc.
p
con tenerezza.
reck-eth he ev - er of mine or of me, Swing high, swing low, swing high, swing low, The
p


rall.
sea sing - eth so.
colla voce.
a tempo.
ritard.
f con spirito.
Swing high and swing low, Swing while the breez - es they blow, 'Twas
a tempo Imo.
f
Ped.
cres.
rall.
f a tempo.
off for a sail - or thy fa - ther would go! Swing high, swing high, swing
rall. e dim.
pp
low, Swing high, swing low.
ppp

LITTLE MISTRESS SANS-MERCI

LITTLE Mistress Sans-Merci
Fareth world-wide, fancy free:
Trotteth cooing to and fro,
And her cooing is command—
Never ruled there yet, I trow,
Mightier despot in the land.
And my heart it lieth where
Mistress Sans-Merci doth fare.
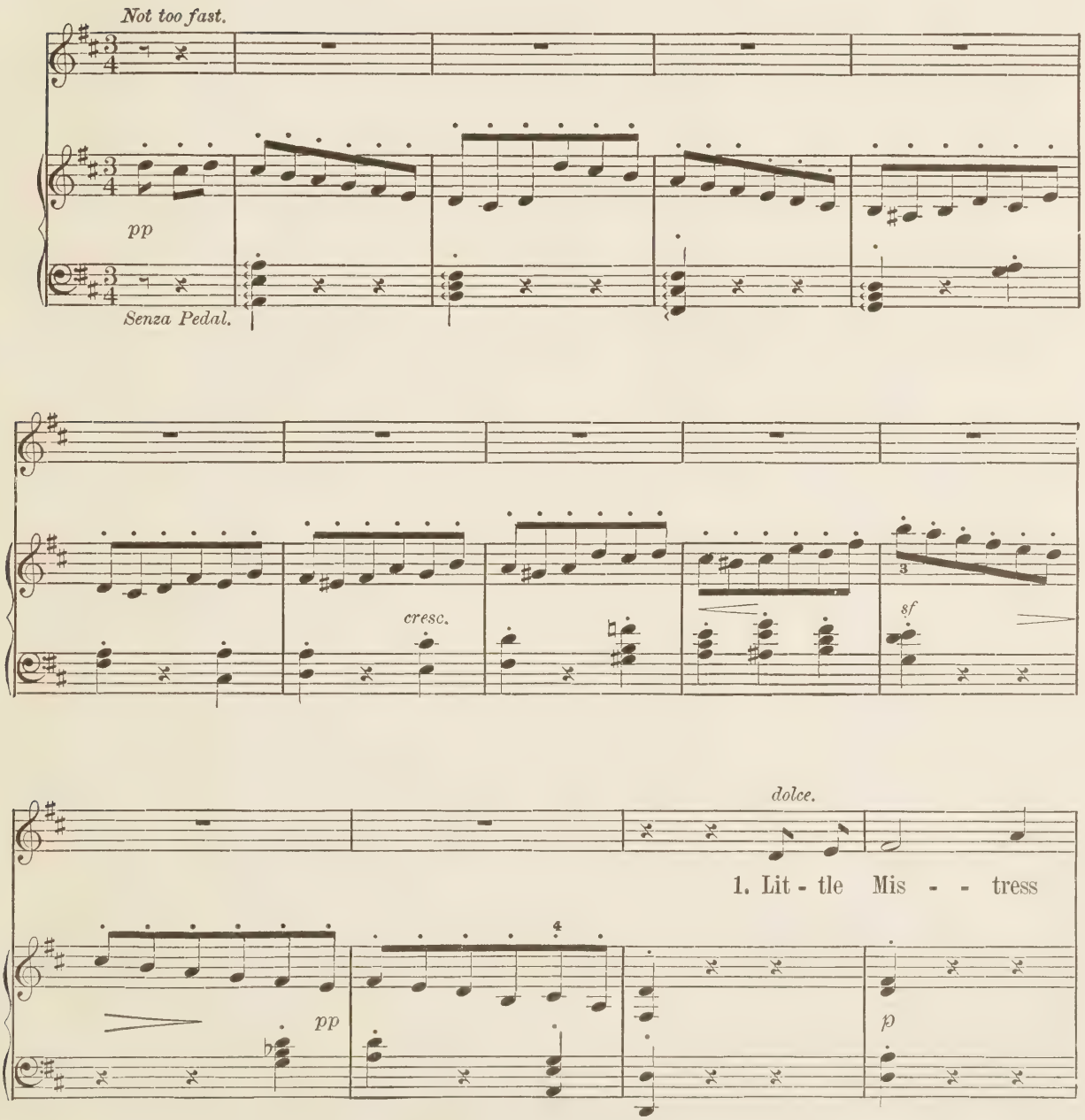
Little Mistress Sans-Merci—
She hath made a slave of me!
"Go," she biddeth, and I go—
"Come," and I am fain to come—
Never mercy doth she show,
Be she wroth or frolicsome,
Yet am I content to be
Slave to Mistress Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci
Hath become so dear to me
That I count as passing sweet
All the pain her moods impart,
And I bless the little feet
That go trampling on my heart:
Ah, how lonely life would be
But for little Sans-Merci!

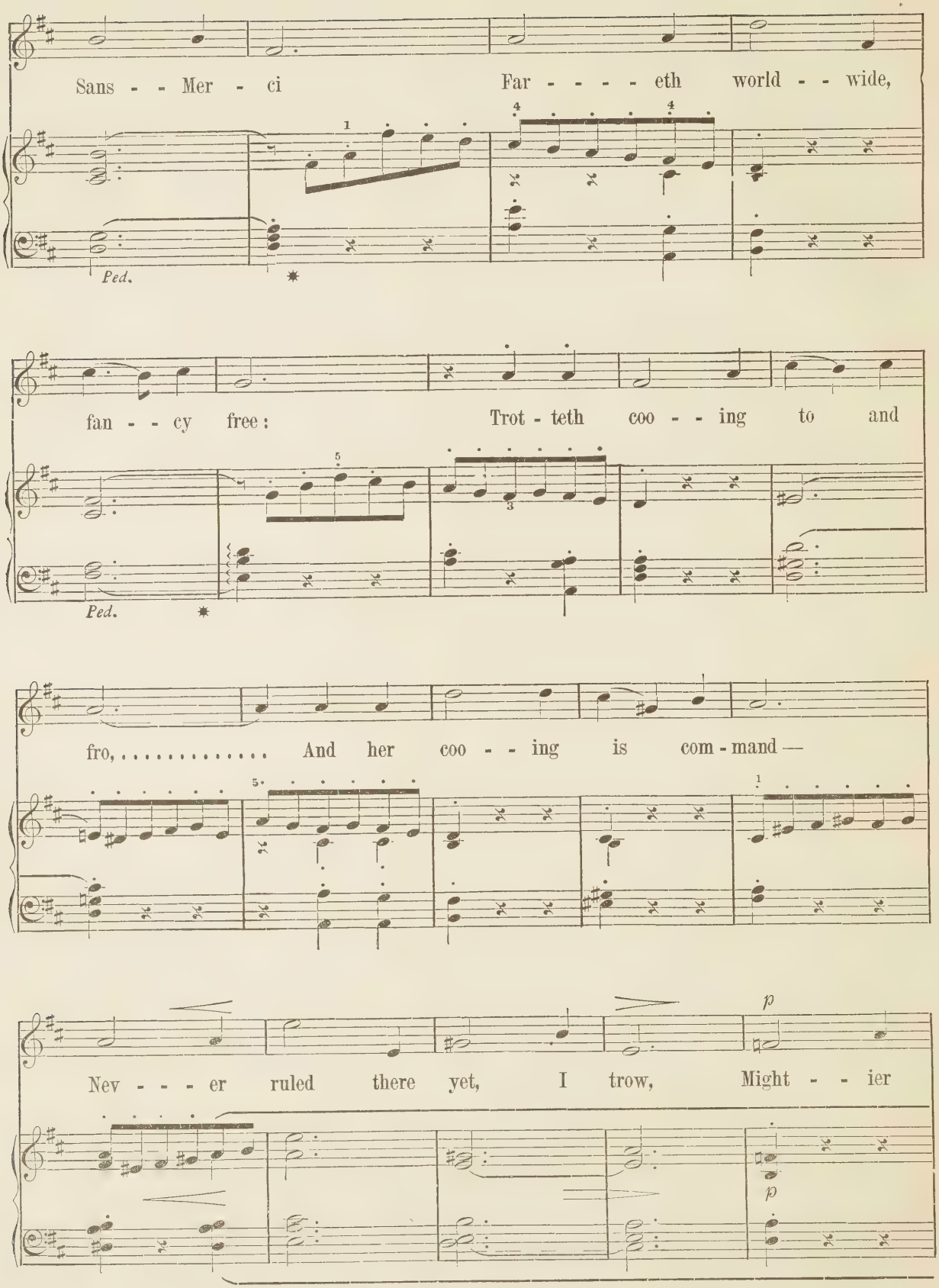
Little Mistress Sans-Merci,
Cuddle close this night to me,
And the heart, which all day long
Ruthless thou hast trod upon,
Shall outpour a soothing song
For its best belovéd one—
All its tenderness for thee,
Little Mistress Sans-Merci!
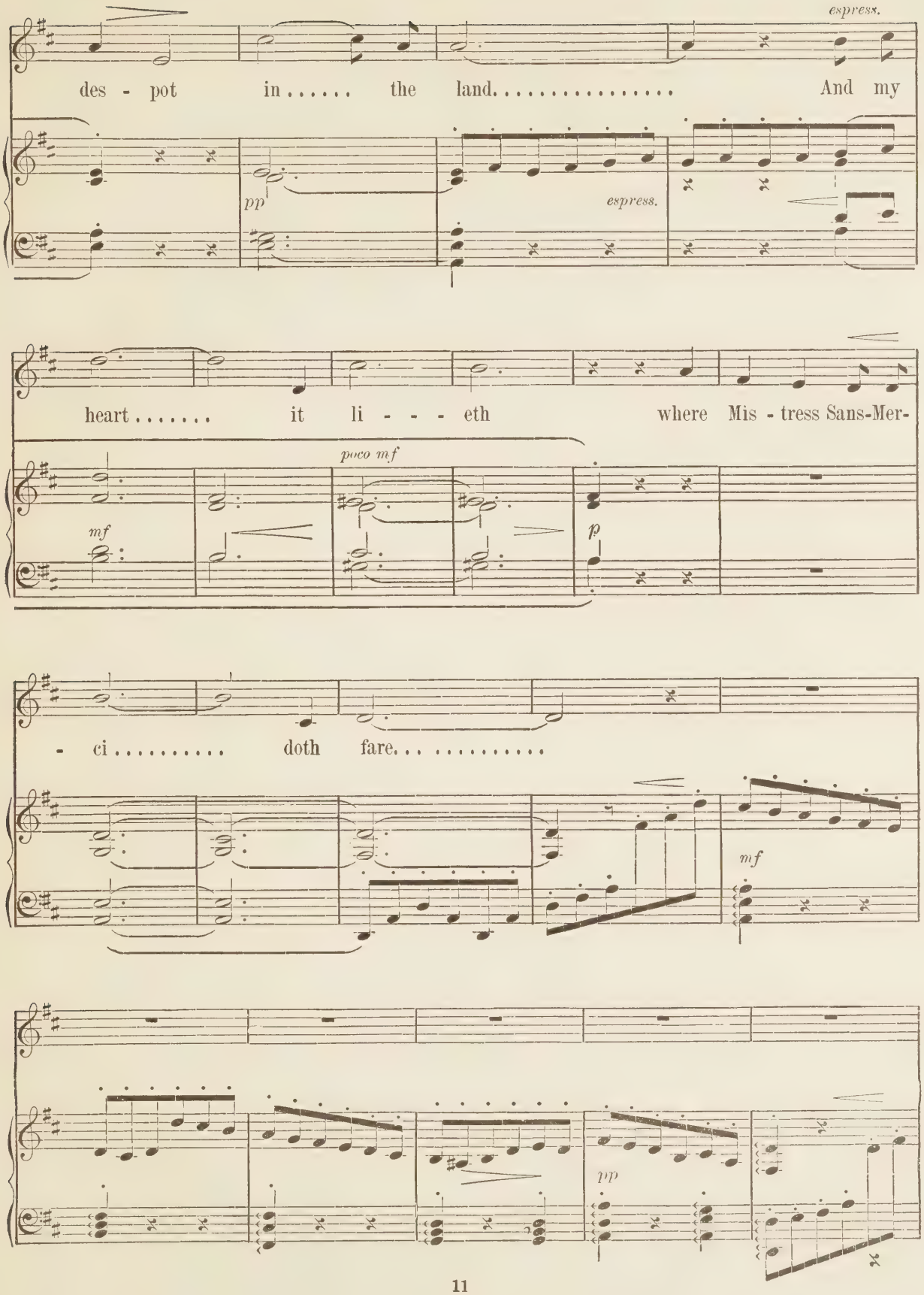
LITTLE MISTRESS SANS-MERCI
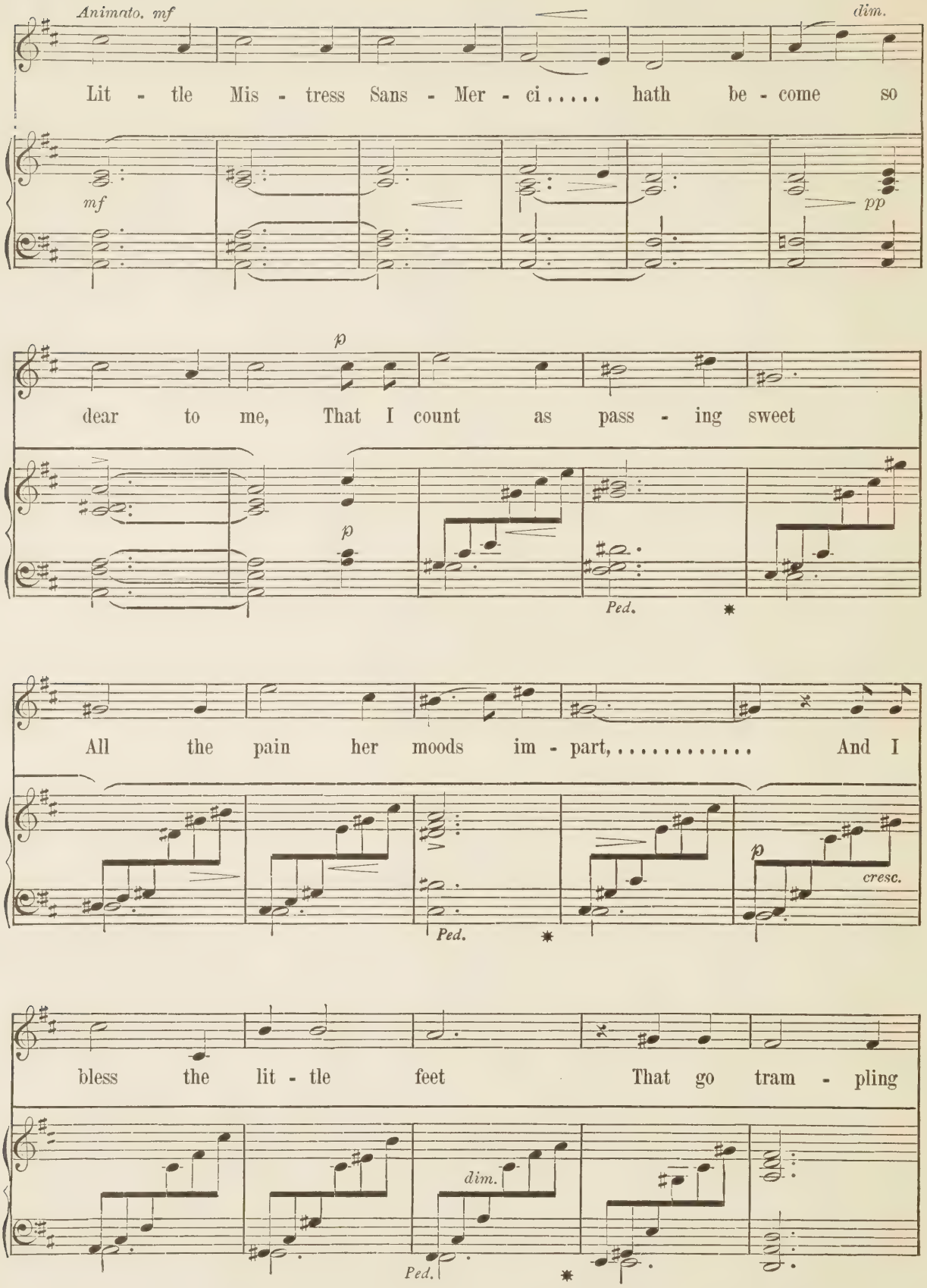
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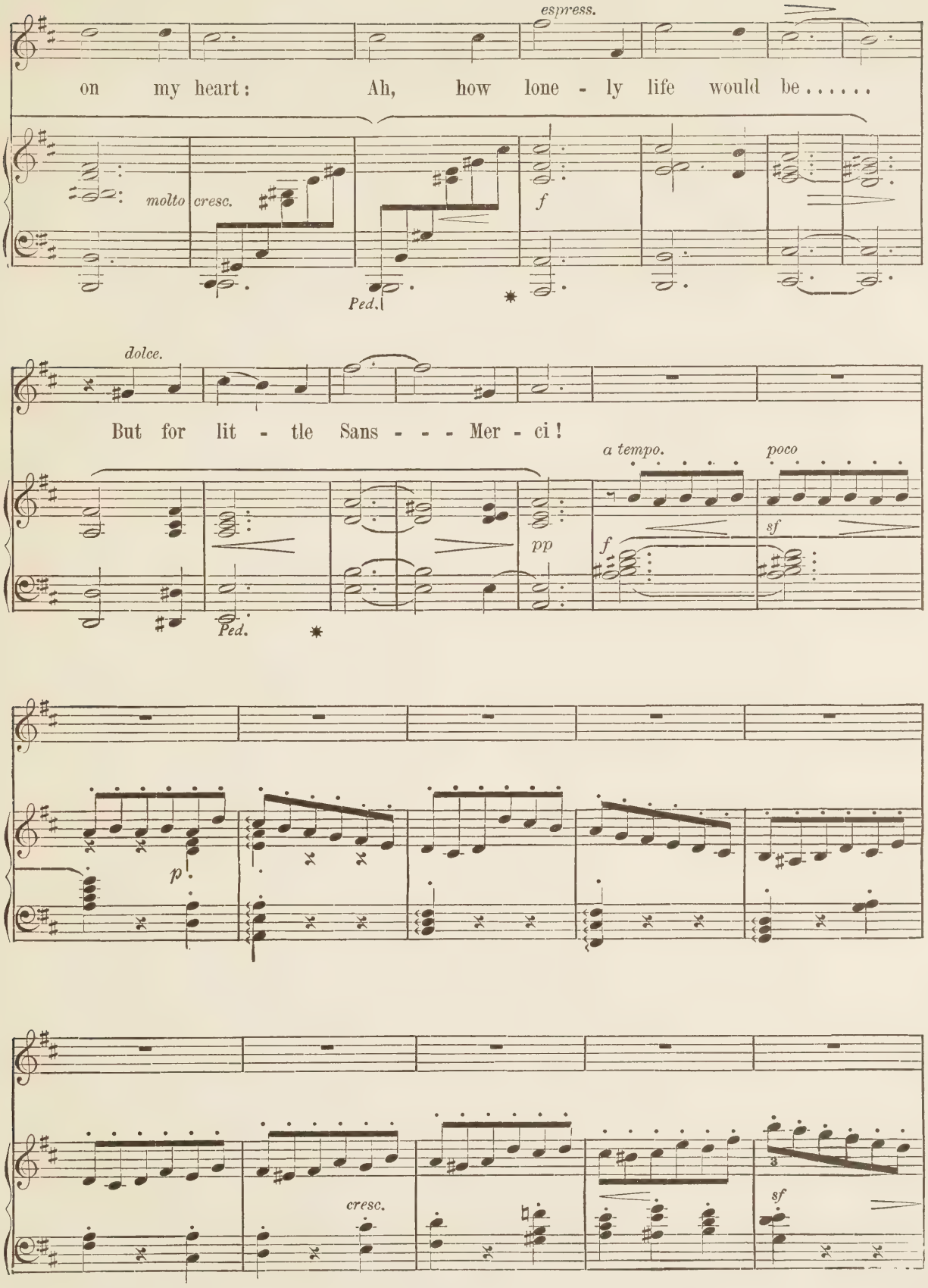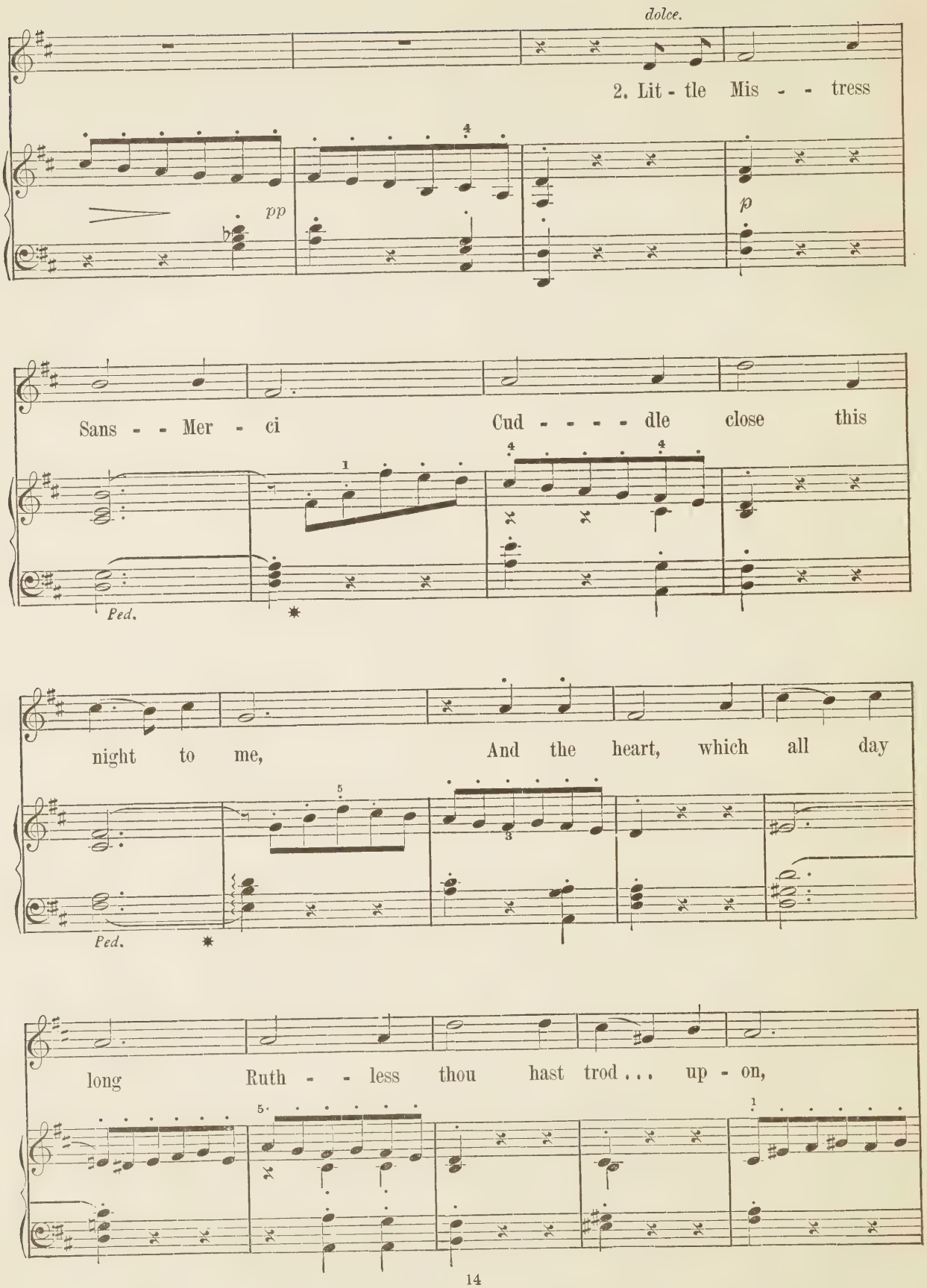


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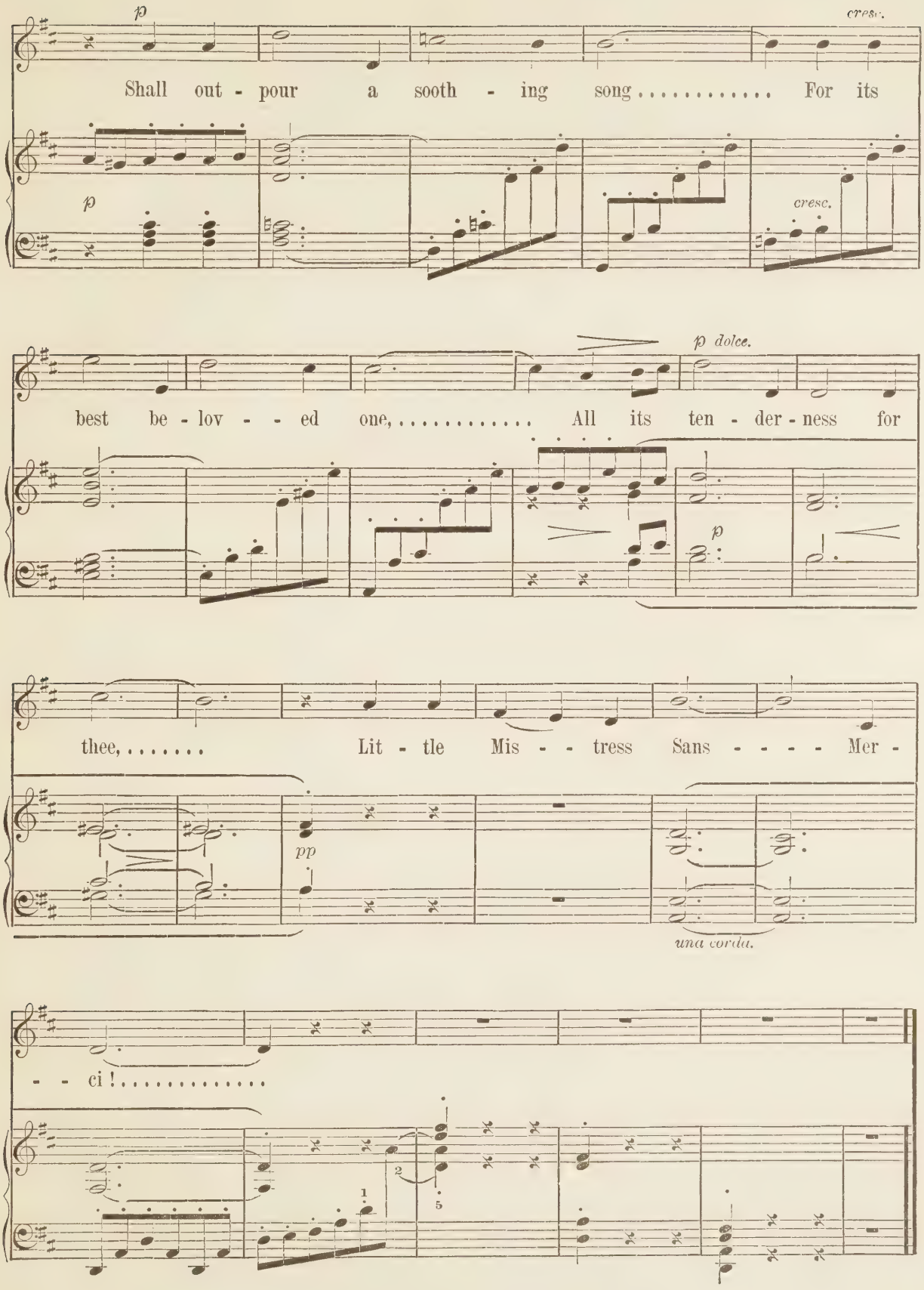

Sans - - Mer - ci
Far - - - - eth world - - wide,
Ped.
fan - - cy free:
Trot - teth coo - - ing to and
Ped.
fro, ... And her coo - - ing is com - mand —
Nev - - - er ruled there yet, I trow, Might - - ier
p
p

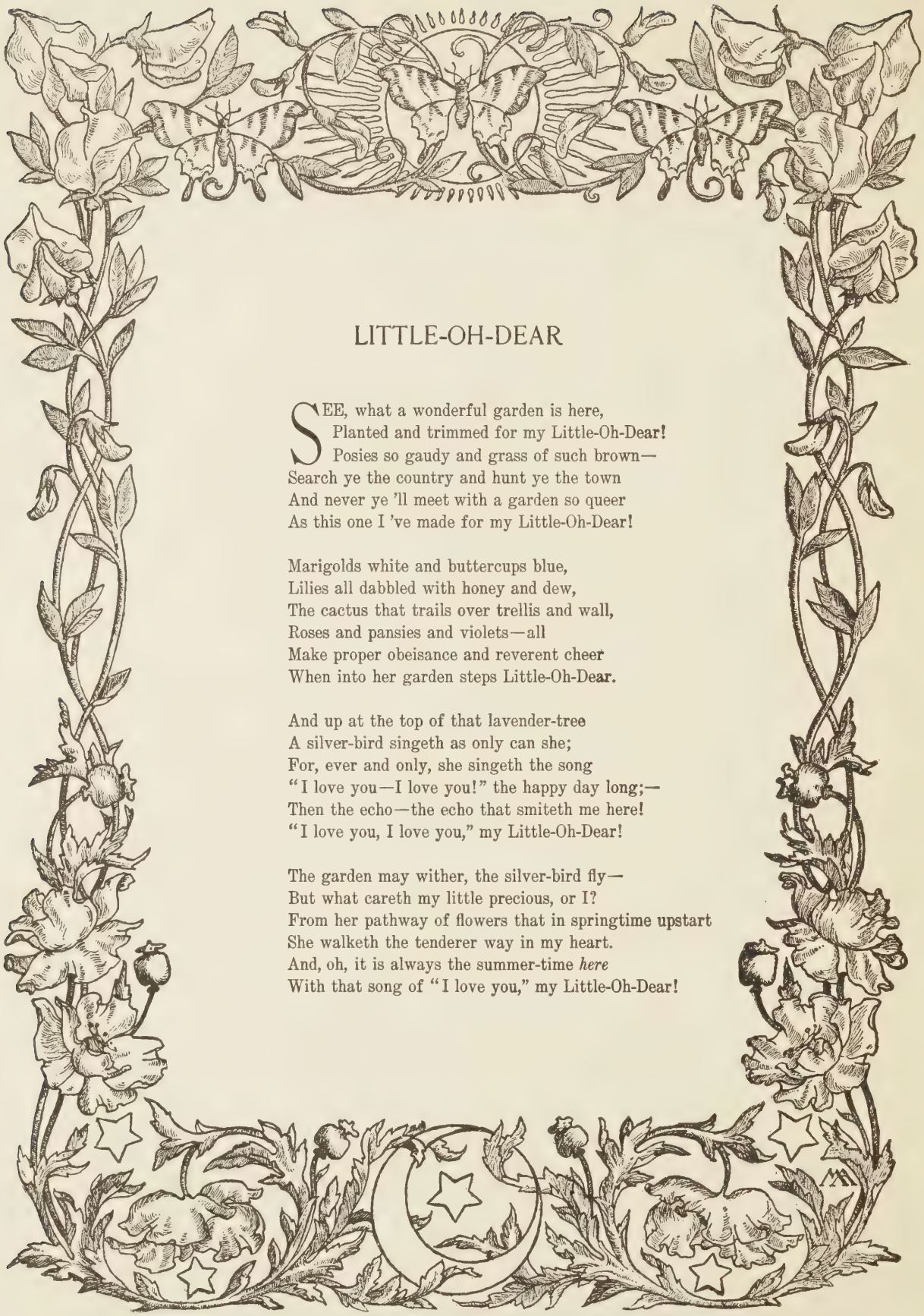

espress.
des - pot in..... the land..... And my
pp
espress.
heart..... it li - - - eth where Mis - tress Sans-Mer-
poco mf
mf
p
- ci..... doth fare.....
mf
pp


Animato. mf
dim.
Lit - tle Mis - tress Sans - Mer - ci . . . . . hath be - come so
mf
pp
p
dear to me, That I count as pass - ing sweet
p
Ped.
All the pain her moods im - part, ... And I
p
cresc.
Ped.
bless the lit - tle feet That go tram - pling
dim.
Ped.


espress.
on my heart: Ah, how lone - ly life would be.....
molto cresc.
f
Ped.
dolce.
But for lit - tle Sans - - - Mer - ci!
a tempo.
poco
pp
f
sf
Ped.
p
cresc.
sf


dolce.
2. Lit - tle Mis - - tress
pp
p
Sans - - Mer - ci
Cud - - - - dle close this
Ped.
night to me,
And the heart, which all day
Ped.
long
Ruth - - less thou hast trod . . . up - on,


p
cresc.
Shall out - pour a sooth - ing song . . . . . For its
p
cresc.
p dolce.
best be - lov - - ed one, ... All its ten - der - ness for
p
thee, ... Lit - tle Mis - - tress Sans - - - - Mer -
pp
una corda.
- - ci ! . . . . . .
1
2
5



LITTLE-OH-DEAR

SEE, what a wonderful garden is here,
Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-Dear!
Posies so gaudy and grass of such brown—
Search ye the country and hunt ye the town
And never ye 'll meet with a garden so queer
As this one I 've made for my Little-Oh-Dear!
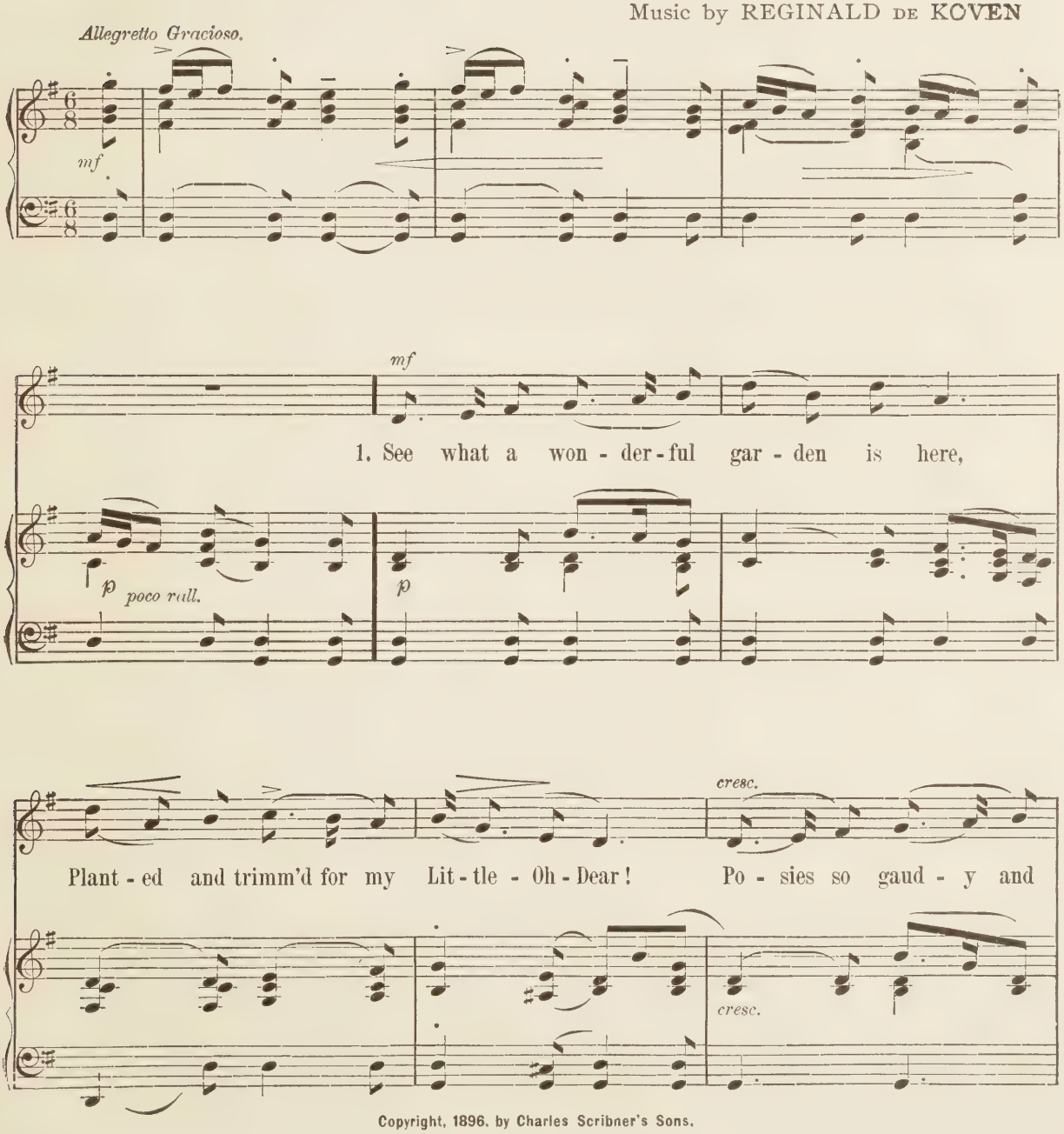
Marigolds white and buttercups blue,
Lilies all dabbled with honey and dew,
The cactus that trails over trellis and wall,
Roses and pansies and violets—all
Make proper obeisance and reverent cheer
When into her garden steps Little-Oh-Dear.

And up at the top of that lavender-tree
A silver-bird singeth as only can she;
For, ever and only, she singeth the song
"I love you—I love you!" the happy day long;—
Then the echo—the echo that smiteth me here!
"I love you, I love you," my Little-Oh-Dear!
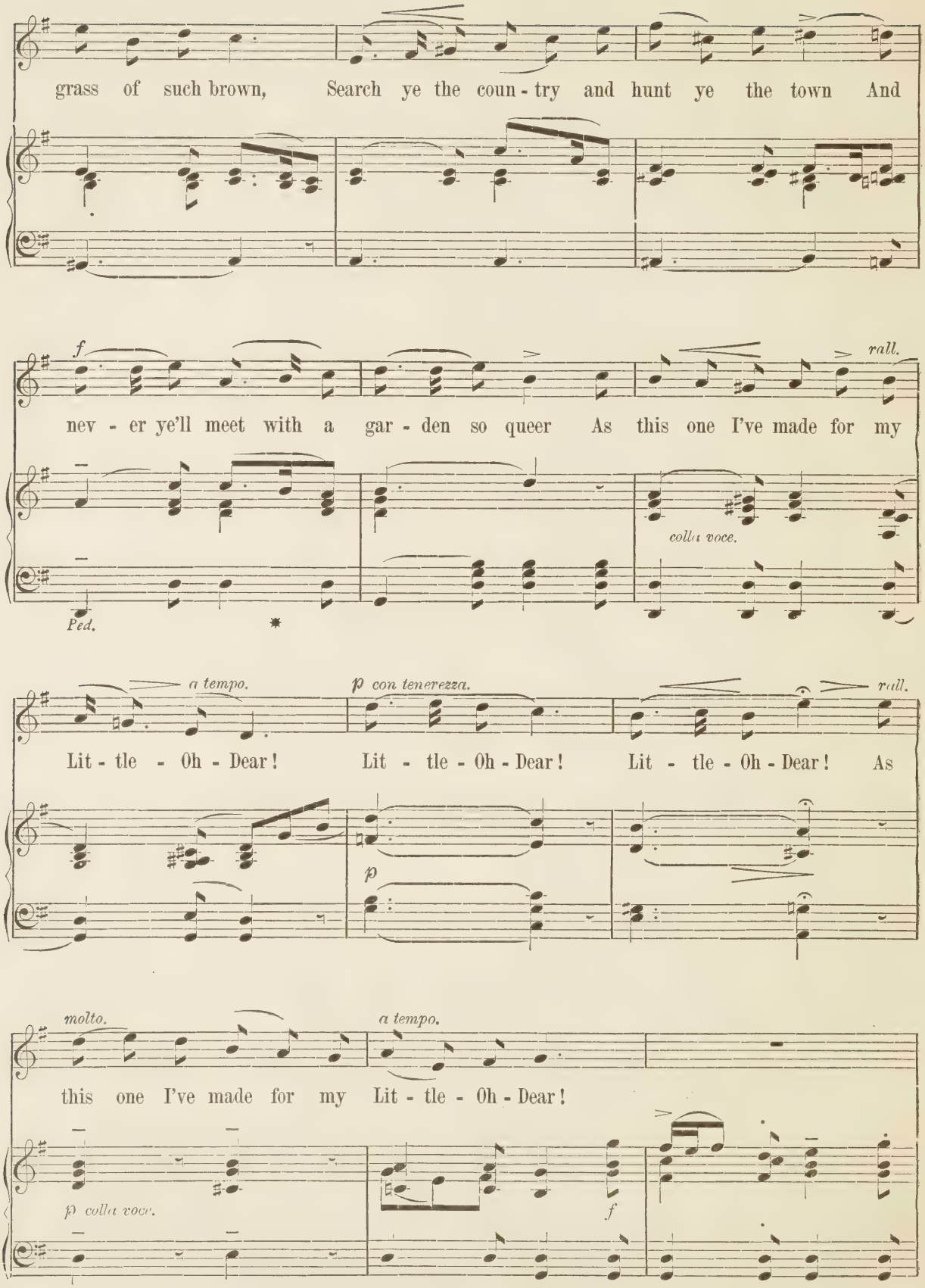
The garden may wither, the silver-bird fly—
But what careth my little precious, or I?
From her pathway of flowers that in springtime upstart
She walketh the tenderer way in my heart.
And, oh, it is always the summer-time *here*
With that song of "I love you," my Little-Oh-Dear!
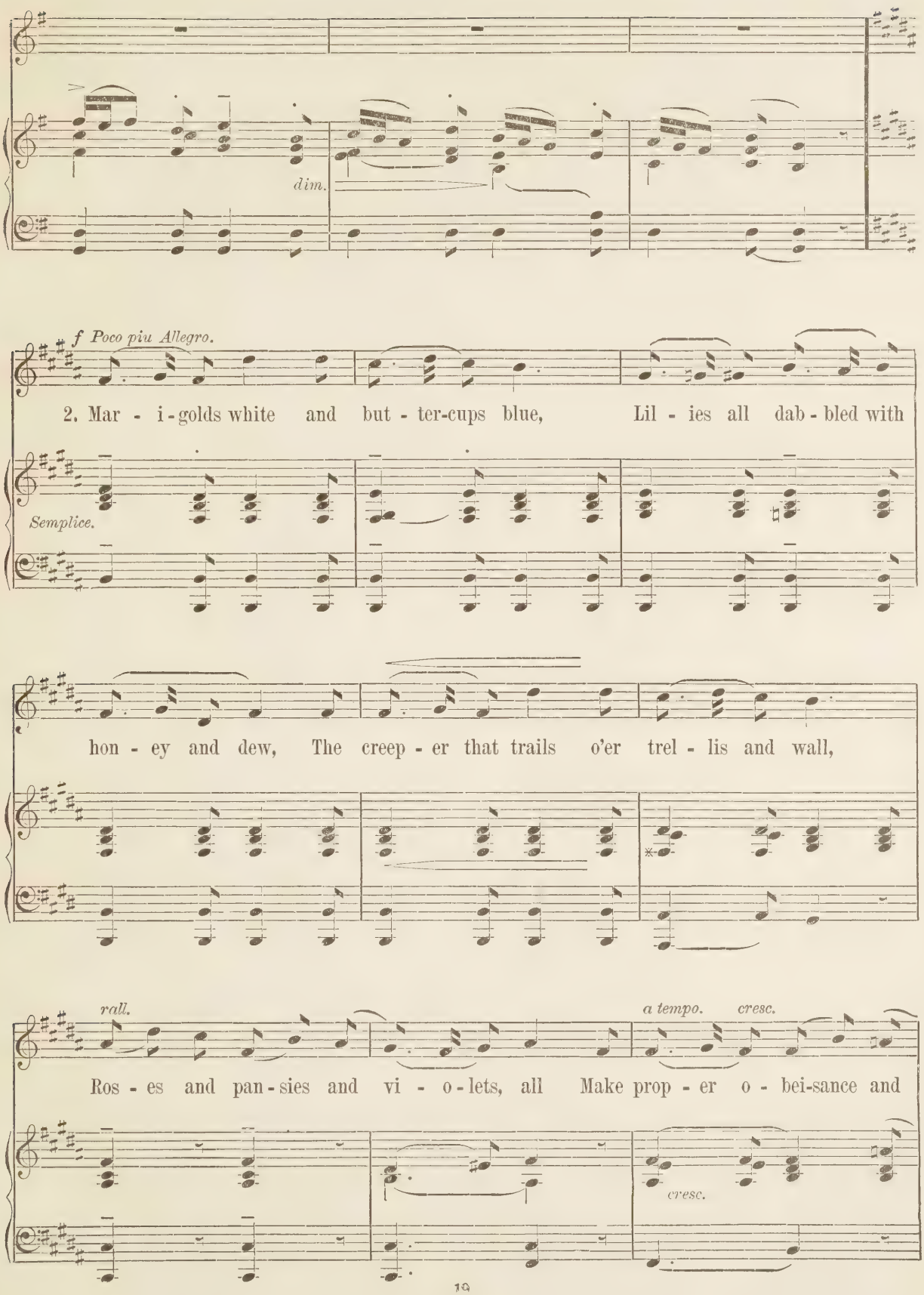
LITTLE-OH-DEAR
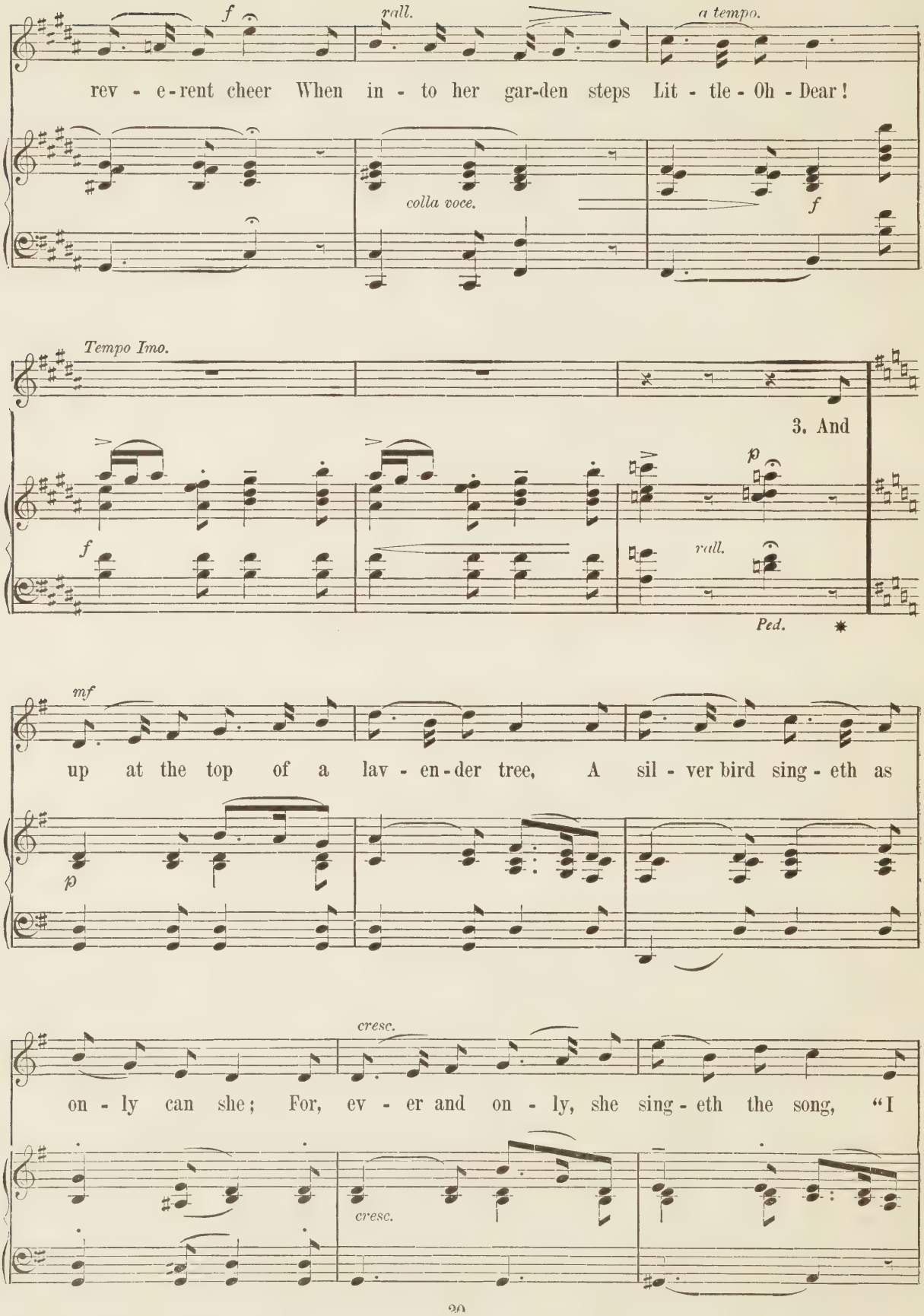
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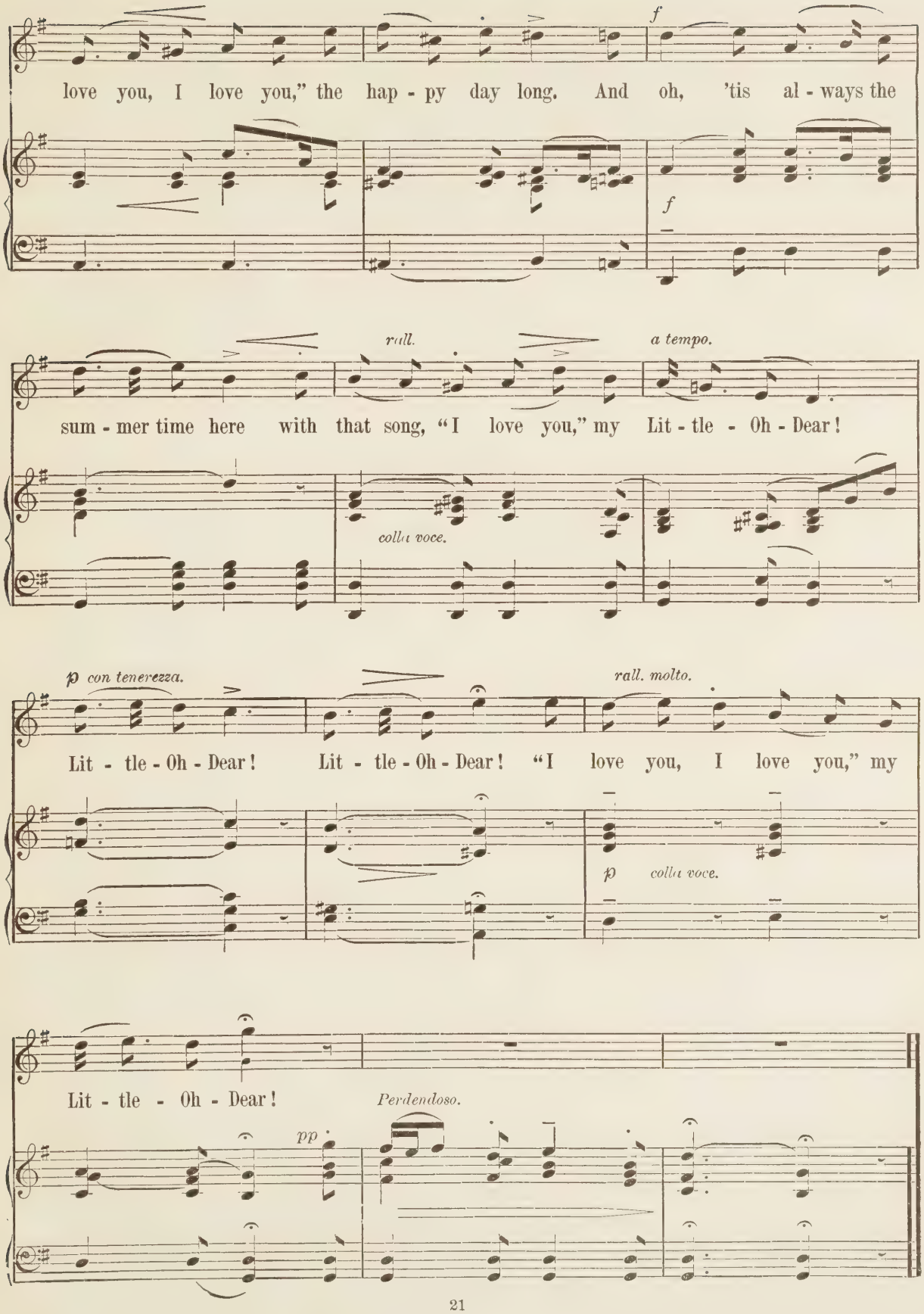


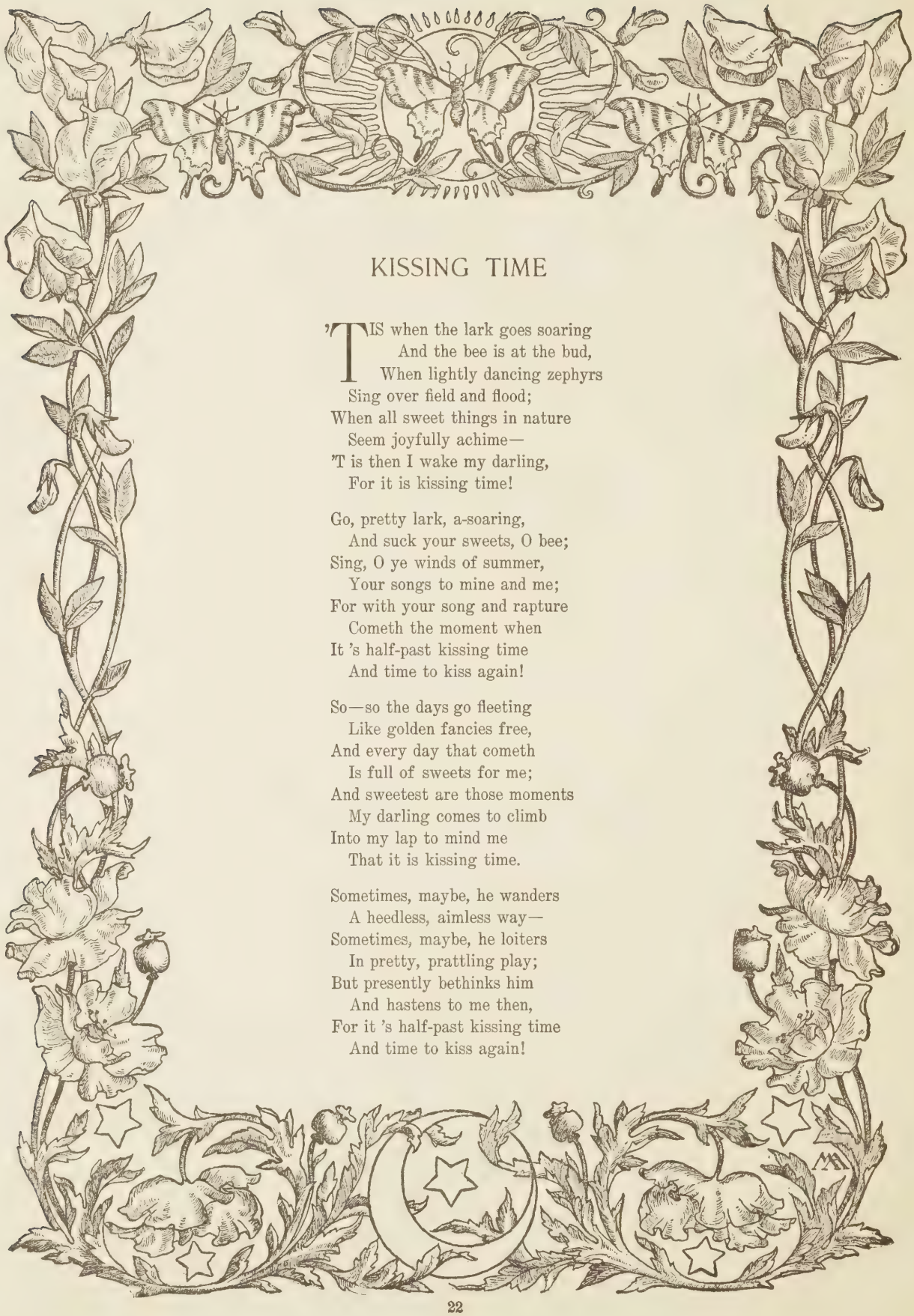
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grass of such brown, Search ye the coun - try and hunt ye the town And
f
rall.
nev - er ye'll meet with a gar - den so queer As this one I've made for my
colla voce.
Ped.
a tempo.
p con tenerezza.
rall.
Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! As
p
molto.
a tempo.
this one I've made for my Lit - tle - Oh - Dear!
p colla voce.
f


dim.
f Poco piu Allegro.
2. Mar - i - golds white and but - ter-cups blue, Lil - ies all dab - bled with
Semplice.
hon - ey and dew, The creep - er that trails o'er trel - lis and wall,
rall.
a tempo. cresc.
Ros - es and pan - sies and vi - o - lets, all Make prop - er o - bei-sance and
cresc.


f
rall.
a tempo.
rev - e - rent cheer When in - to her gar-den steps Lit - tle - Oh - Dear!
colla voce.
f
Tempo Imo.
3. And
p
f
rall.
Ped.
mf
up at the top of a lav - en - der tree, A sil - ver bird sing - eth as
p
cresc.
on - ly can she; For, ev - er and on - ly, she sing - eth the song, "I
cresc.


love you, I love you," the hap - py day long. And oh, 'tis al - ways the
f
f
sum - mer time here with that song, "I love you," my Lit - tle - Oh - Dear!
rall.
a tempo.
colla voce.
p con tenerezza.
Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! Lit - tle - Oh - Dear! "I love you, I love you," my
rall. molto.
p colla voce.
Lit - tle - Oh - Dear!
Perdendoso.
pp



KISSING TIME

'TIS when the lark goes soaring
And the bee is at the bud,
When lightly dancing zephyrs
Sing over field and flood;
When all sweet things in nature
Seem joyfully achime—
'T is then I wake my darling,
For it is kissing time!
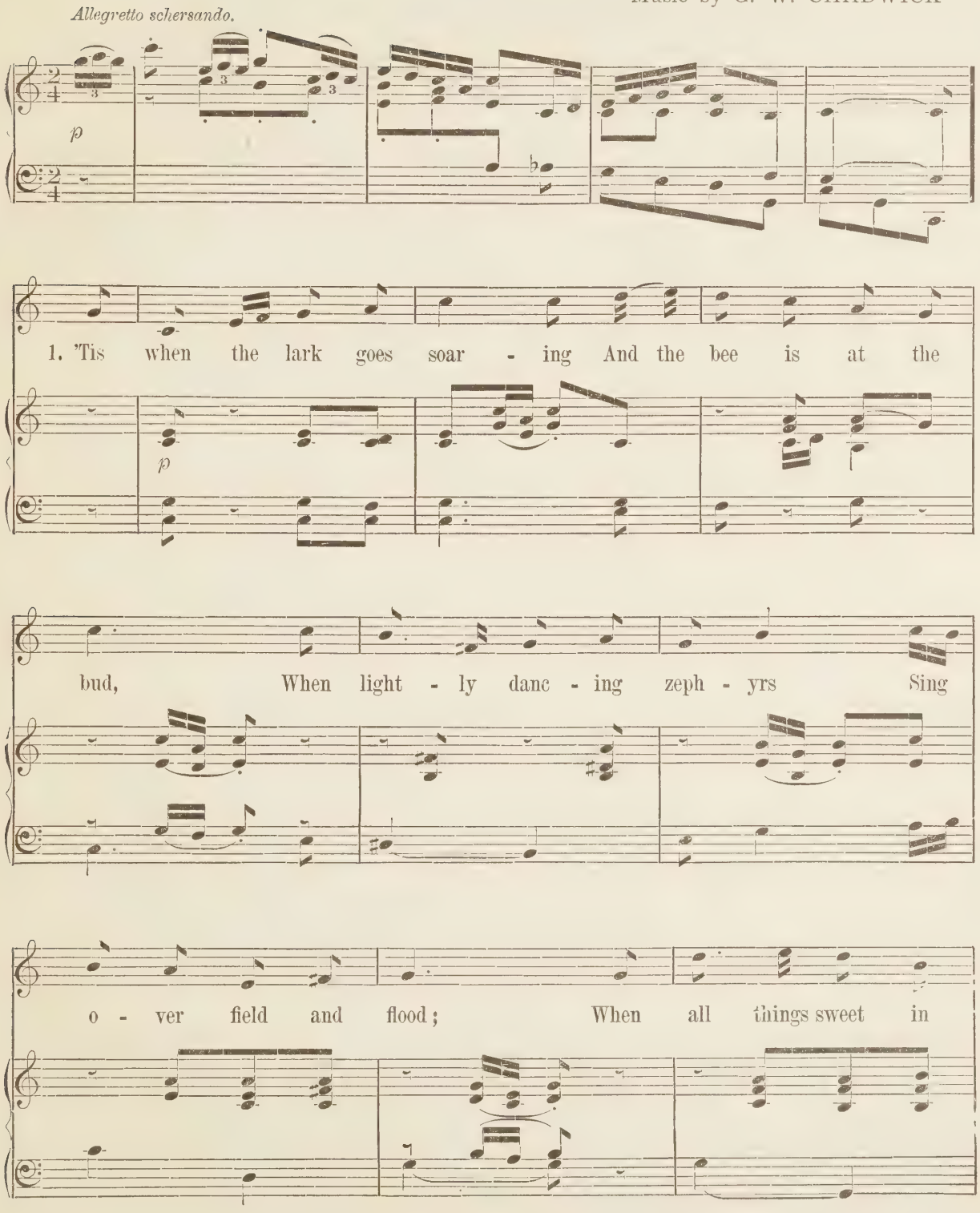
Go, pretty lark, a-soaring,
And suck your sweets, O bee;
Sing, O ye winds of summer,
Your songs to mine and me;
For with your song and rapture
Cometh the moment when
It 's half-past kissing time
And time to kiss again!

So—so the days go fleeting
Like golden fancies free,
And every day that cometh
Is full of sweets for me;
And sweetest are those moments
My darling comes to climb
Into my lap to mind me
That it is kissing time.

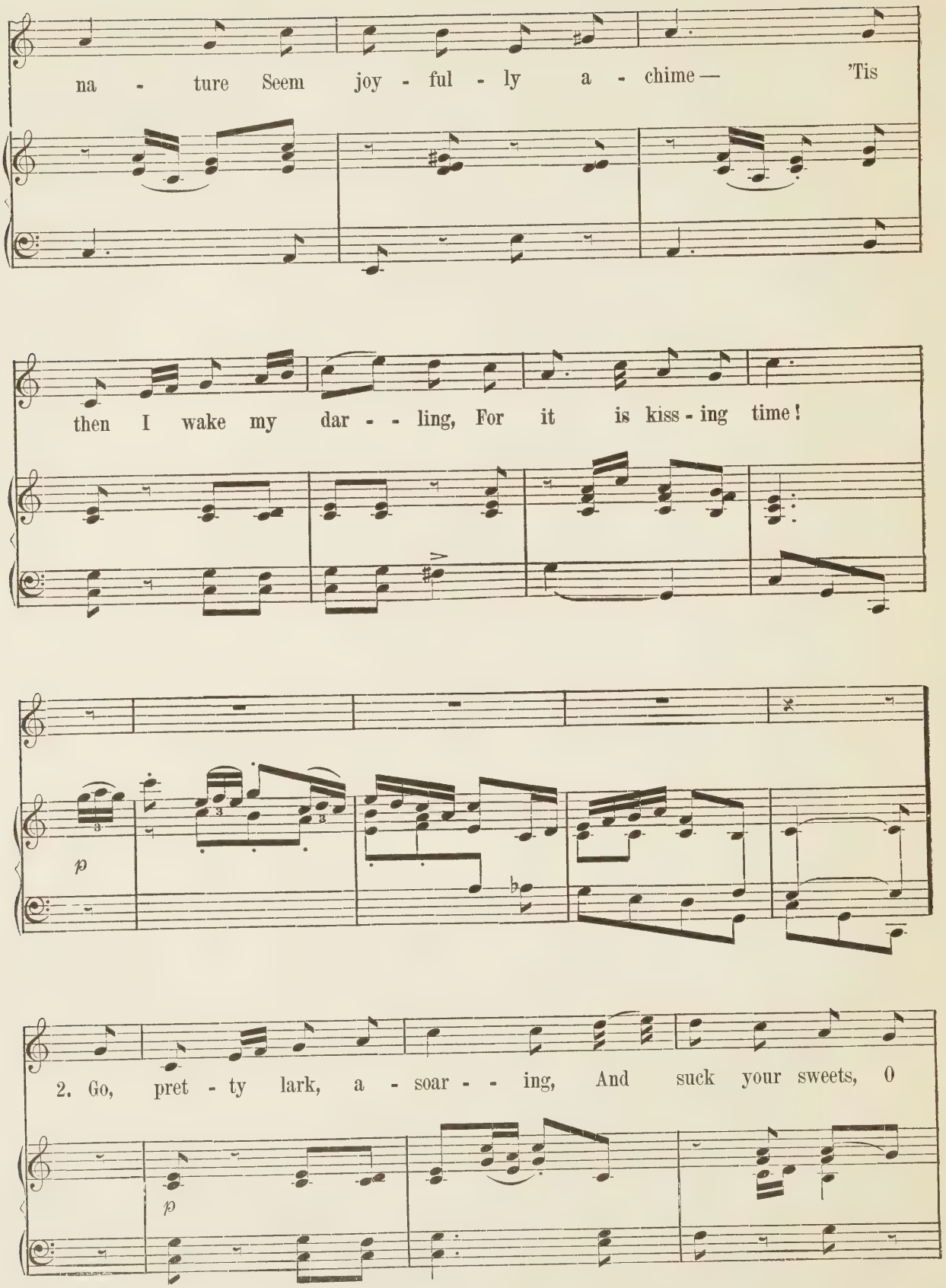
Sometimes, maybe, he wanders
A heedless, aimless way—
Sometimes, maybe, he loiters
In pretty, prattling play;
But presently bethinks him
And hastens to me then,
For it 's half-past kissing time
And time to kiss again!
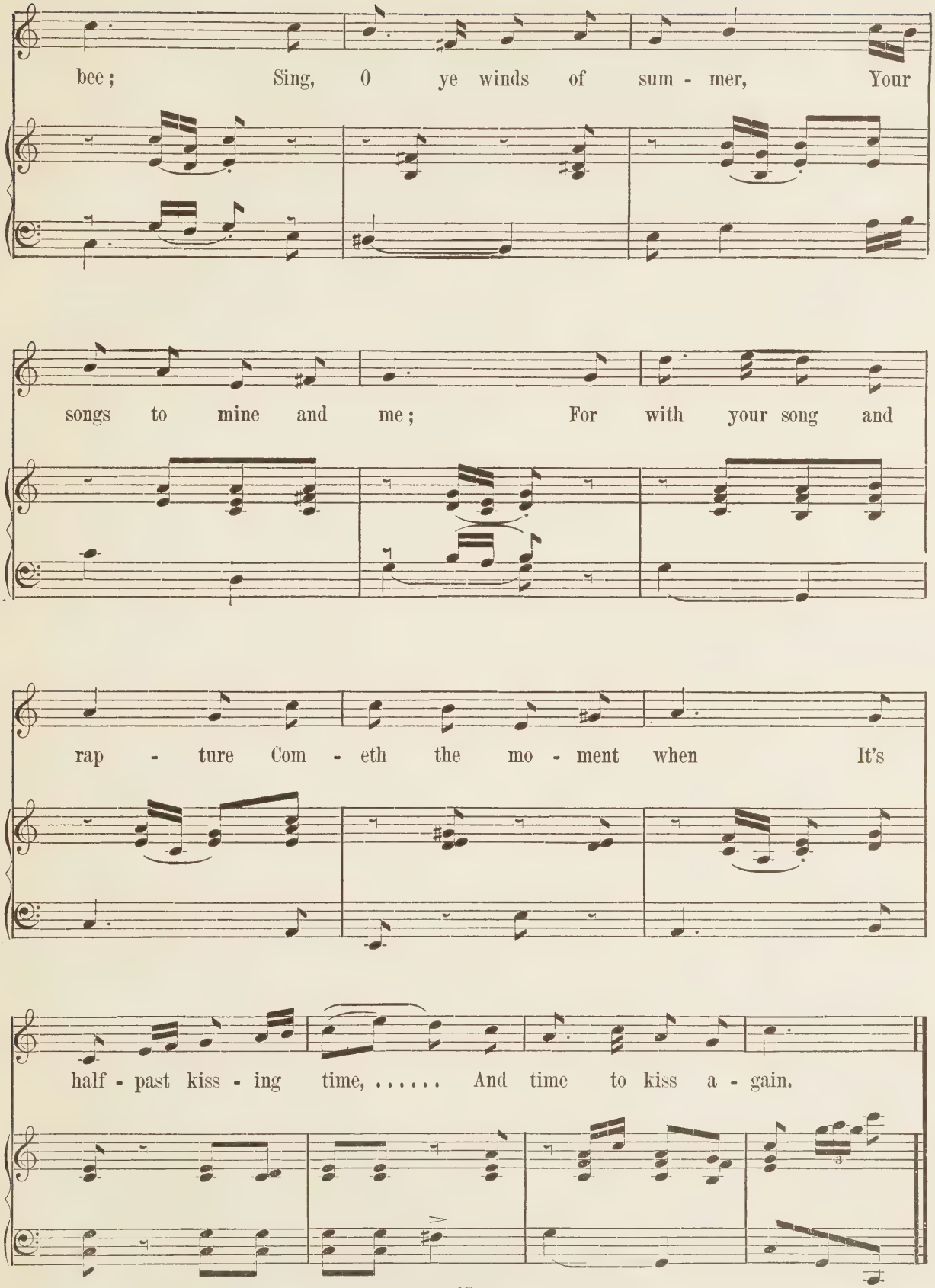
KISSING TIME

Music by G. W. CHADWICK



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na - ture Seem joy - ful - ly a - chime — 'Tis
then I wake my dar - - ling, For it is kiss - ing time!
p
2. Go, pret - ty lark, a - soar - - ing, And suck your sweets, O
p


bee; Sing, O ye winds of sum - mer, Your
songs to mine and me; For with your song and
rap - ture Com - eth the mo - ment when It's
half - past kiss - ing time, ... And time to kiss a - gain.

ORKNEY LULLABY
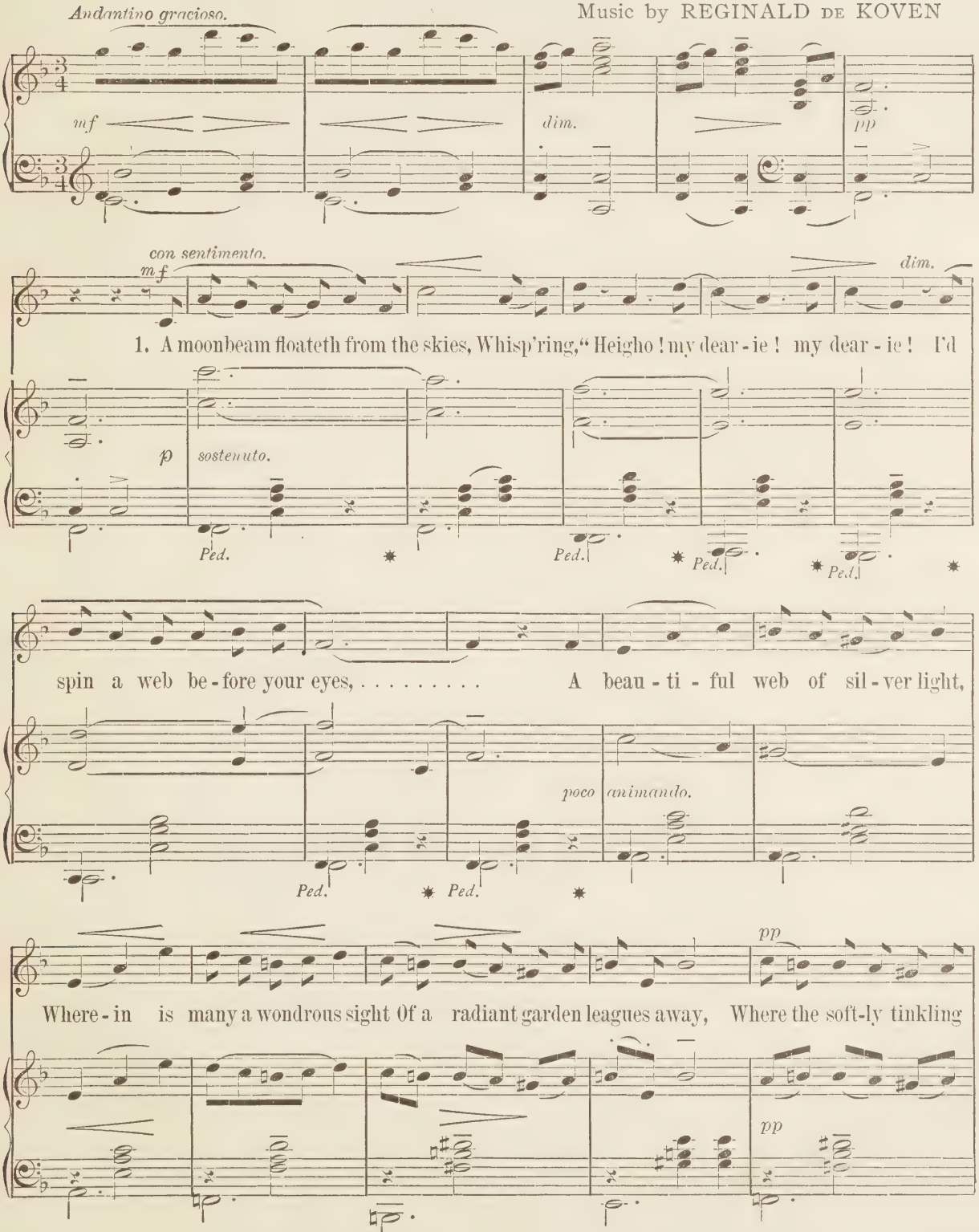
A MOONBEAM floateth from the skies,
Whispering, "Heigho, my dearie!
I would spin a web before your eyes,—
A beautiful web of silver light,
Wherein is many a wondrous sight
Of a radiant garden leagues away,
Where the softly tinkling lilies sway,
And the snow-white lambkins are at play,—
Heigho, my dearie!"

A brownie stealeth from the vine
Singing, "Heigho, my dearie!
And will you hear this song of mine,—
A song of the land of murk and mist,
Where bideth the bud the dew hath kisst?
Then let the moonbeam's web of light
Be spun before thee silvery white,
And I shall sing the livelong night,—
Heigho, my dearie!"
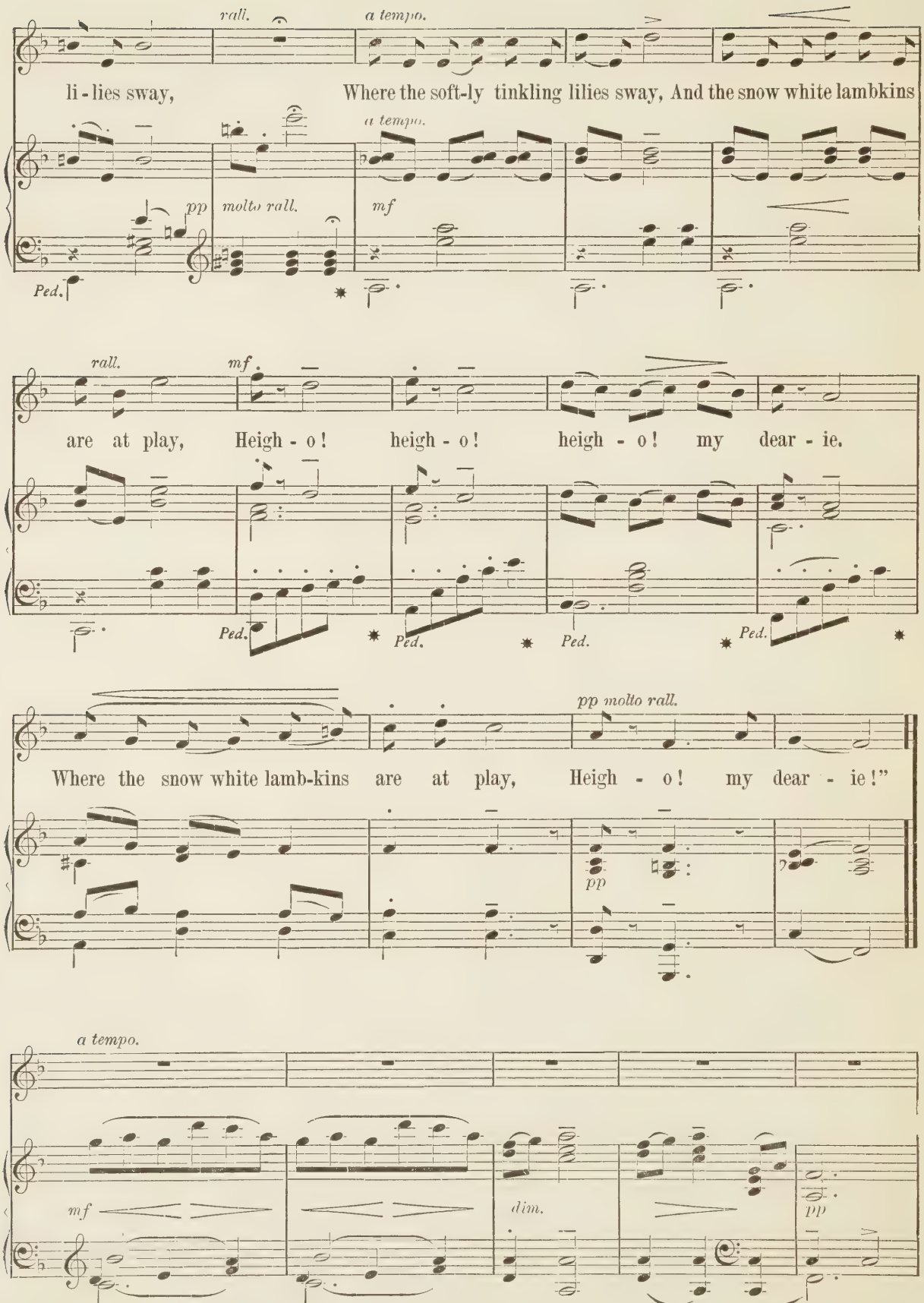
The night wind speedeth from the sea,
Murmuring, "Heigho, my dearie!
I bring a mariner's prayer for thee;
So let the moonbeam veil thine eyes,
And the brownie sing thee lullabies;
But I shall rock thee to and fro,
Kissing the brow *he* loveth so,
And the prayer shall guard thy bed, I trow,—
Heigho, my dearie!"
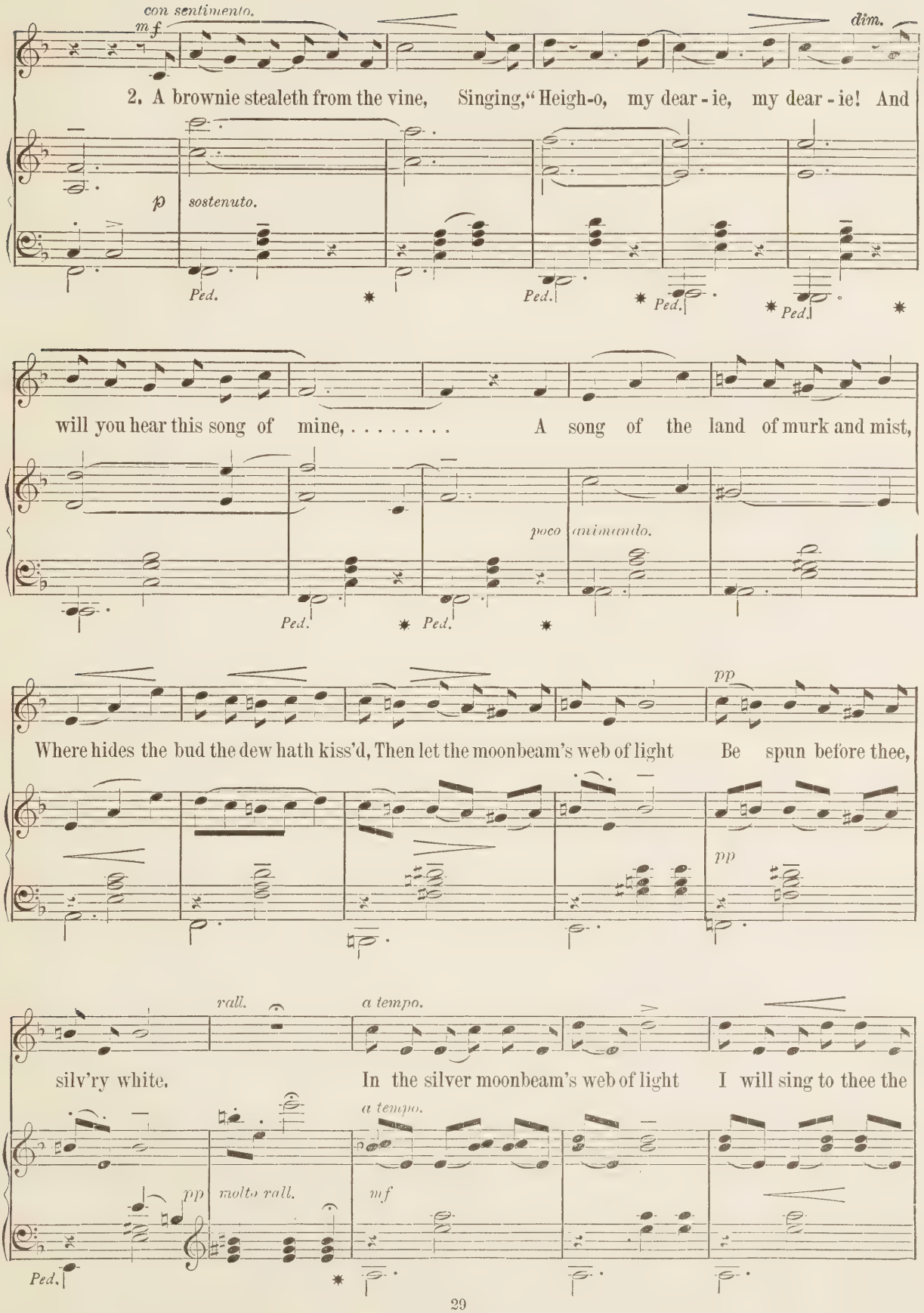
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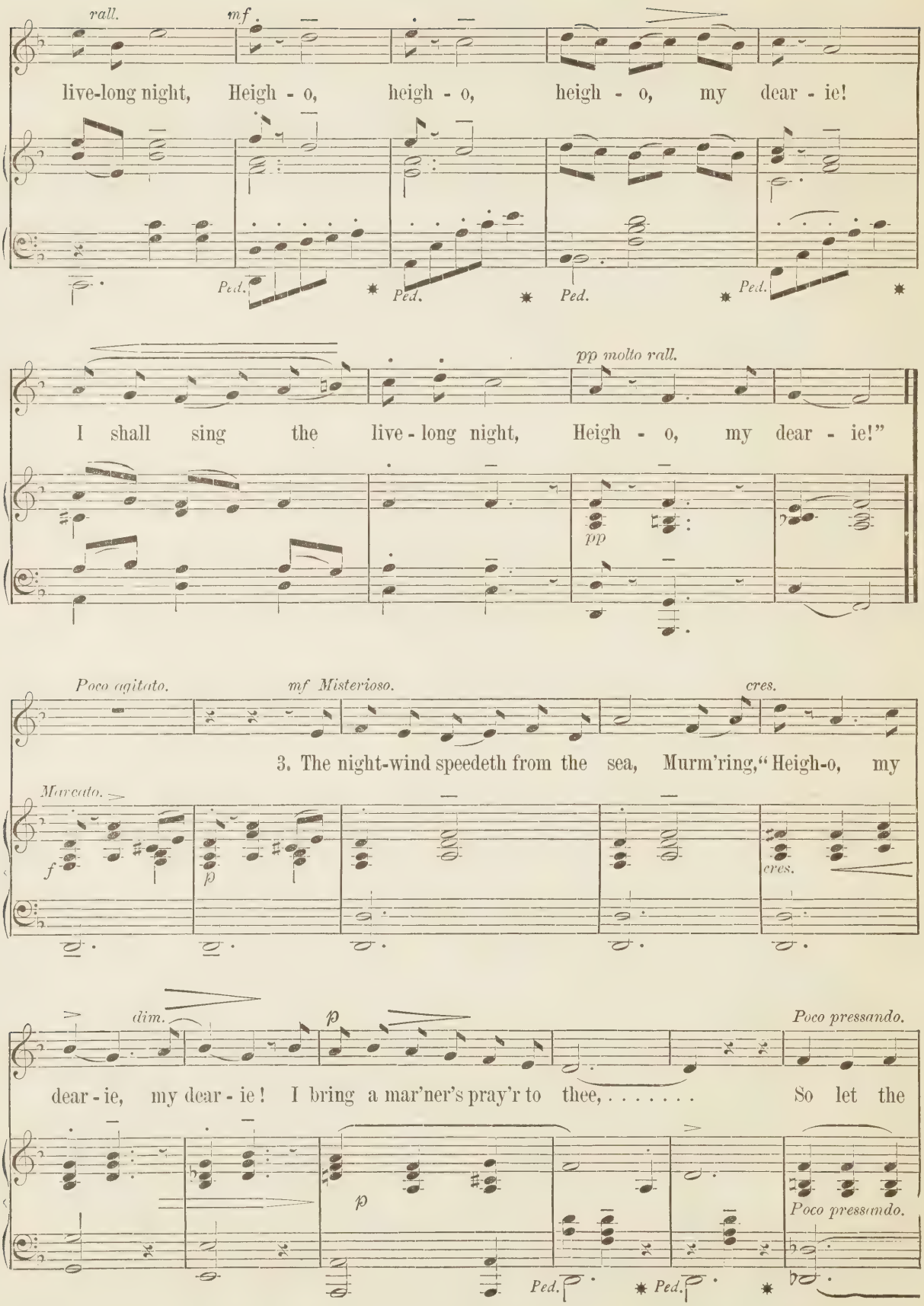
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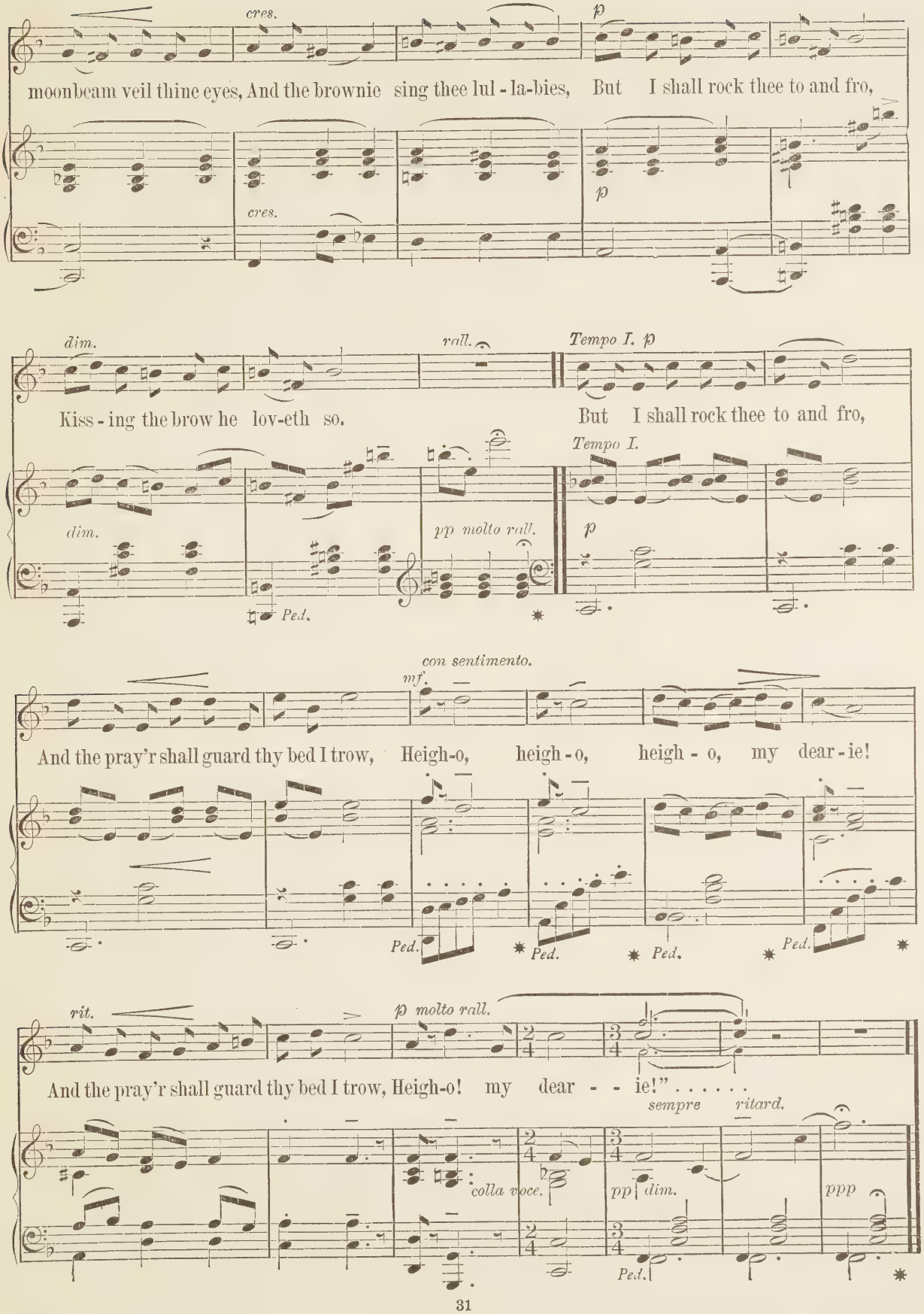


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rall.
a tempo.
li - lies sway,
Where the soft-ly tinkling lilies sway, And the snow white lambkins
a tempo.
pp
molto rall.
mf
Ped.
rall.
mf
are at play,
Heigh - o!
heigh - o!
heigh - o!
my
dear - ie.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
pp molto rall.
Where the snow white lamb-kins
are
at
play,
Heigh - o!
my
dear - ie!"
pp
a tempo.
mf
dim.
pp


con sentimento.
mf
dim.
2. A brownie stealeth from the vine, Singing, "Heigh-o, my dear-ie, my dear-ie! And
p
sostenuto.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
will you hear this song of mine, ... A song of the land of murk and mist,
poco animando.
Ped.
Ped.
pp
Where hides the bud the dew hath kiss'd, Then let the moonbeam's web of light Be spun before thee,
pp
rall.
a tempo.
silv'ry white. In the silver moonbeam's web of light I will sing to thee the
a tempo.
pp
molto rall.
mf
Ped.


rall.
mf
live-long night, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, my dear - ie!
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
pp molto rall.
I shall sing the live - long night, Heigh - o, my dear - ie!"
pp
Poco agitato.
mf Misterioso.
cres.
3. The night-wind speedeth from the sea, Murm'ring, "Heigh-o, my
Marcato.
f
p
cres.
dim.
p
Poco pressando.
dear - ie, my dear - ie! I bring a mar'ner's pray'r to thee, ... So let the
p
Poco pressando.
Ped.
Ped.


cres.
p
moonbeam veil thine eyes, And the brownie sing thee lul - la-bies, But I shall rock thee to and fro,
cres.
p
dim.
rall.
Tempo I. p
Kiss - ing the brow he lov-eth so.
But I shall rock thee to and fro,
Tempo I.
dim.
pp molto rall.
p
Ped.
con sentimento.
mf
And the pray'r shall guard thy bed I trow, Heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh - o, my dear - ie!
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
rit.
p molto rall.
And the pray'r shall guard thy bed I trow, Heigh-o! my dear - - ie!" . . . . . .
sempre ritard.
colla voce.
pp dim.
ppp
Ped.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!
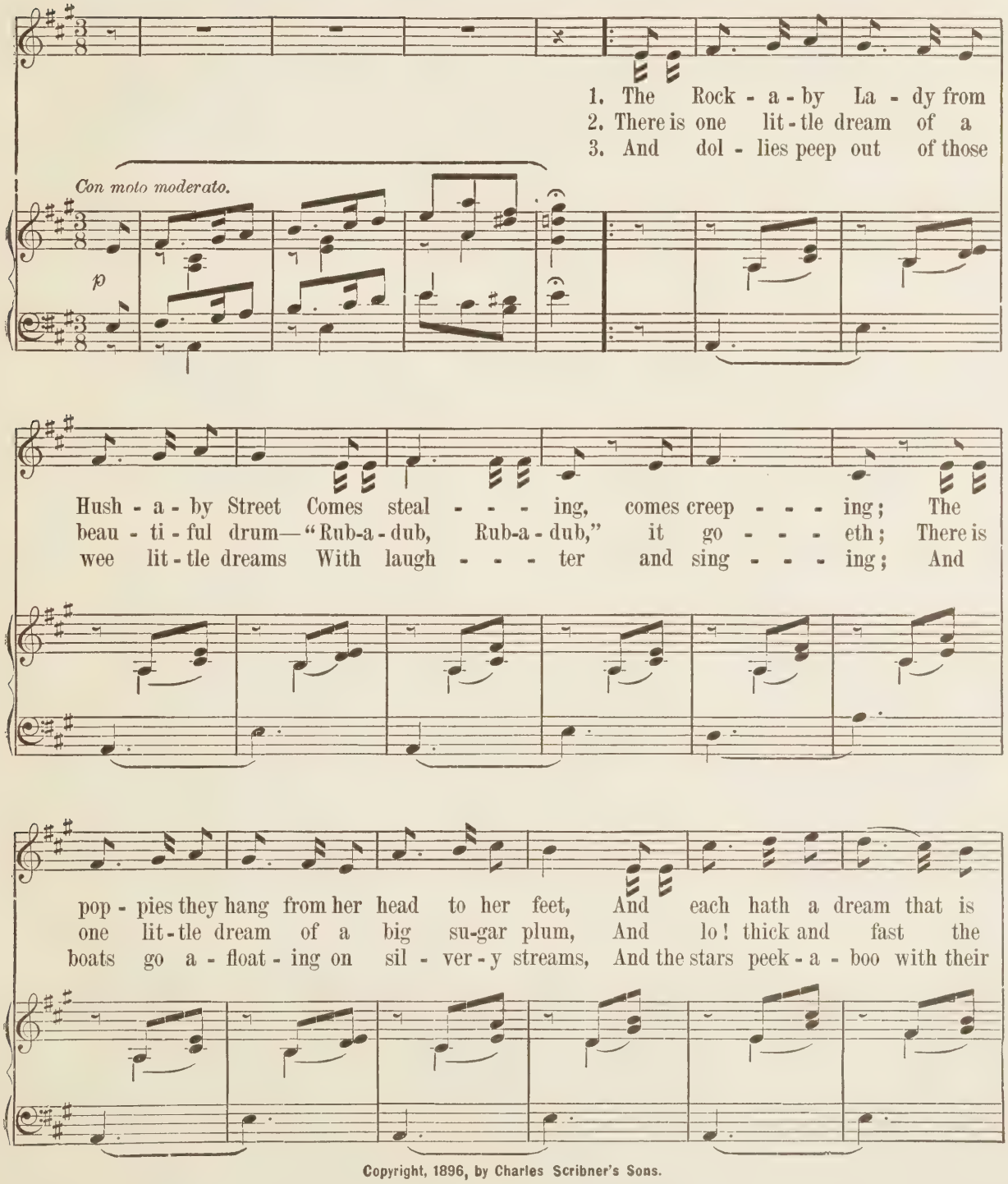
There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

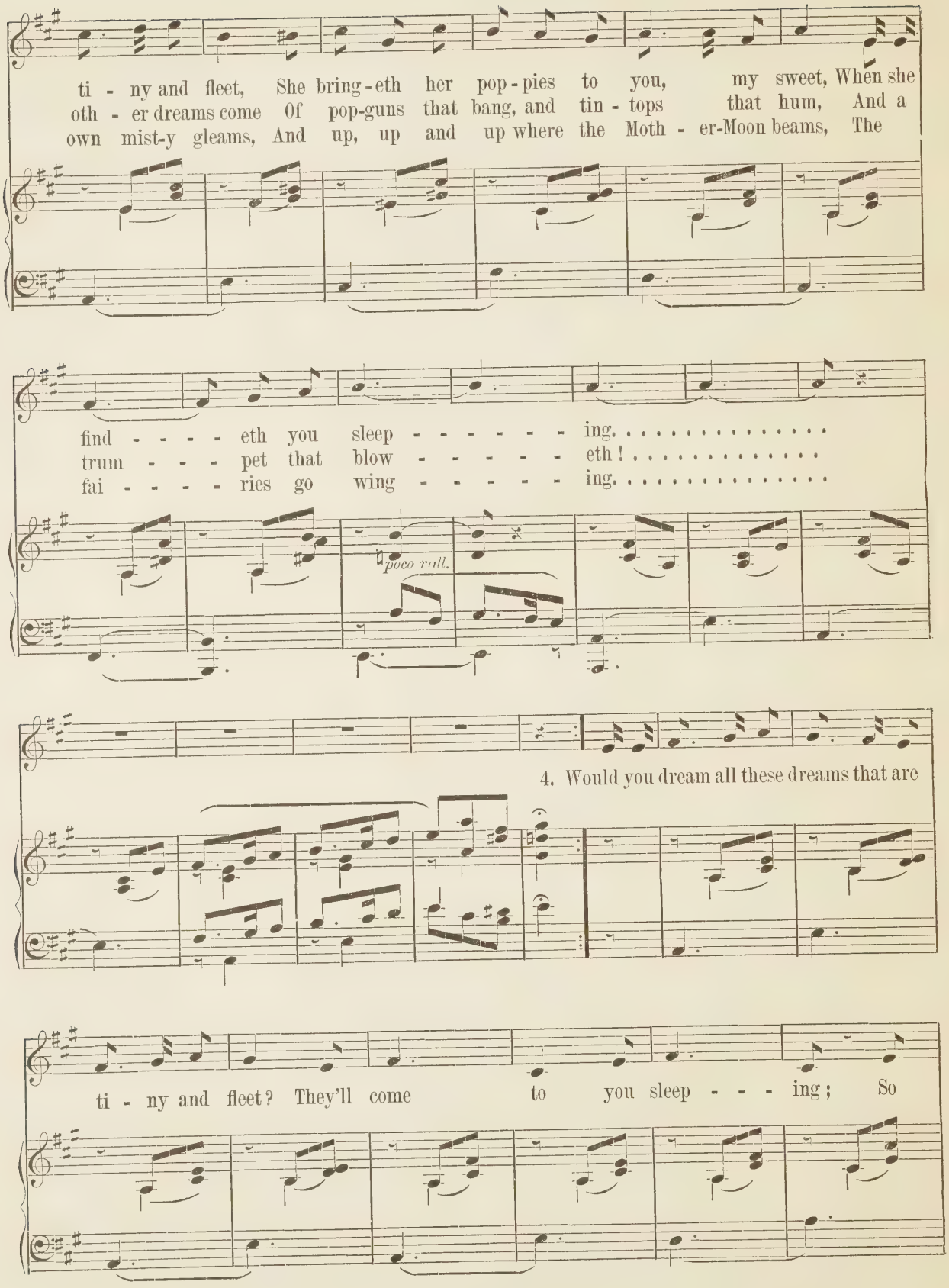
Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They 'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.
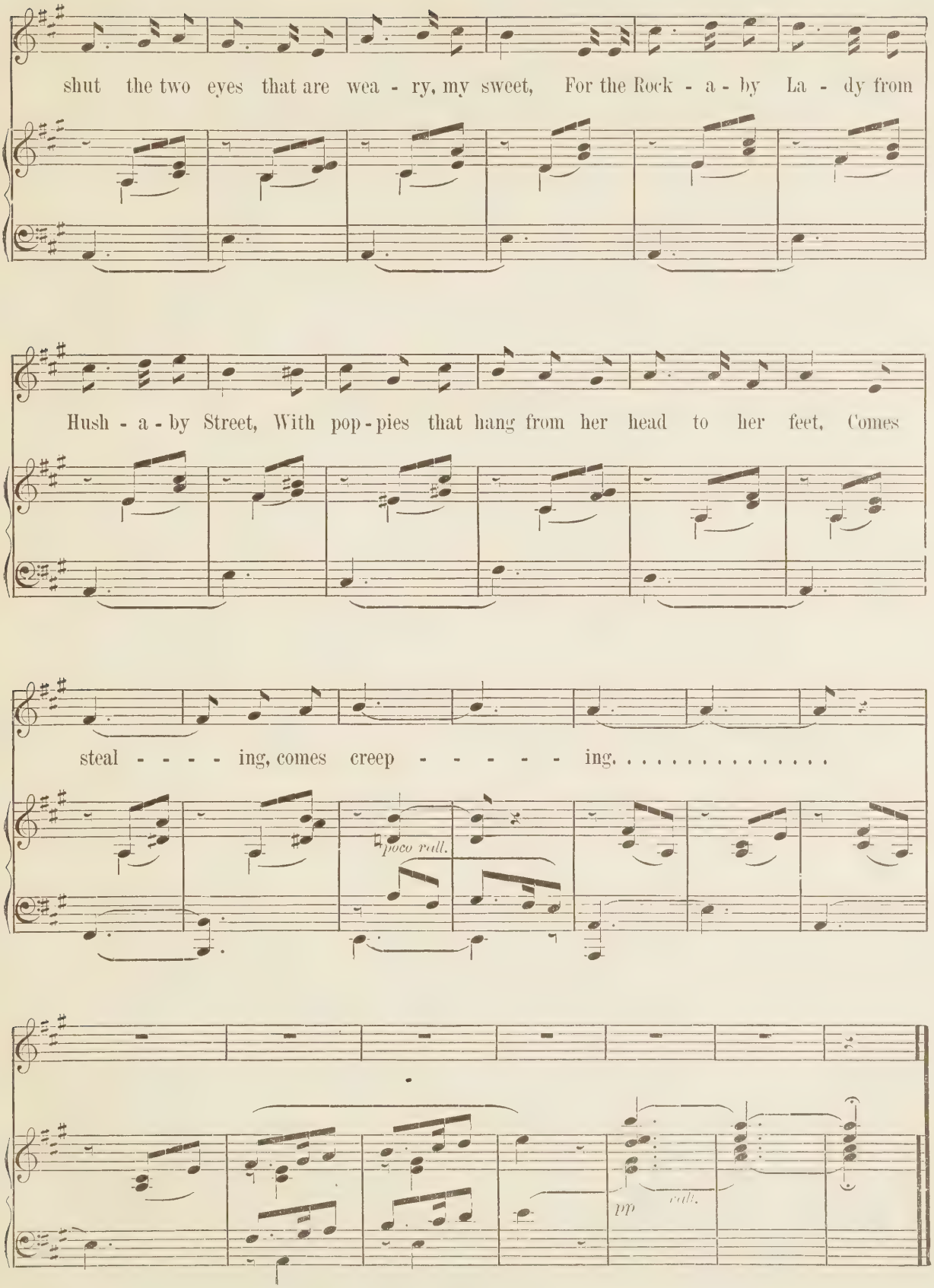
THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

Music by W. W. GILCHRIST



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ti - ny and fleet, She bring-eth her pop-pies to you, my sweet, When she
oth - er dreams come Of pop-guns that bang, and tin - tops that hum, And a
own mist-y gleams, And up, up and up where the Moth - er-Moon beams, The
find - - - - eth you sleep - - - - - - ing. . . . . .
trum - - - pet that blow - - - - - - eth! . . . . . .
fai - - - - ries go wing - - - - - - ing. . . . . .
poco rall.
4. Would you dream all these dreams that are
ti - ny and fleet? They'll come to you sleep - - - ing; So


shut the two eyes that are wea - ry, my sweet, For the Rock - a - by La - dy from
Hush - a - by Street, With pop - pies that hang from her head to her feet, Comes
steal - - - - ing, comes creep - - - - - - ing. . . . . .
poco rall.
pp
rall.

THE DOLL'S WOOING

THE little French doll was a dear little doll
Tricked out in the sweetest of dresses;
Her eyes were of hue
A most delicate blue,
And dark as the night were her tresses;
Her dear little mouth was fluted and red,
And this little French doll was so very well bred
That whenever accosted her little mouth said:
"Mamma! mamma!"
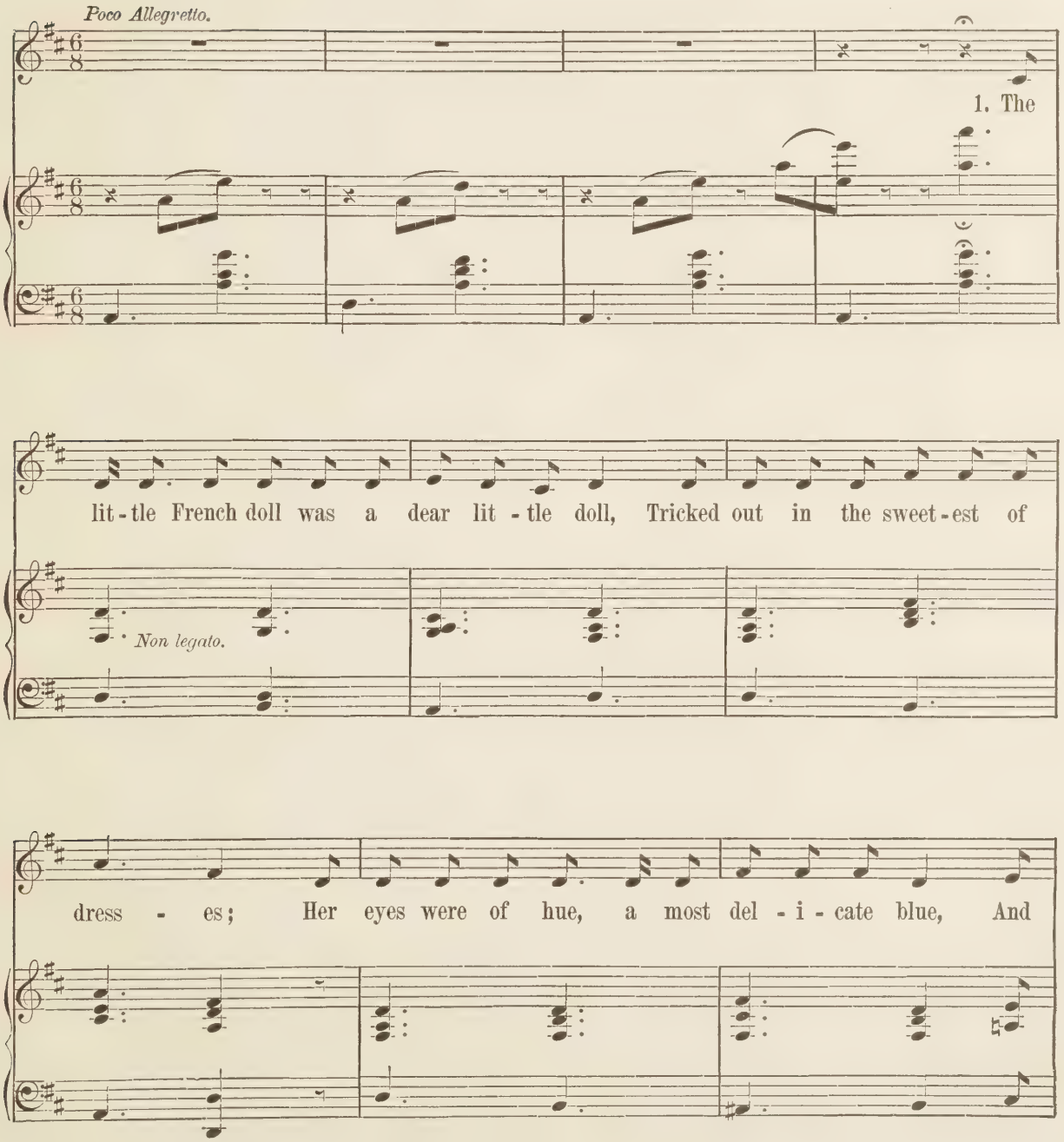
The stockinet doll, with one arm and one leg,
Had once been a handsome young fellow,
But now he appeared
Rather frowzy and bleared
In his torn regimentals of yellow;
Yet his heart gave a curious thump as he lay
In the little toy cart near the window one day
And heard the sweet voice of that French dolly say:
"Mamma! mamma!"

He listened so long and he listened so hard
That anon he grew ever so tender,
For it 's everywhere known
That the feminine tone
Gets away with all masculine gender!
He up and he wooed her with soldierly zest,
But all she 'd reply to the love he professed
Were *these* plaintive words (which perhaps you have guessed):
"Mamma! mamma!"
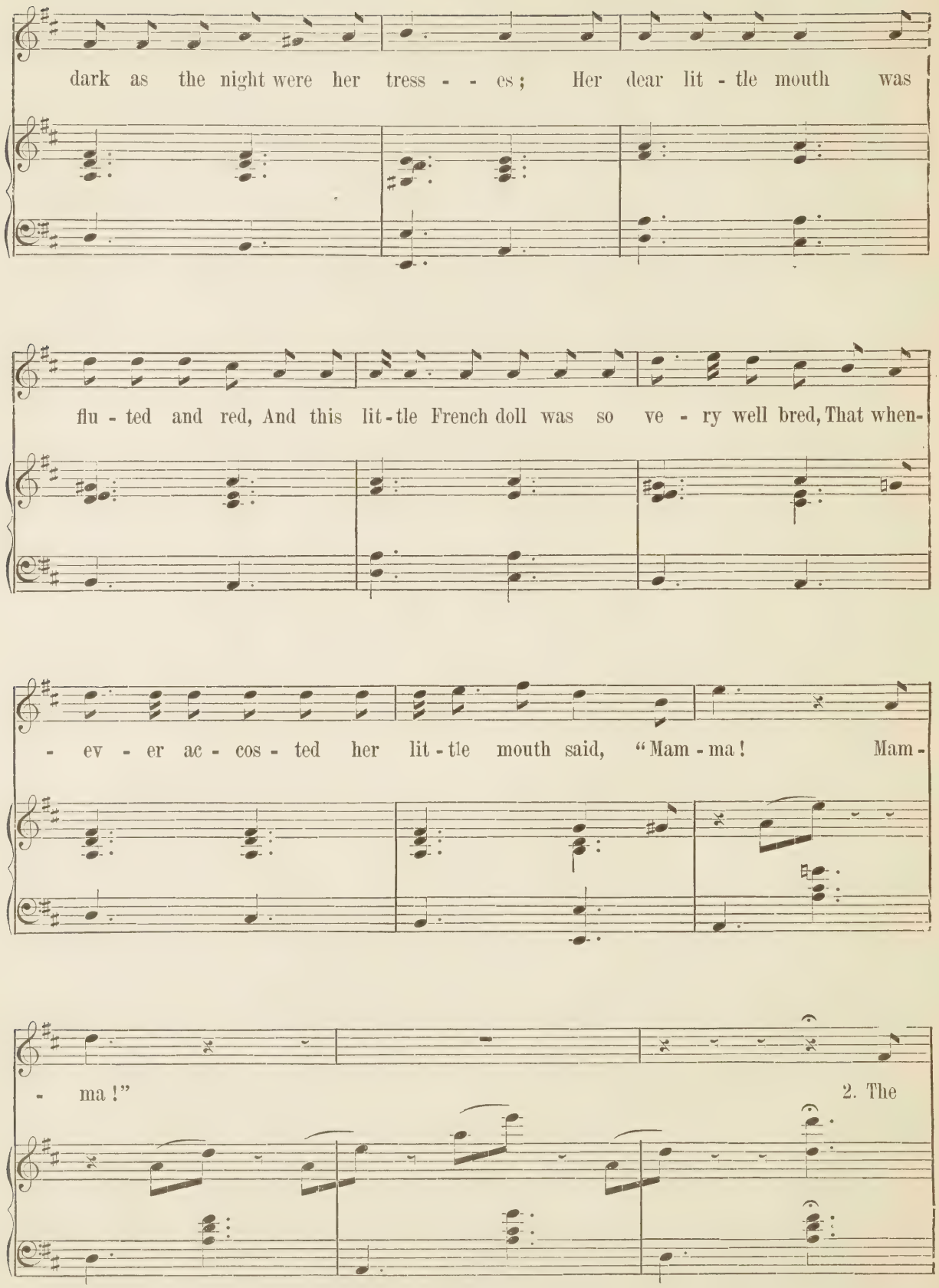
Her mother—a sweet little lady of five—
Vouchsafed her parental protection,
And although stockinet
Was n't blue-blooded, yet
She really could make no objection!
So soldier and dolly were wedded one day,
And a moment ago, as I journeyed that way,
I 'm sure that I heard a wee baby voice say:
"Mamma! mamma!"

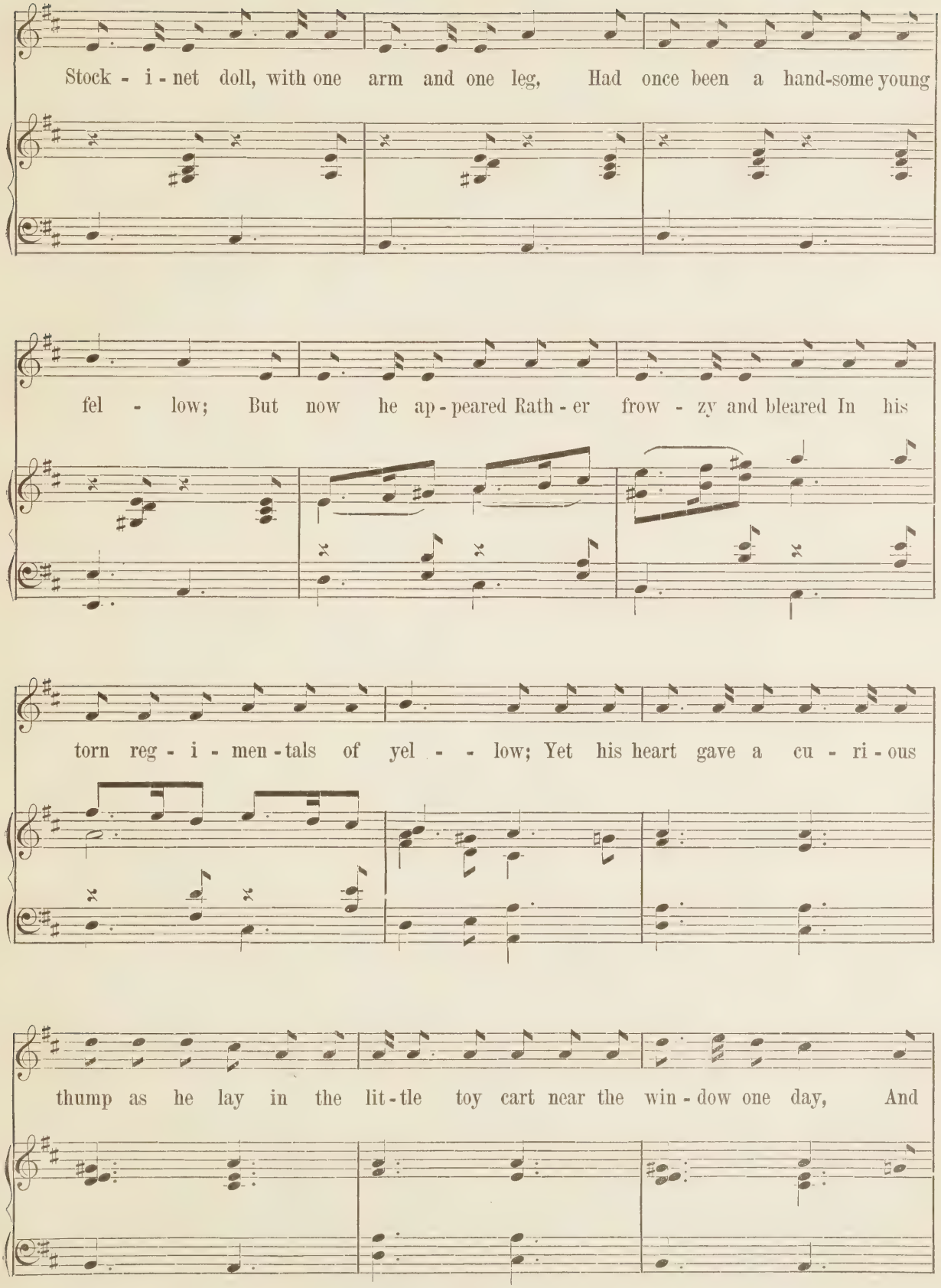
THE DOLL'S WOOING
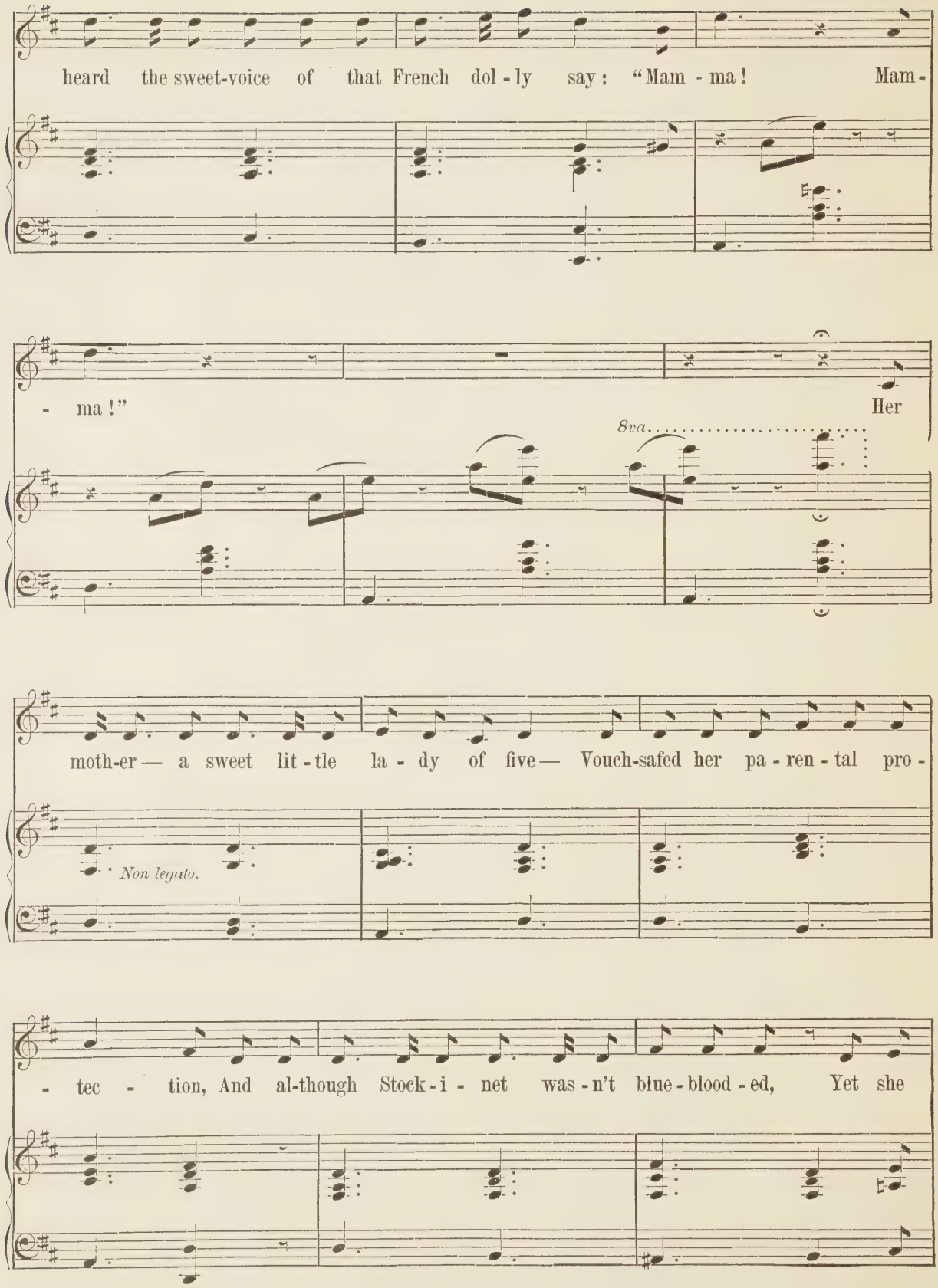
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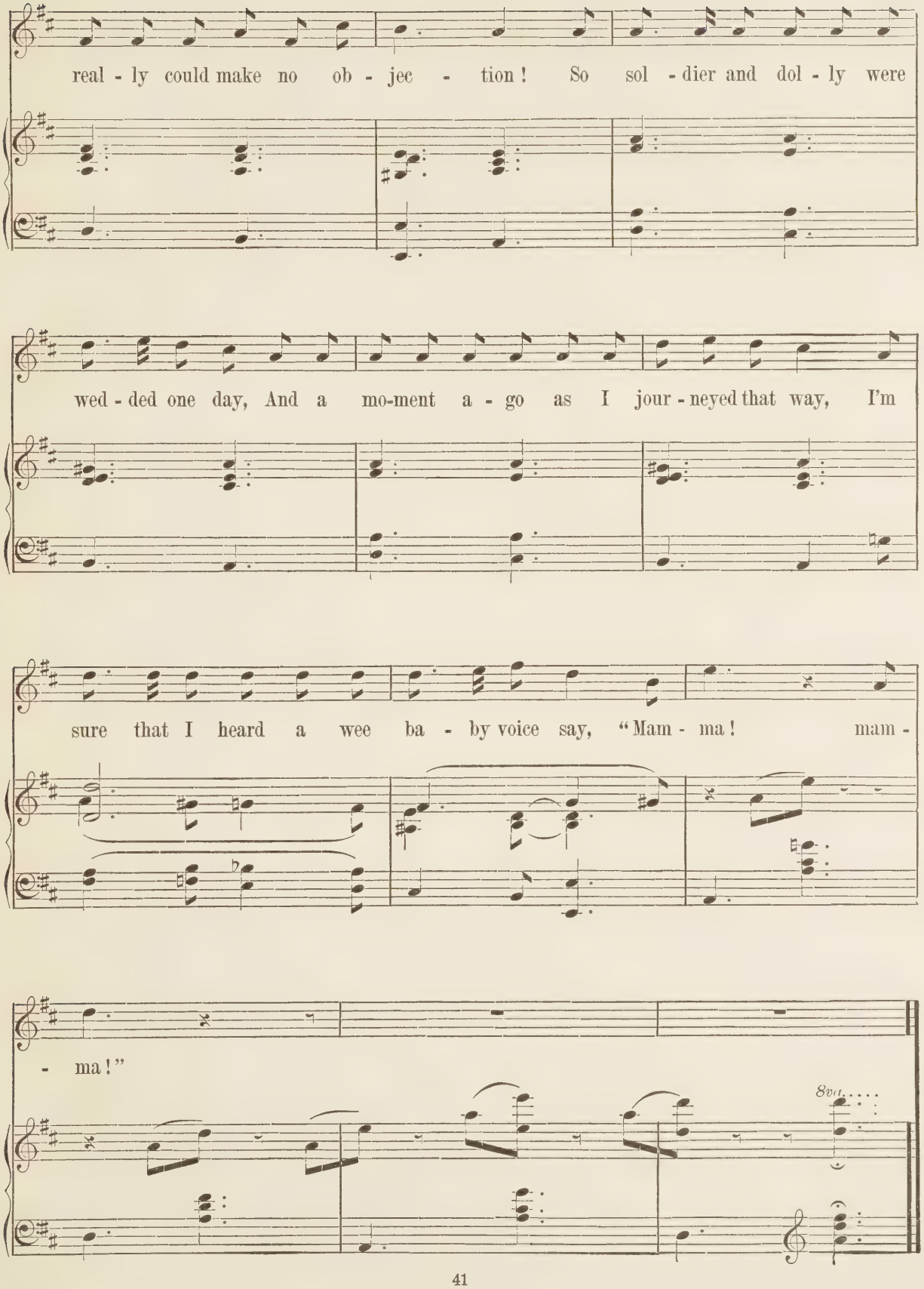


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dark as the night were her tress - - es; Her dear lit - tle mouth was
flu - ted and red, And this lit - tle French doll was so ve - ry well bred, That when-
- ev - er ac - cos - ted her lit - tle mouth said, "Mam - ma! Mam -
- ma!"
2. The


Stock - i - net doll, with one arm and one leg, Had once been a hand-some young
fel - low; But now he ap - peared Rath - er frow - zy and bleared In his
torn reg - i - men - tals of yel - - low; Yet his heart gave a cu - ri - ous
thump as he lay in the lit - tle toy cart near the win - dow one day, And


heard the sweet-voice of that French dol - ly say: "Mam - ma! Mam -
- ma!" Her
8va
moth-er— a sweet lit - tle la - dy of five— Vouch-safed her pa - ren - tal pro -
Non legato.
- tec - tion, And al-though Stock - i - net was - n't blue - blood - ed, Yet she


real - ly could make no ob - jec - tion! So sol - dier and dol - ly were
wed - ded one day, And a mo-ment a - go as I jour - neyed that way, I'm
sure that I heard a wee ba - by voice say, "Mam - ma! mam -
- ma!"
8va

NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT

THE mill goes toiling slowly around
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak.
While round and round those big white wings
Grimly and ghostlike creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings:
"Sleep, little tu'ip, sleep!"
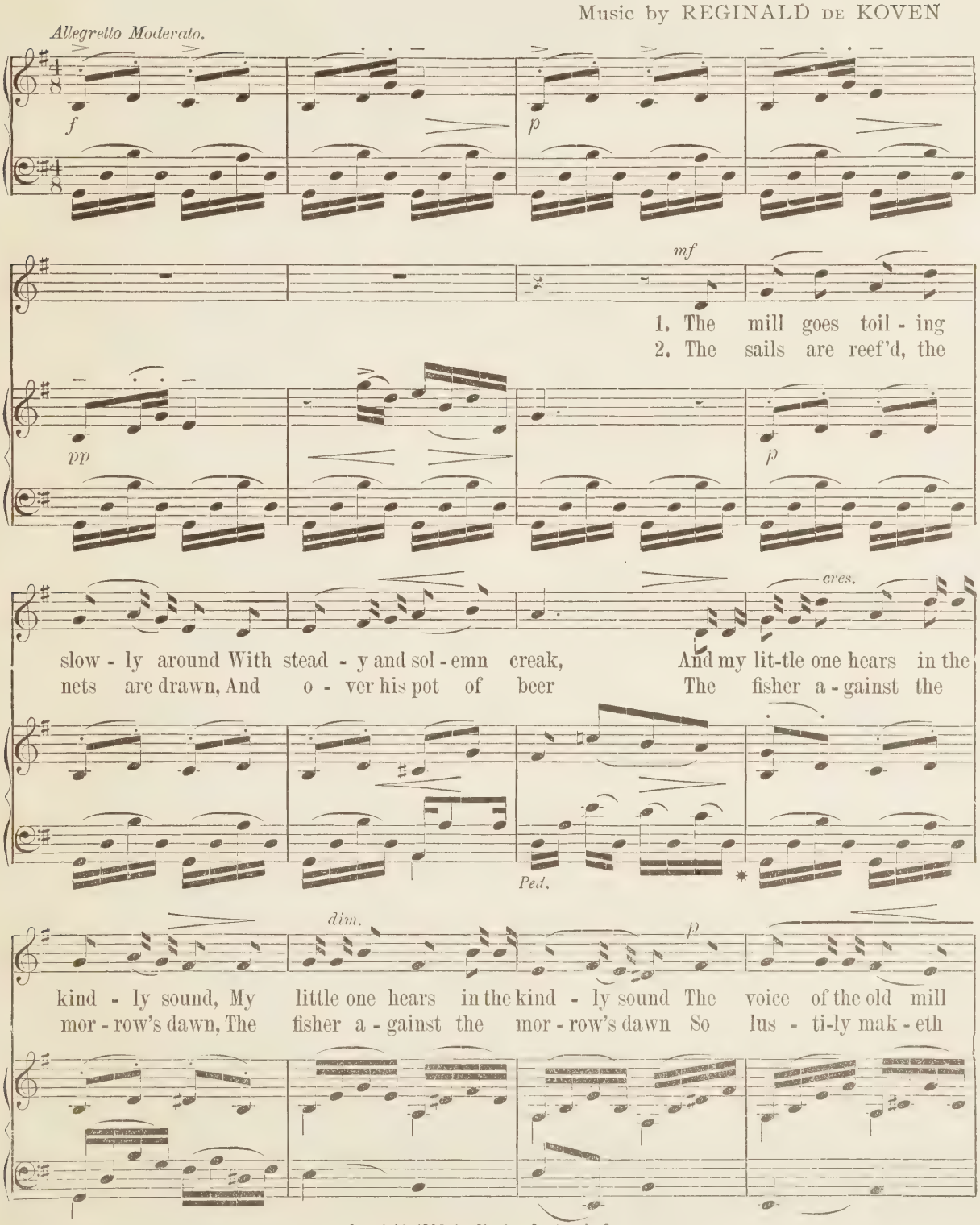
The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And, over his pot of beer,
The fisher, against the morrow's dawn,
Lustily maketh cheer;
He mocks at the winds that caper along
From the far-off clamorous deep—
But we—we love their lullaby song
Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Old dog Fritz in slumber sound
Groans of the stony mart—
To-morrow how proudly he 'll trot you round,
Hitched to our new milk-cart!
And you shall help me blanket the kine
And fold the gentle sheep
And set the herring a-soak in brine—
But now, little tulip, sleep!
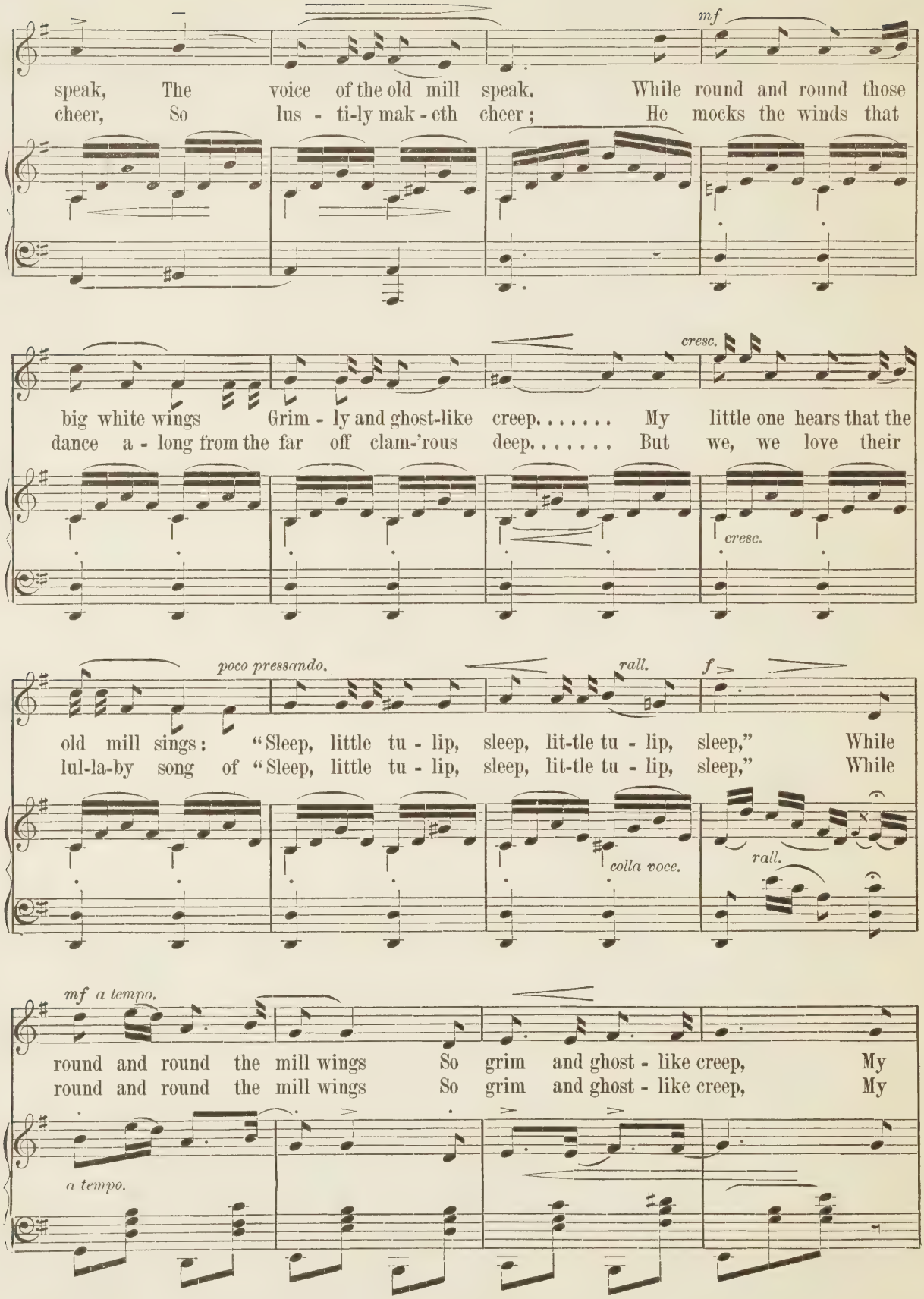
A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies
And scolds at the stars that wink;
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And rocking your cradle she softly sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"
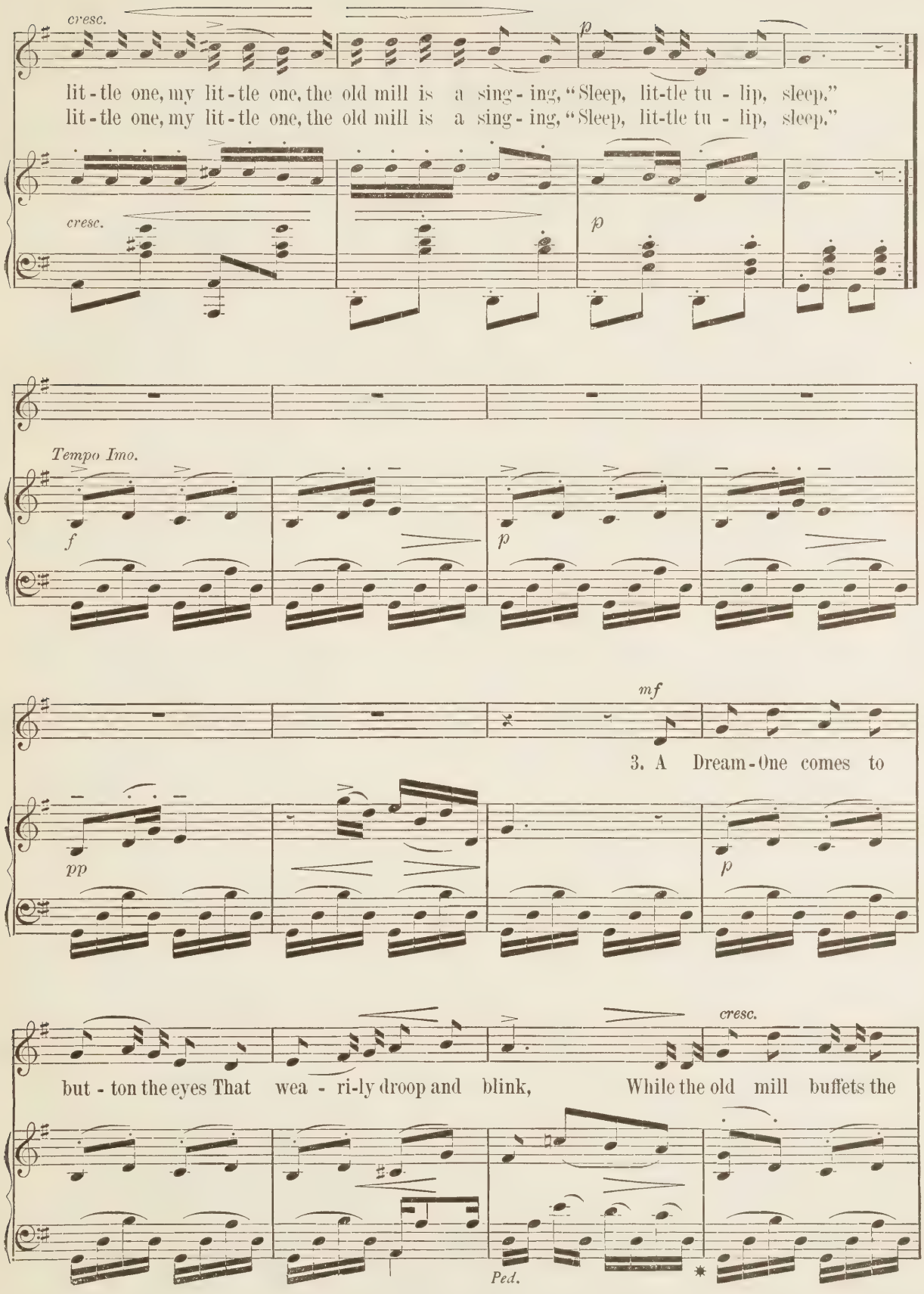
NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT
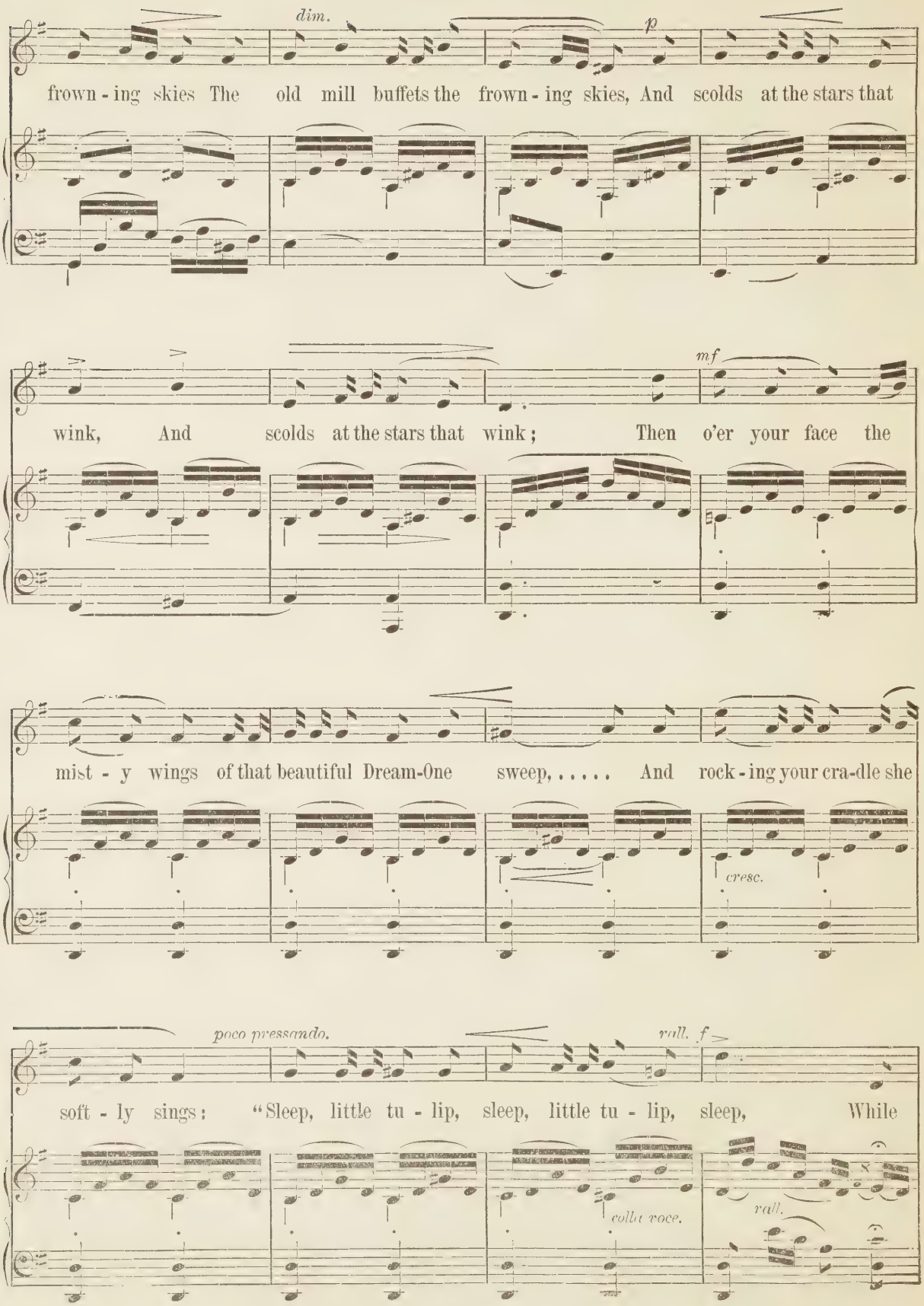
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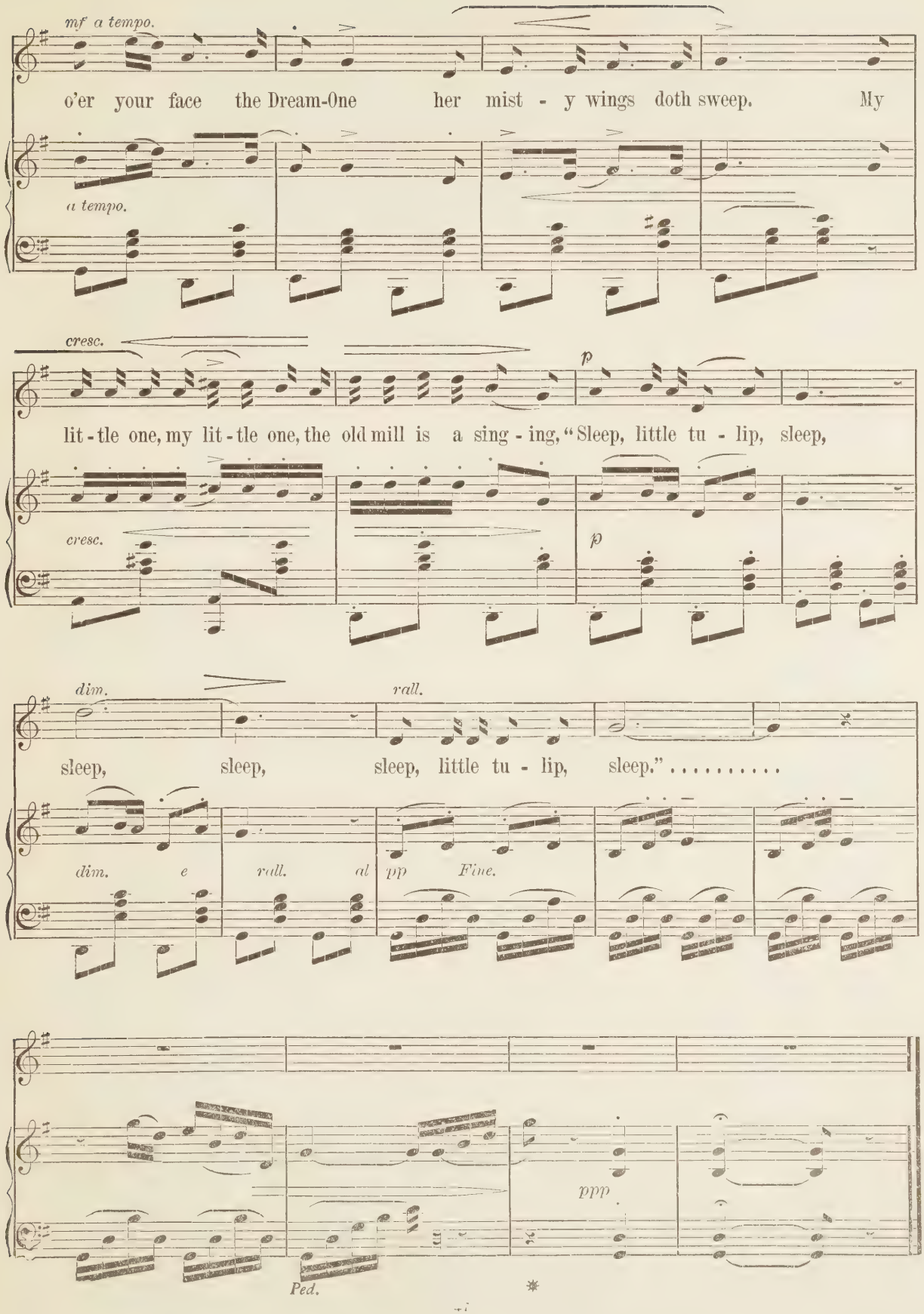


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mf
speak, The voice of the old mill speak. While round and round those
cheer, So lus - ti-ly mak - eth cheer; He mocks the winds that
cresc.
big white wings Grim - ly and ghost-like creep..... My little one hears that the
dance a - long from the far off clam-'rous deep..... But we, we love their
cresc.
poco pressando.
rall.
f
old mill sings: "Sleep, little tu - lip, sleep, lit-tle tu - lip, sleep," While
lul-la-by song of "Sleep, little tu - lip, sleep, lit-tle tu - lip, sleep," While
colla voce.
rall.
mf a tempo.
round and round the mill wings So grim and ghost - like creep, My
round and round the mill wings So grim and ghost - like creep, My
a tempo.


cresc.
p
lit - tle one, my lit - tle one, the old mill is a sing - ing, "Sleep, lit-tle tu - lip, sleep,"
lit - tle one, my lit - tle one, the old mill is a sing - ing, "Sleep, lit-tle tu - lip, sleep,"
cresc.
p
Tempo Imo.
f
p
mf
3. A Dream - One comes to
pp
p
but - ton the eyes That wea - ri-ly droop and blink,
cresc.
While the old mill buffets the
Ped.


dim.
p
frown - ing skies The old mill buffets the frown - ing skies, And scolds at the stars that
mf
wink, And scolds at the stars that wink; Then o'er your face the
mist - y wings of that beautiful Dream-One sweep, ... And rock - ing your cra-dle she
cresc.
poco pressando.
rall. f
soft - ly sings: "Sleep, little tu - lip, sleep, little tu - lip, sleep, While
colla voce.
rall.


mf a tempo.
o'er your face the Dream-One her mist - y wings doth sweep. My
a tempo.
cresc.
p
lit - tle one, my lit - tle one, the old mill is a sing - ing, "Sleep, little tu - lip, sleep,
cresc.
p
dim.
rall.
sleep, sleep, sleep, little tu - lip, sleep." . . . . . .
dim. e rall. al
pp Fine.
ppp
Ped.

THE BROOK
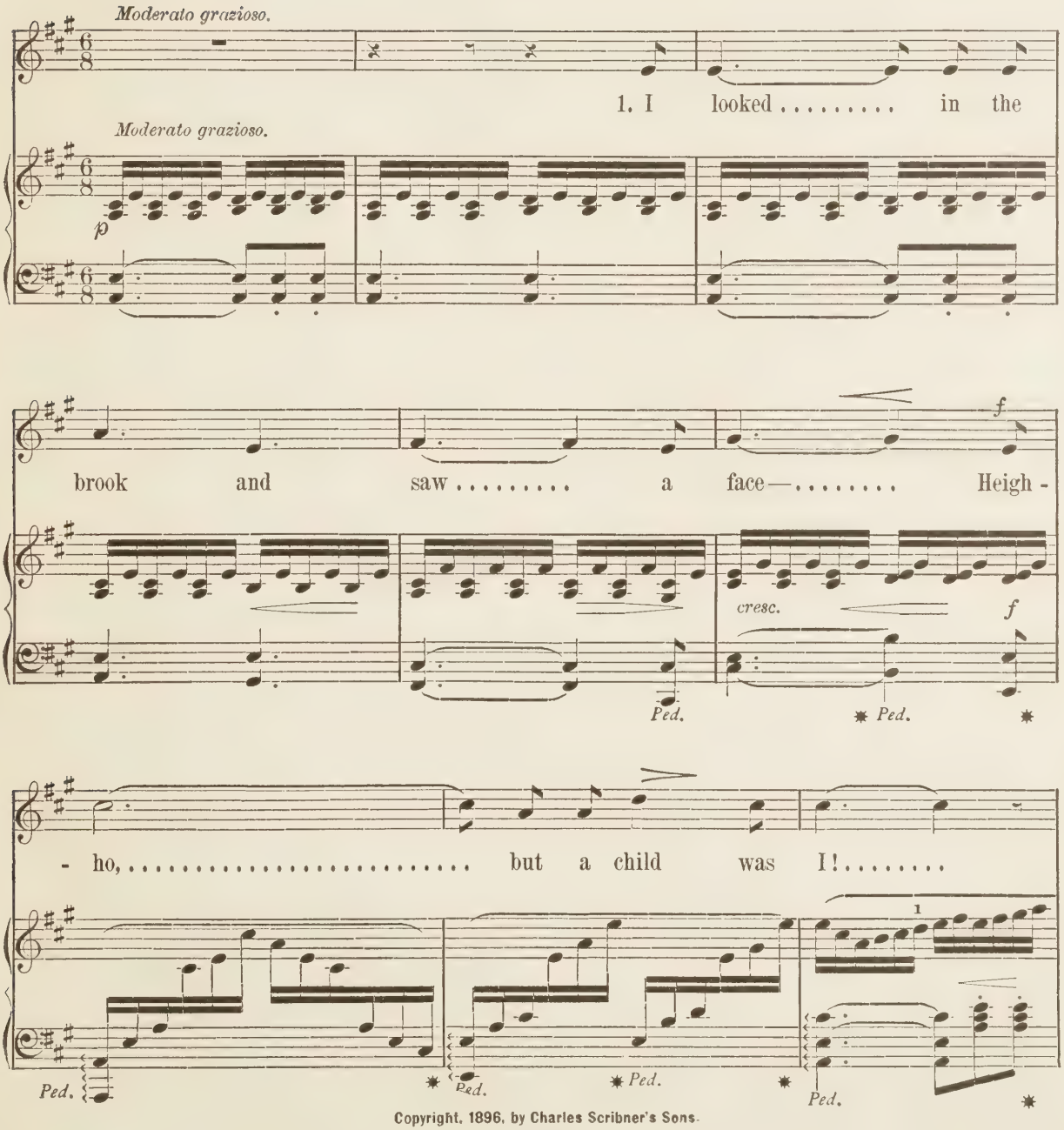
I LOOKED in the brook and saw a face—
Heigh-ho, but a child was I!
There were rushes and willows in that place,
And they clutched at the brook as the brook ran by;
And the brook it ran its own sweet way,
As a child doth run in heedless play,
And as it ran I heard it say:
"Hasten with me
To the roistering sea
That is wroth with the flame of the morning sky!"

I look in the brook and see a face—
Heigh-ho, but the years go by!
The rushes are dead in the old-time place,
And the willows I knew when a child was I.
And the brook it seemeth to me to say,
As ever it stealeth on its way—
Solemnly now, and not in play:
"Oh, come with me
To the slumbrous sea
That is gray with the peace of the evening sky!"
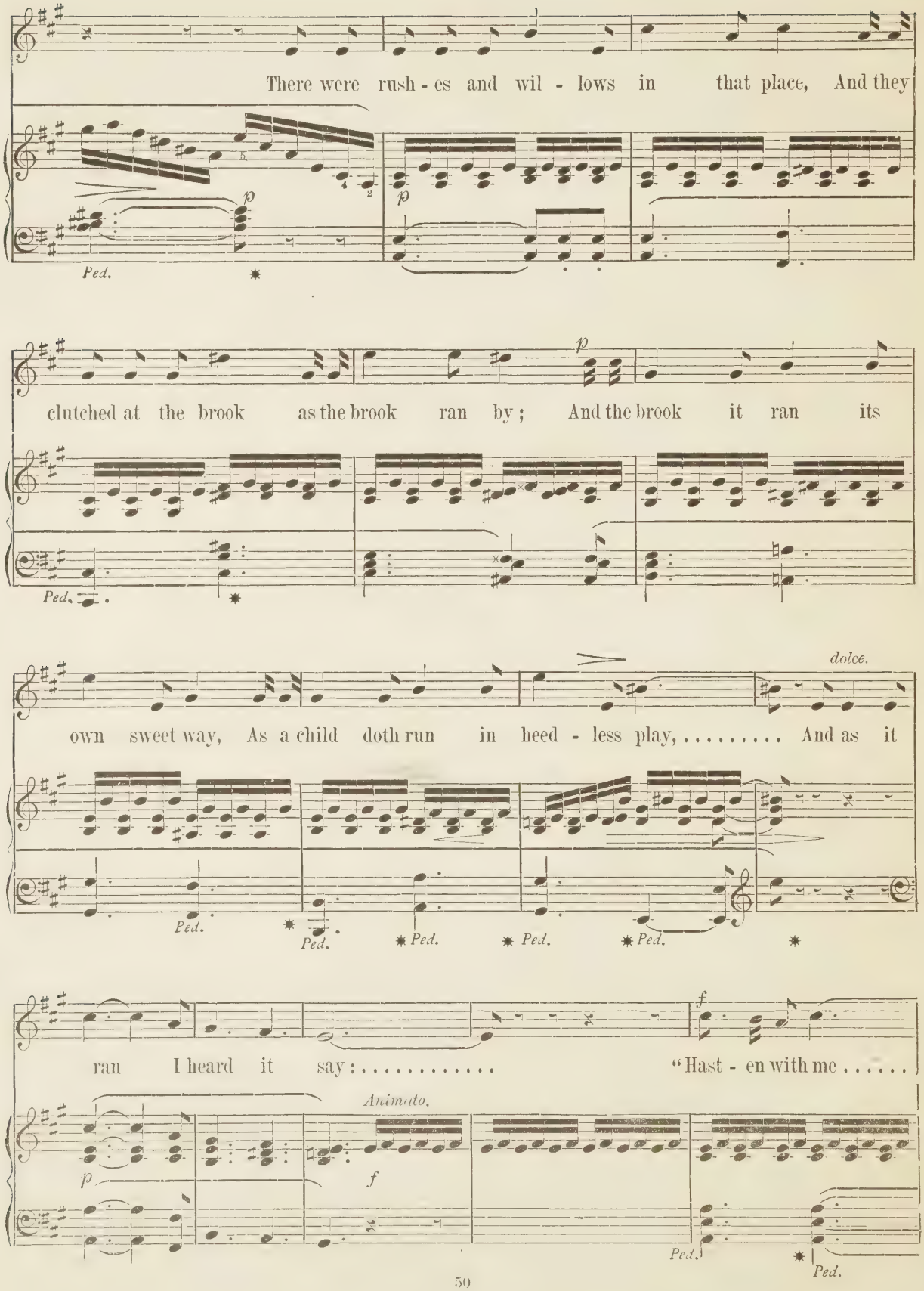
Heigh-ho, but the years go by—
I would to God that a child were I!
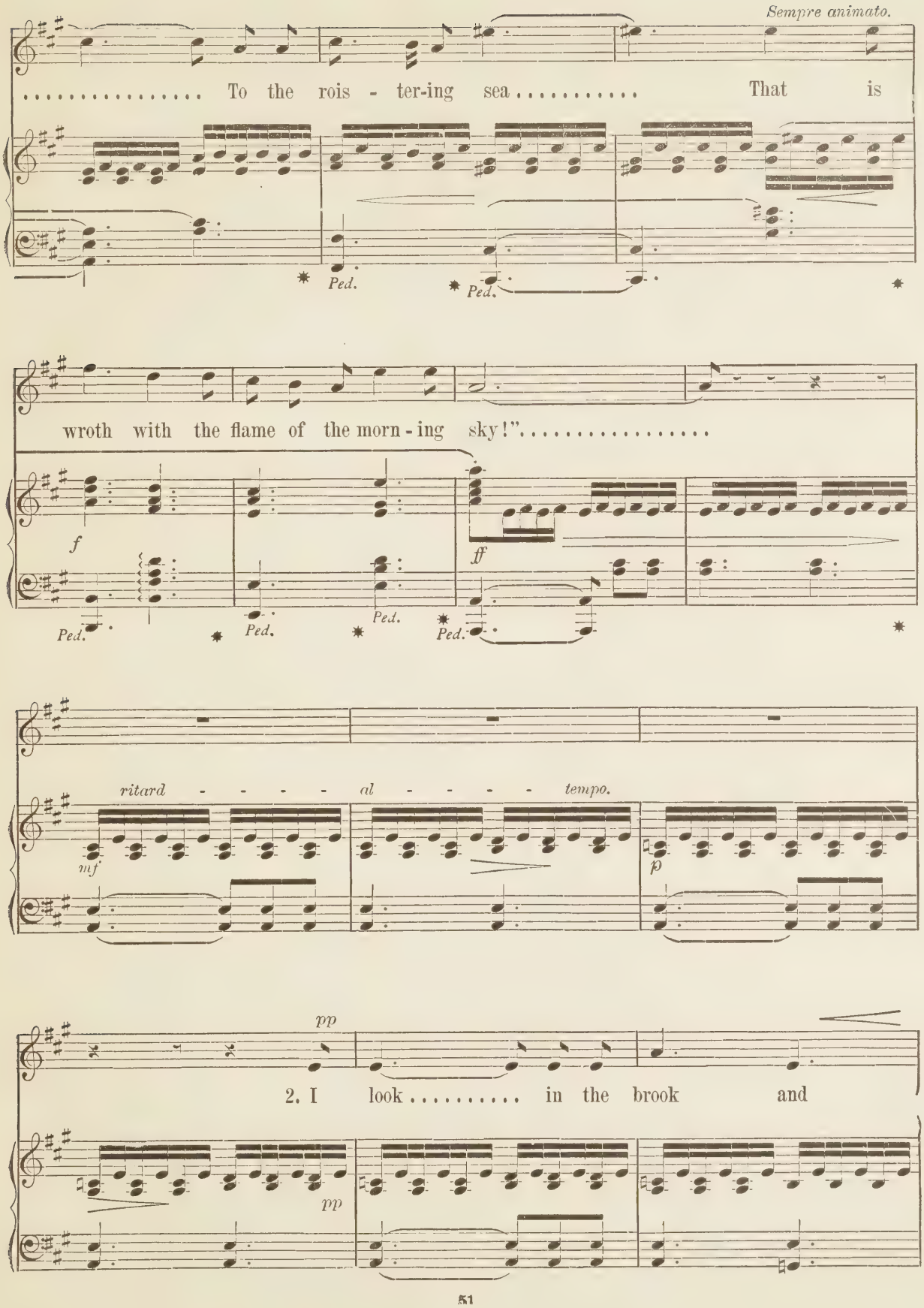
THE BROOK
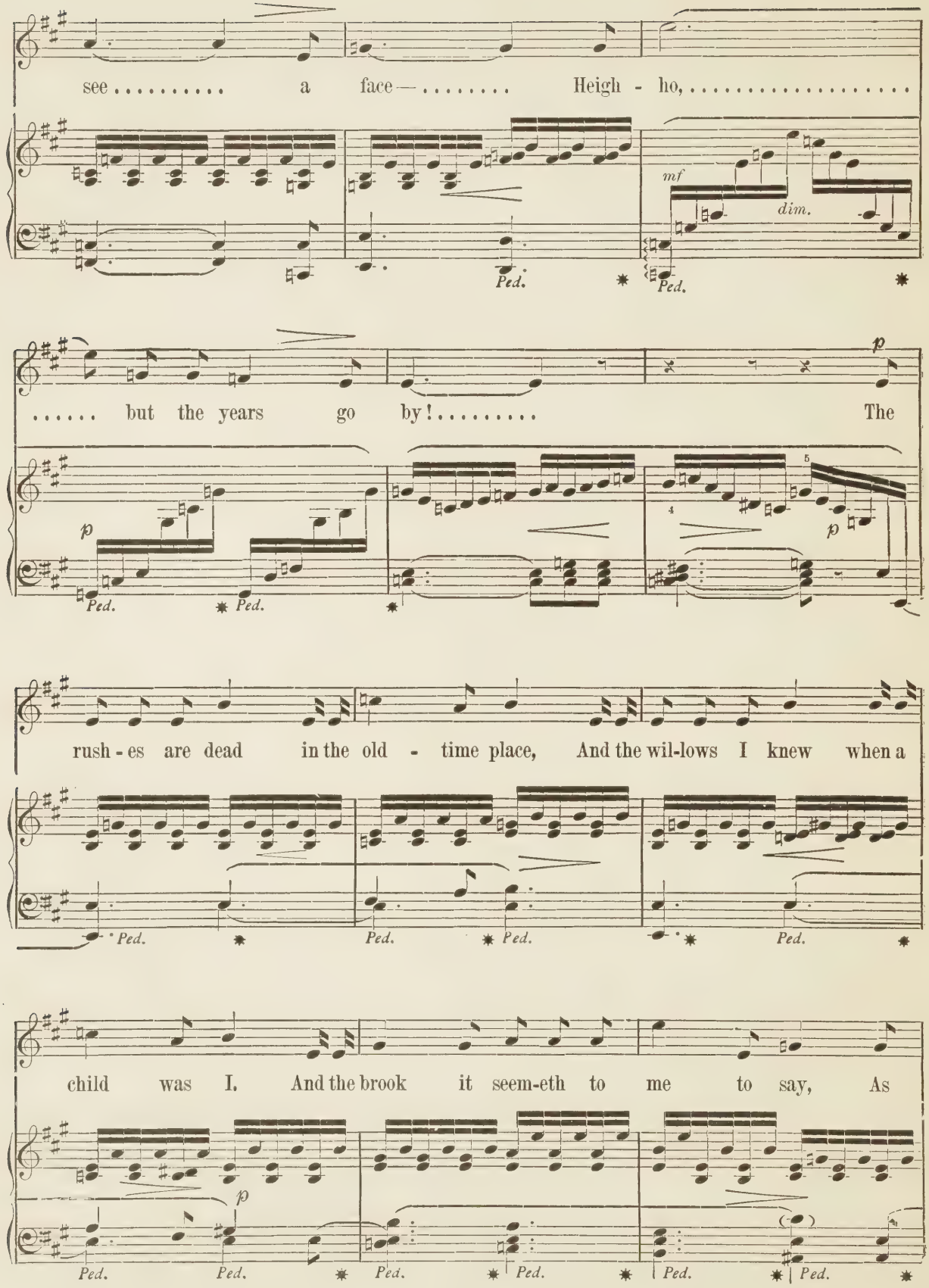
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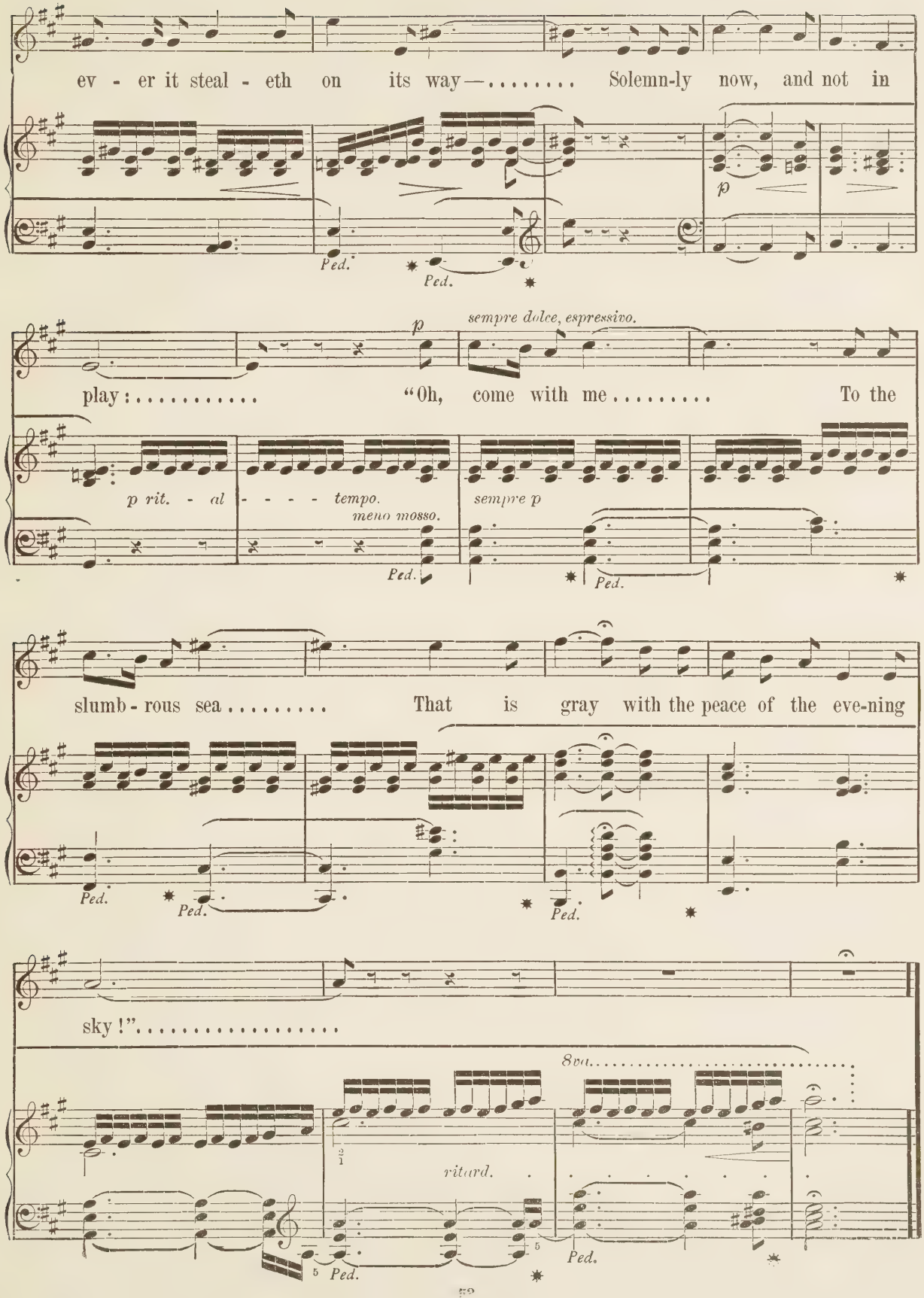


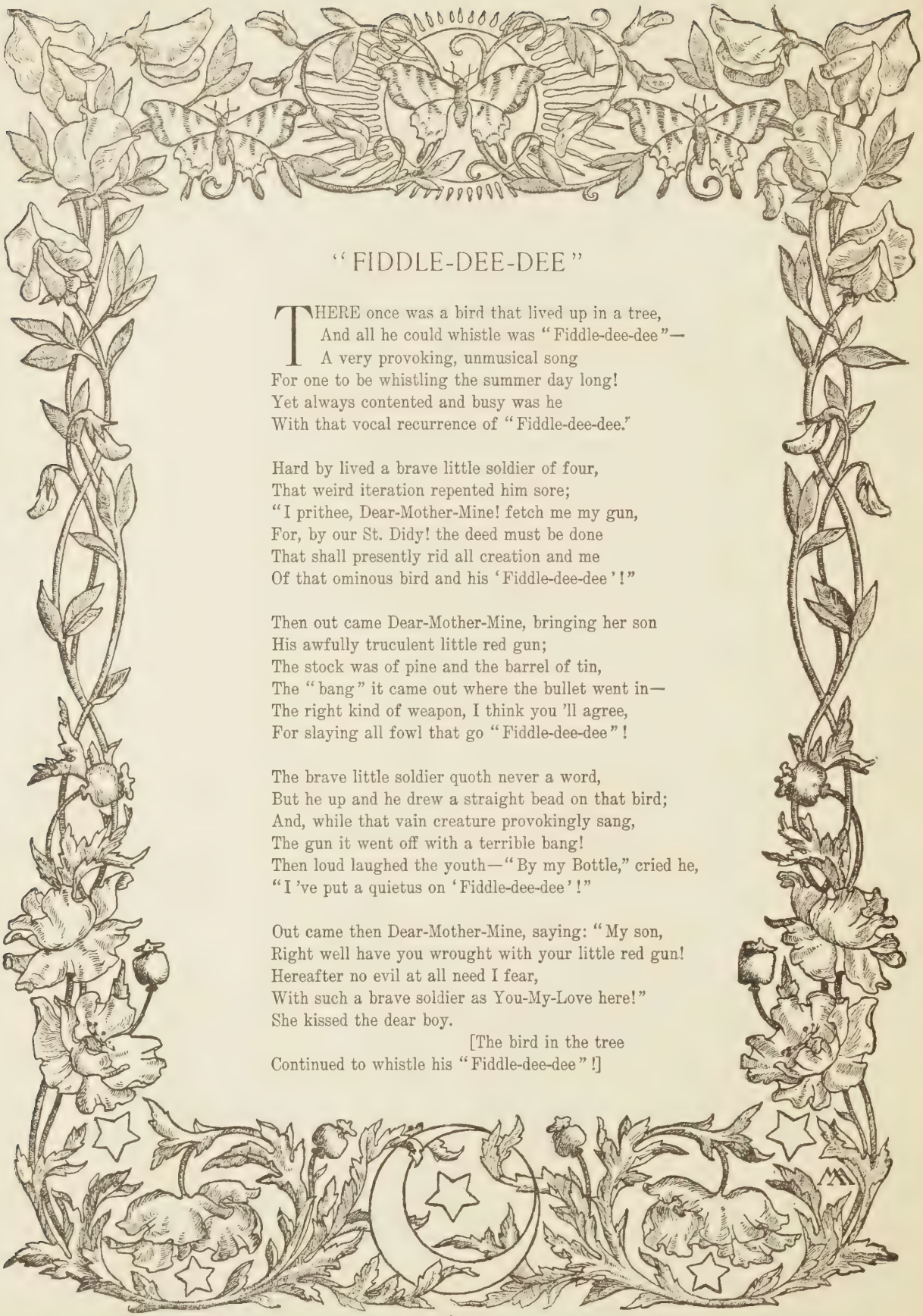
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There were rush - es and wil - lows in that place, And they
p
Ped.
clutched at the brook as the brook ran by; And the brook it ran its
p
Ped.
dolce.
own sweet way, As a child doth run in heed - less play, ... And as it
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
ran I heard it say: . . . . . "Hast - en with me . . . . . .
f
Animato.
p
f
Ped.
Ped.


Sempre animato.
To the rois - ter-ing sea
That is
Ped.
Ped.
wroth with the flame of the morn - ing sky!"
f
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
ritard - - - - al - - - - tempo.
mf
p
pp
2. I look in the brook and
pp


see . . . . . a face — . . . . . Heigh - ho, ...
mf
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
. . . . . but the years go by! . . . . . The
p
Ped.
Ped.
rush - es are dead in the old - time place, And the wil-lows I knew when a
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
child was I. And the brook it seem-eth to me to say, As
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


ev - er it steal - eth on its way — . . . . . Solemn-ly now, and not in
p
Ped.
Ped.
p
sempre dolce, espressivo.
play : . . . . . "Oh, come with me . . . . . To the
p rit. - al - - - - tempo.
meno mosso.
sempre p
Ped.
Ped.
slumb - rous sea . . . . . That is gray with the peace of the eve-ning
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sky !" . . . . . .
8va. . . . . .
ritard.
5
Ped.
Ped.



"FIDDLE-DEE-DEE"

THERE once was a bird that lived up in a tree,
And all he could whistle was "Fiddle-dee-dee"—
A very provoking, unmusical song
For one to be whistling the summer day long!
Yet always contented and busy was he
With that vocal recurrence of "Fiddle-dee-dee."

Hard by lived a brave little soldier of four,
That weird iteration repented him sore;
"I prithee, Dear-Mother-Mine! fetch me my gun,
For, by our St. Didy! the deed must be done
That shall presently rid all creation and me
Of that ominous bird and his 'Fiddle-dee-dee'!"

Then out came Dear-Mother-Mine, bringing her son
His awfully truculent little red gun;
The stock was of pine and the barrel of tin,
The "bang" it came out where the bullet went in—
The right kind of weapon, I think you 'll agree,
For slaying all fowl that go "Fiddle-dee-dee"!

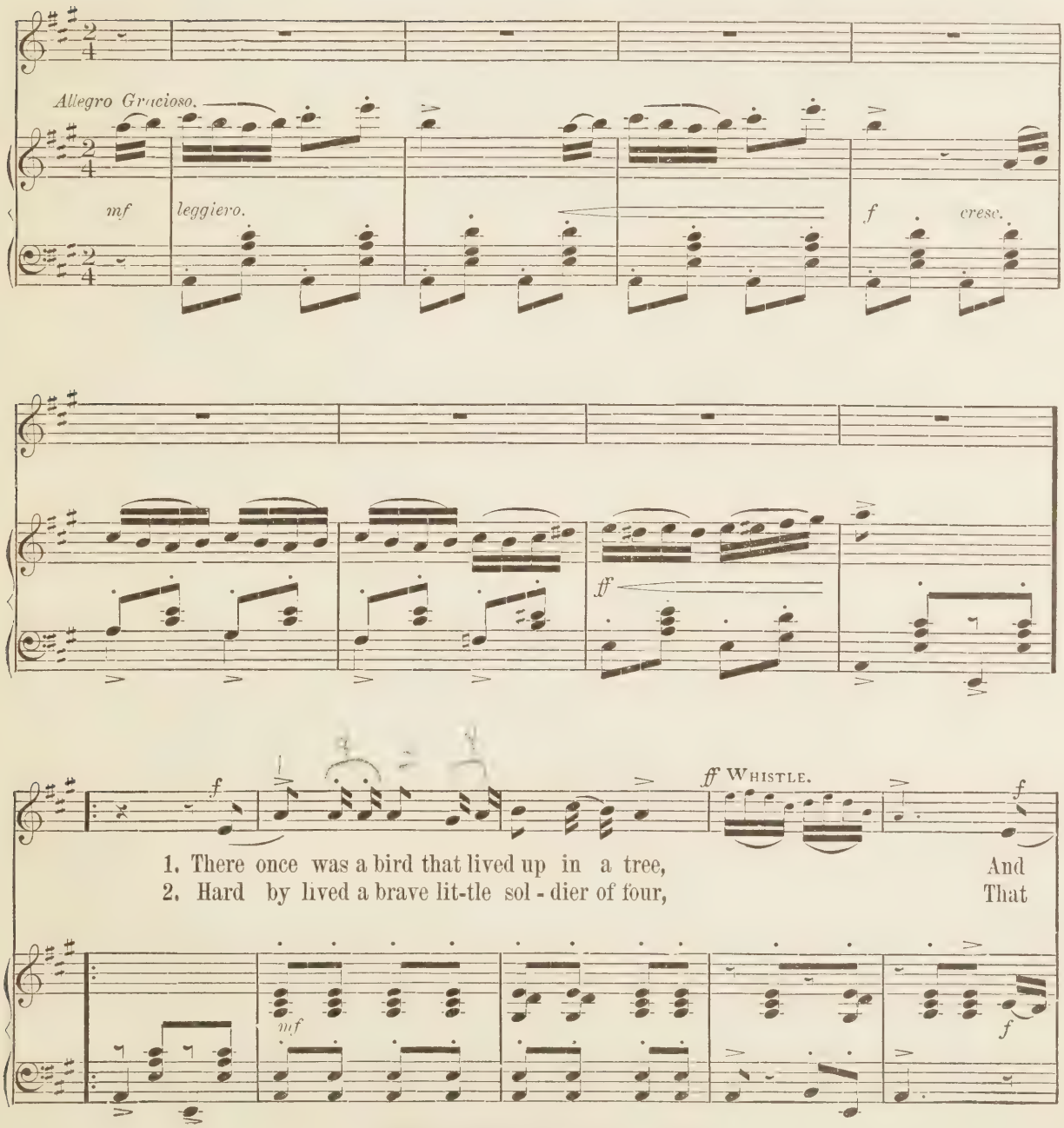
The brave little soldier quoth never a word,
But he up and he drew a straight bead on that bird;
And, while that vain creature provokingly sang,
The gun it went off with a terrible bang!
Then loud laughed the youth—"By my Bottle," cried he,
"I 've put a quietus on 'Fiddle-dee-dee'!"

Out came then Dear-Mother-Mine, saying: "My son,
Right well have you wrought with your little red gun!
Hereafter no evil at all need I fear,
With such a brave soldier as You-My-Love here!"
She kissed the dear boy.
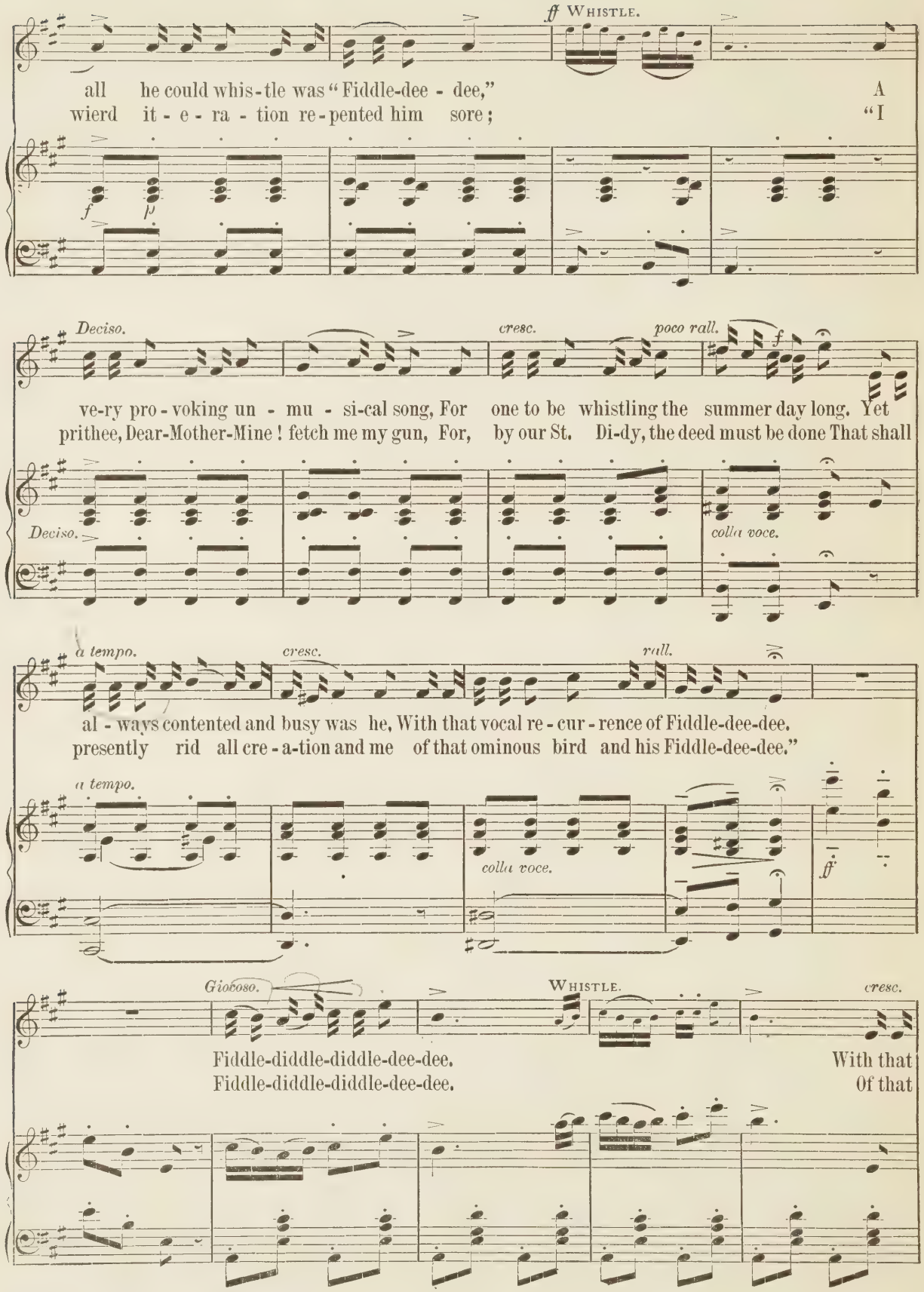
[The bird in the tree
Continued to whistle his "Fiddle-dee-dee"!]
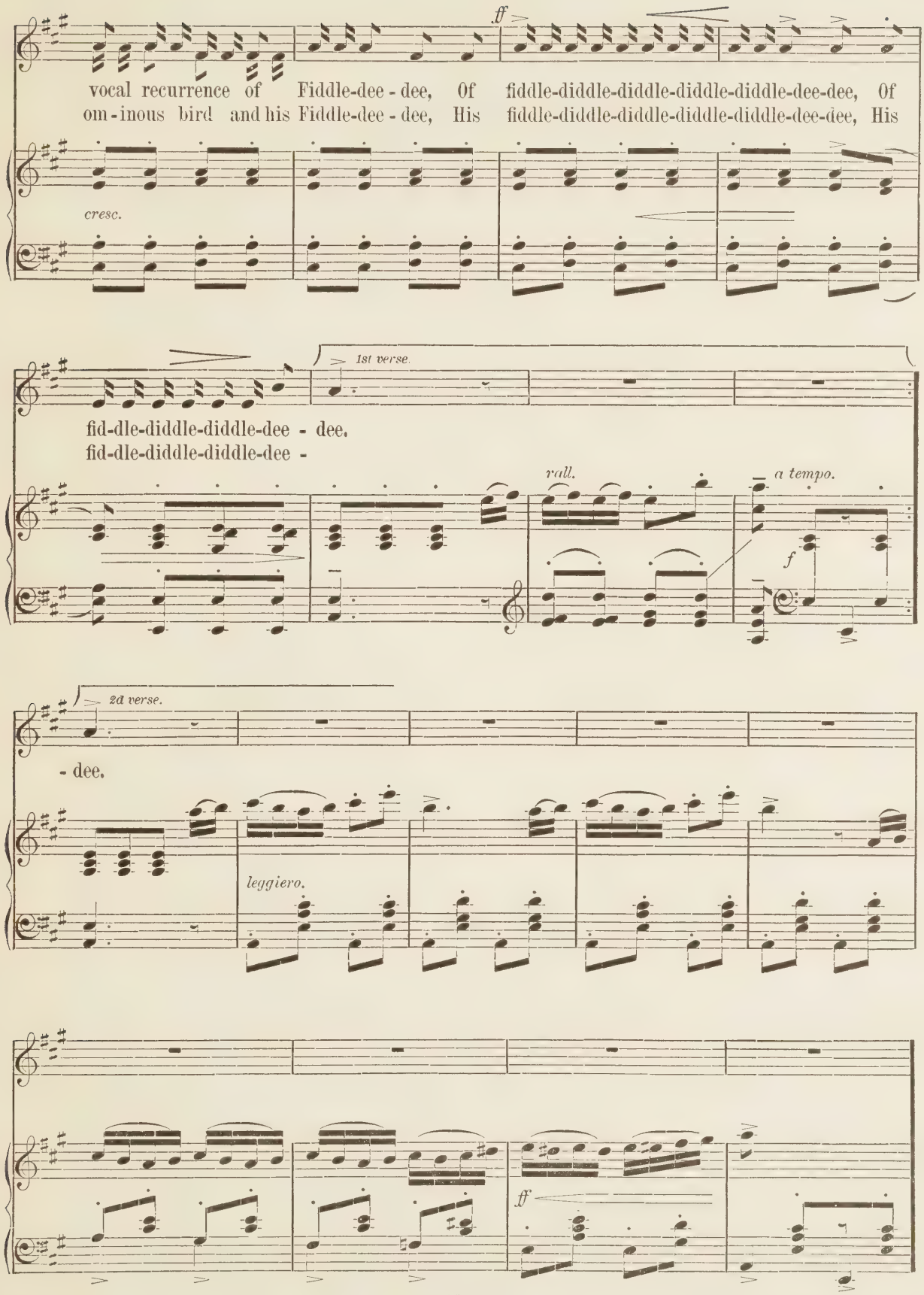
"FIDDLE-DEE-DEE"
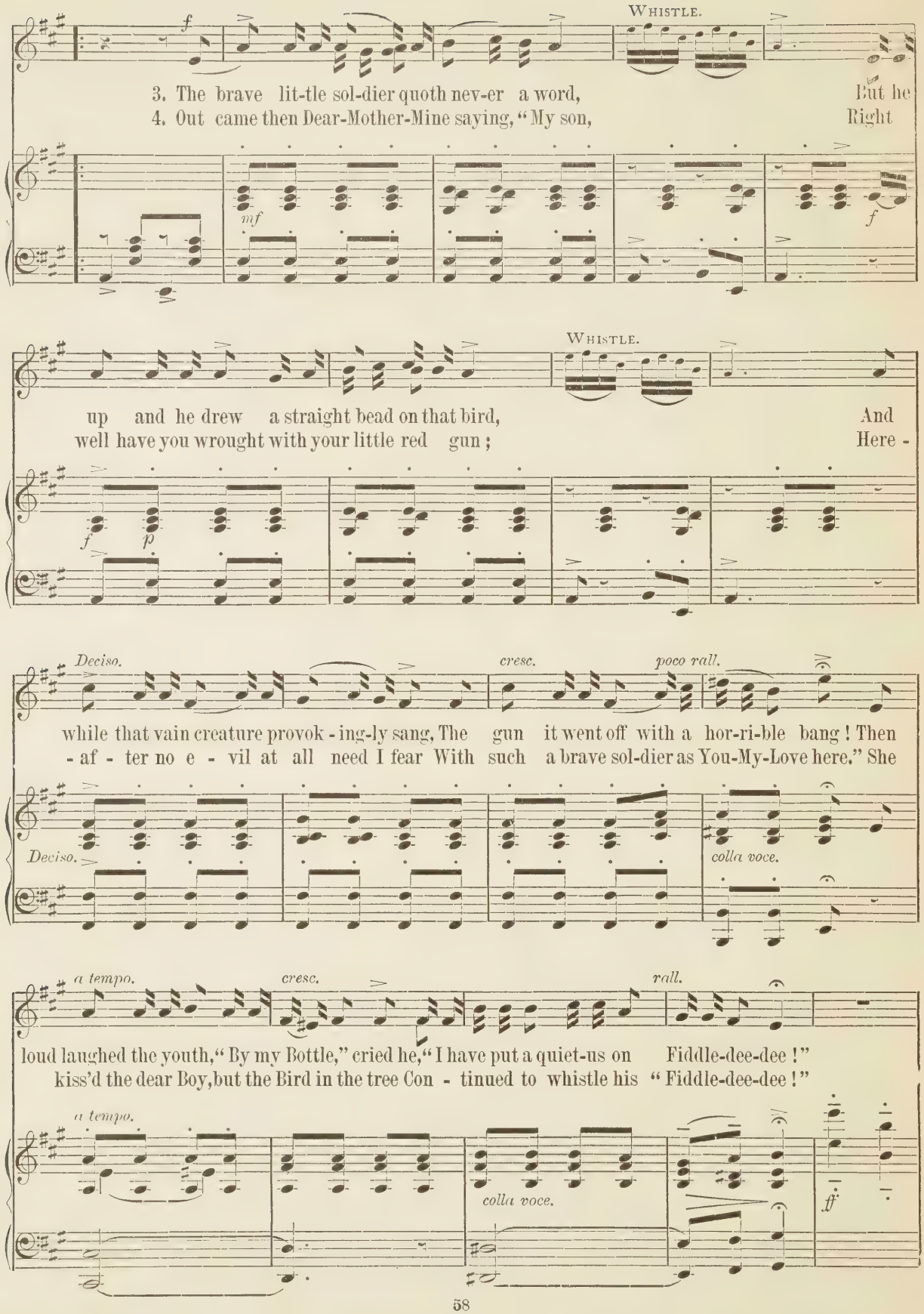
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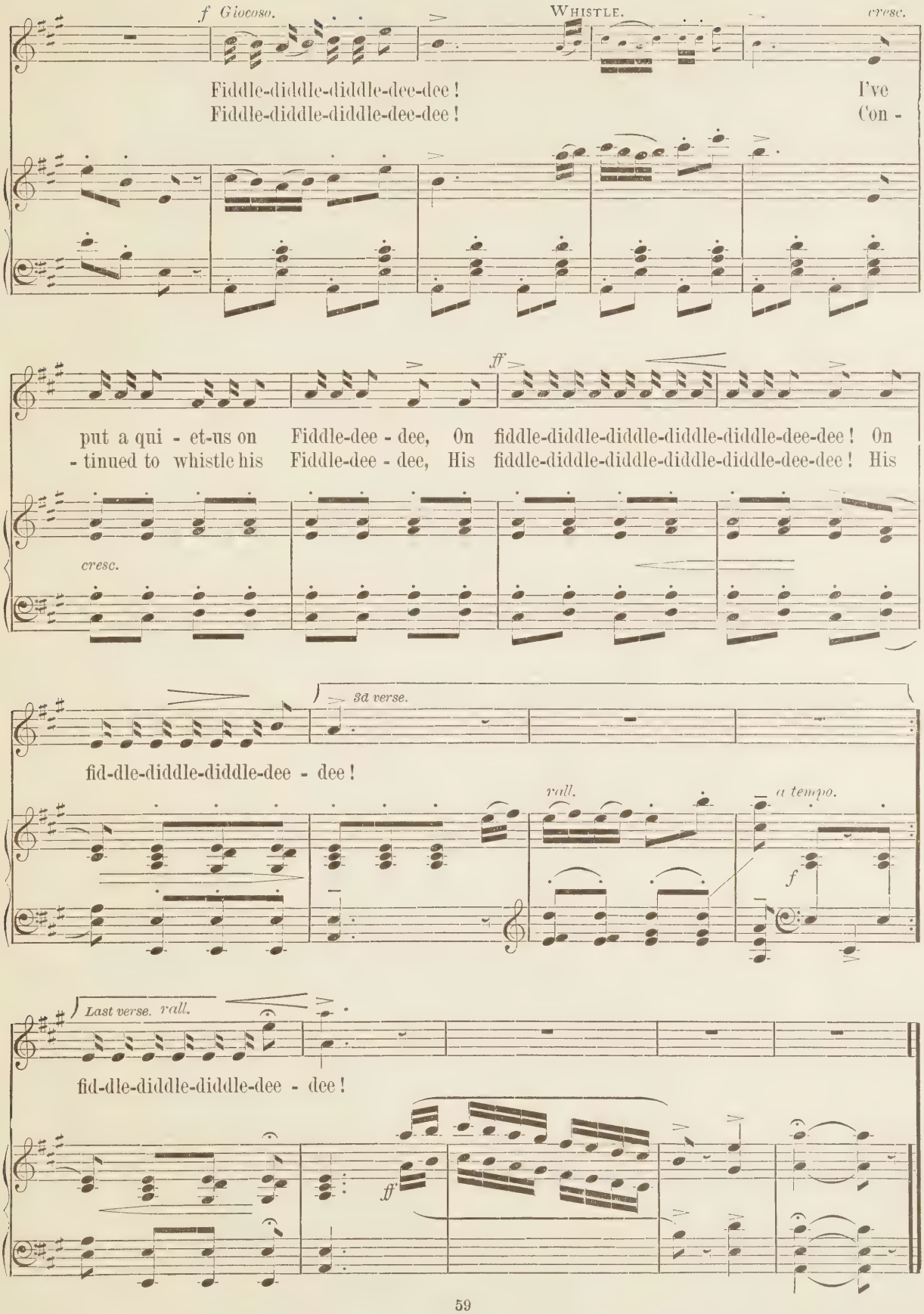


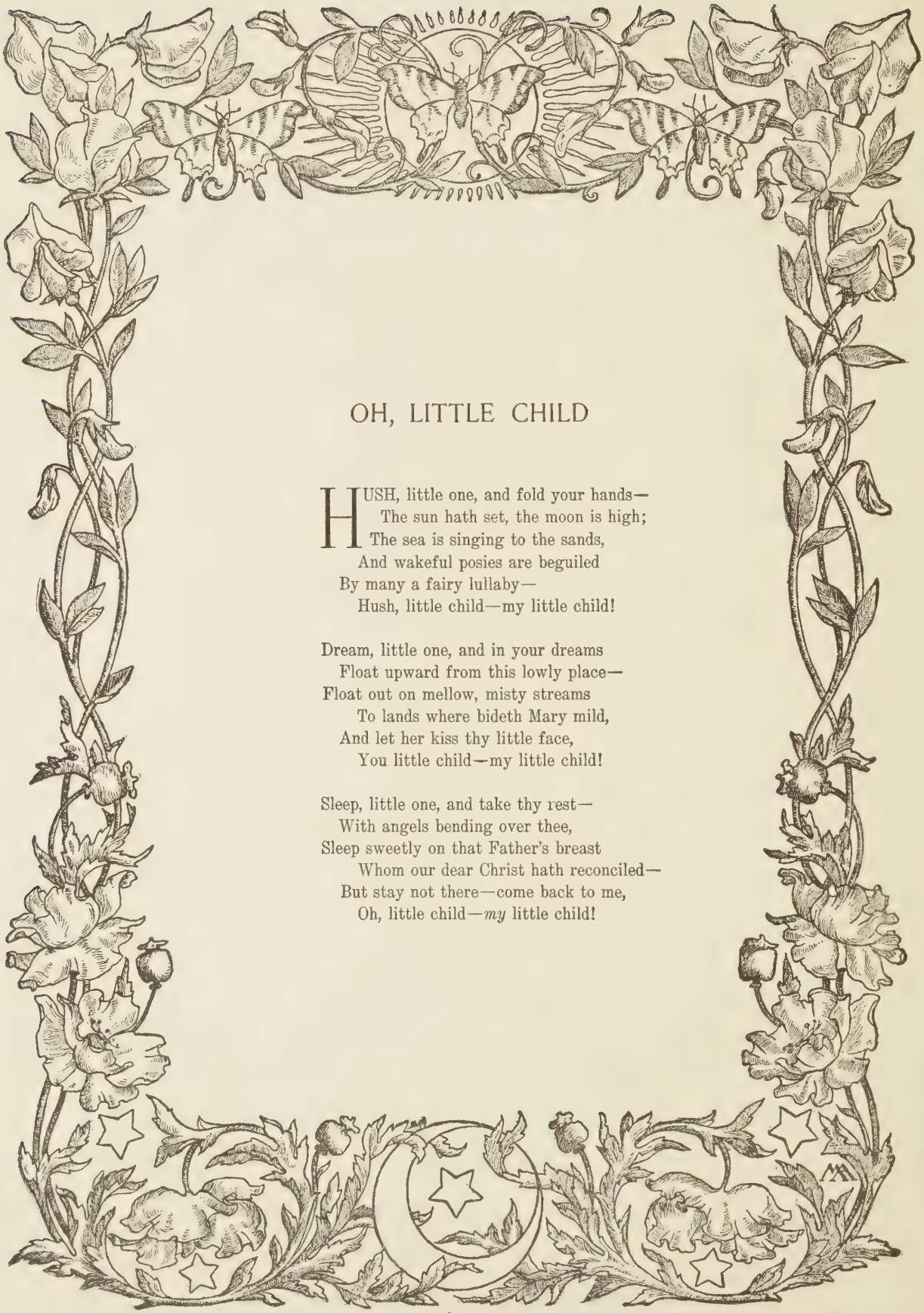
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ff WHISTLE.
all he could whis-tle was "Fiddle-dee - dee,"
wierd it - e - ra - tion re-pented him sore;
A
"I
f p
Deciso.
cresc.
poco rall.
f
ve-ry pro-voking un - mu - si-cal song, For one to be whistling the summer day long. Yet
prithee, Dear-Mother-Mine! fetch me my gun, For, by our St. Di-dy, the deed must be done That shall
Deciso.
colla voce.
a tempo.
cresc.
rall.
al - ways contented and busy was he, With that vocal re - cur - rence of Fiddle-dee-dee.
presently rid all cre - a-tion and me of that ominous bird and his Fiddle-dee-dee."
a tempo.
colla voce.
ff
Giocoso.
WHISTLE.
cresc.
Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee.
Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee.
With that
Of that


ff
vocal recurrence of Fiddle-dee - dee, Of fiddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee, Of
om - inous bird and his Fiddle-dee - dee, His fiddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee, His
cresc.
1st verse.
fid-dle-diddle-diddle-dee - dee.
fid-dle-diddle-diddle-dee -
rall.
a tempo.
f
2d verse.
- dee.
leggiero.
ff


WHISTLE.
3. The brave lit-tle sol-dier quoth nev-er a word, But he
4. Out came then Dear-Mother-Mine saying, "My son, Right
f
mf
f
WHISTLE.
up and he drew a straight bead on that bird, And
well have you wrought with your little red gun; Here -
f
p
Deciso.
cresc.
poco rall.
while that vain creature provok - ing-ly sang, The gun it went off with a hor-ri-ble bang! Then
- af - ter no e - vil at all need I fear With such a brave sol-dier as You-My-Love here." She
Deciso.
colla voce.
a tempo.
cresc.
rall.
loud laughed the youth, "By my Bottle," cried he, "I have put a quiet-us on Fiddle-dee-dee!"
kiss'd the dear Boy, but the Bird in the tree Con - tinued to whistle his "Fiddle-dee-dee!"
a tempo.
colla voce.
ff


f Giocoso.
WHISTLE.
cresc.
Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee !
Fiddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee !
I've
Con -
ff
put a qui - et-us on
- tinued to whistle his
Fiddle-dee - dee,
Fiddle-dee - dee,
On
His
fiddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee !
fiddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-dee-dee !
On
His
cresc.
3d verse.
fid-dle-diddle-diddle-dee - dee !
rall.
a tempo.
f
Last verse. rall.
fid-dle-diddle-diddle-dee - dee !
ff



OH, LITTLE CHILD

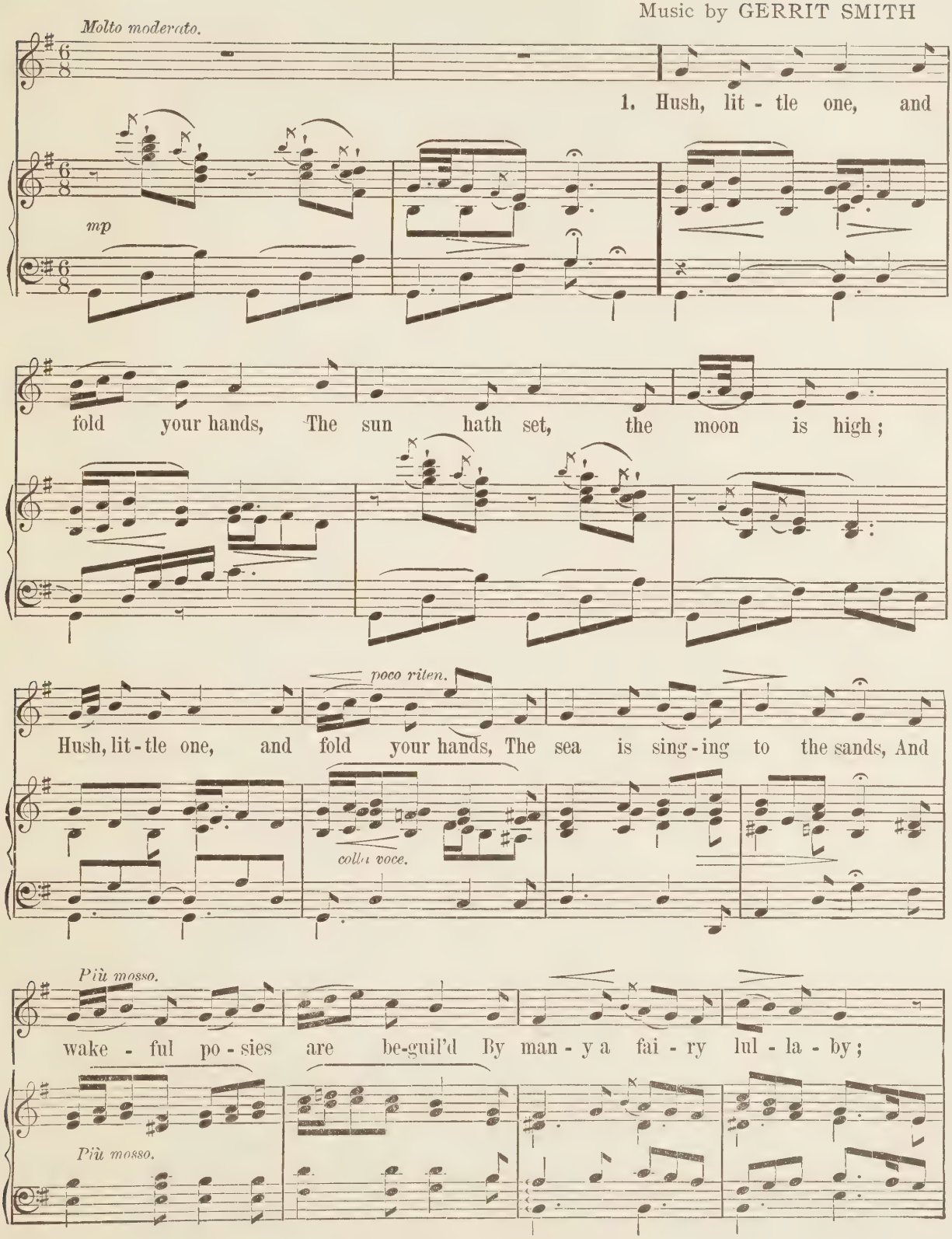
HUSH, little one, and fold your hands—
The sun hath set, the moon is high;
The sea is singing to the sands,
And wakeful posies are beguiled
By many a fairy lullaby—
Hush, little child—my little child!

Dream, little one, and in your dreams
Float upward from this lowly place—
Float out on mellow, misty streams
To lands where bideth Mary mild,
And let her kiss thy little face,
You little child—my little child!
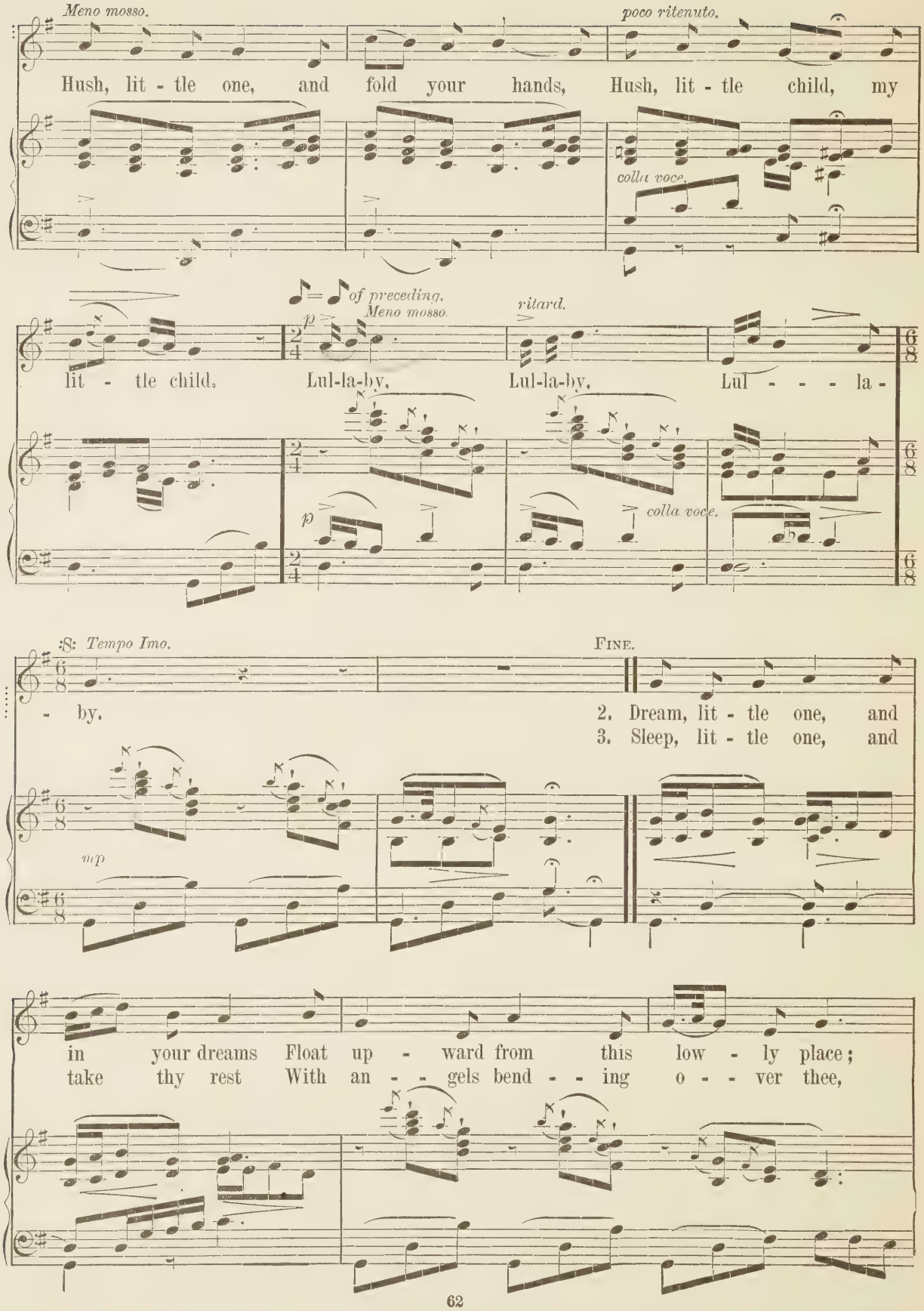
Sleep, little one, and take thy rest—
With angels bending over thee,
Sleep sweetly on that Father's breast
Whom our dear Christ hath reconciled—
But stay not there—come back to me,
Oh, little child—*my* little child!

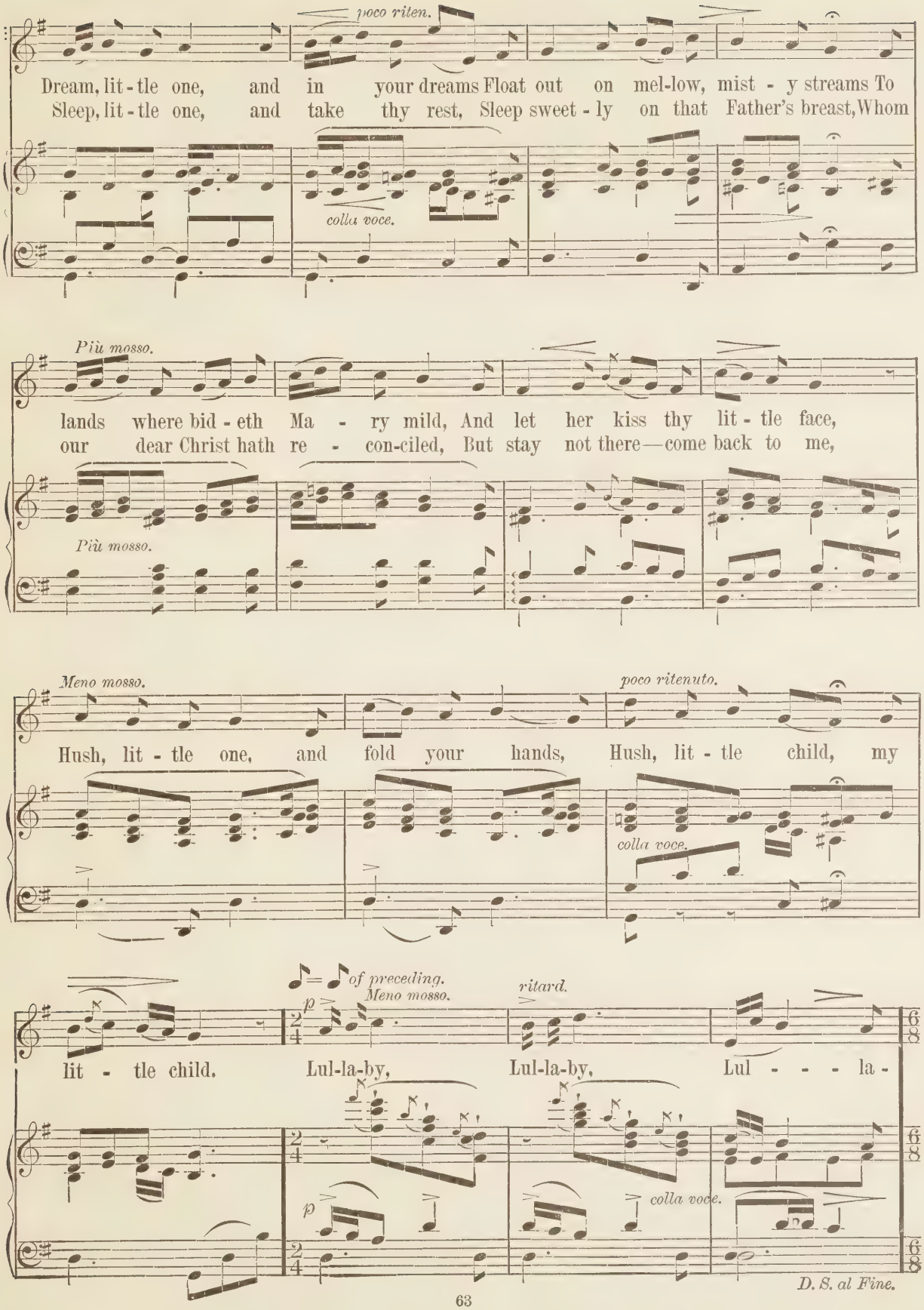
OH, LITTLE CHILD

Music by GERRIT SMITH



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Meno mosso.
poco ritenuto.
Hush, lit - tle one, and fold your hands, Hush, lit - tle child, my
colla voce.
= of preceding.
Meno mosso.
ritard.
lit - tle child, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Lul - - - la -
colla voce.
Tempo Imo.
FINE.
- by.
2. Dream, lit - tle one, and
3. Sleep, lit - tle one, and
mp
in your dreams Float up - ward from this low - ly place;
take thy rest With an - - gels bend - - ing o - - ver thee,


poco riten.
Dream, lit - tle one, and in your dreams Float out on mel-low, mist - y streams To
Sleep, lit - tle one, and take thy rest, Sleep sweet - ly on that Father's breast, Whom
colla voce.
Più mosso.
lands where bid - eth Ma - ry mild, And let her kiss thy lit - tle face,
our dear Christ hath re - con-ciled, But stay not there—come back to me,
Più mosso.
Meno mosso.
poco ritenuto.
Hush, lit - tle one, and fold your hands, Hush, lit - tle child, my
colla voce.
of preceding.
Meno mosso.
ritard.
lit - tle child. Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Lul - - - la -
colla voce.
D. S. al Fine.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

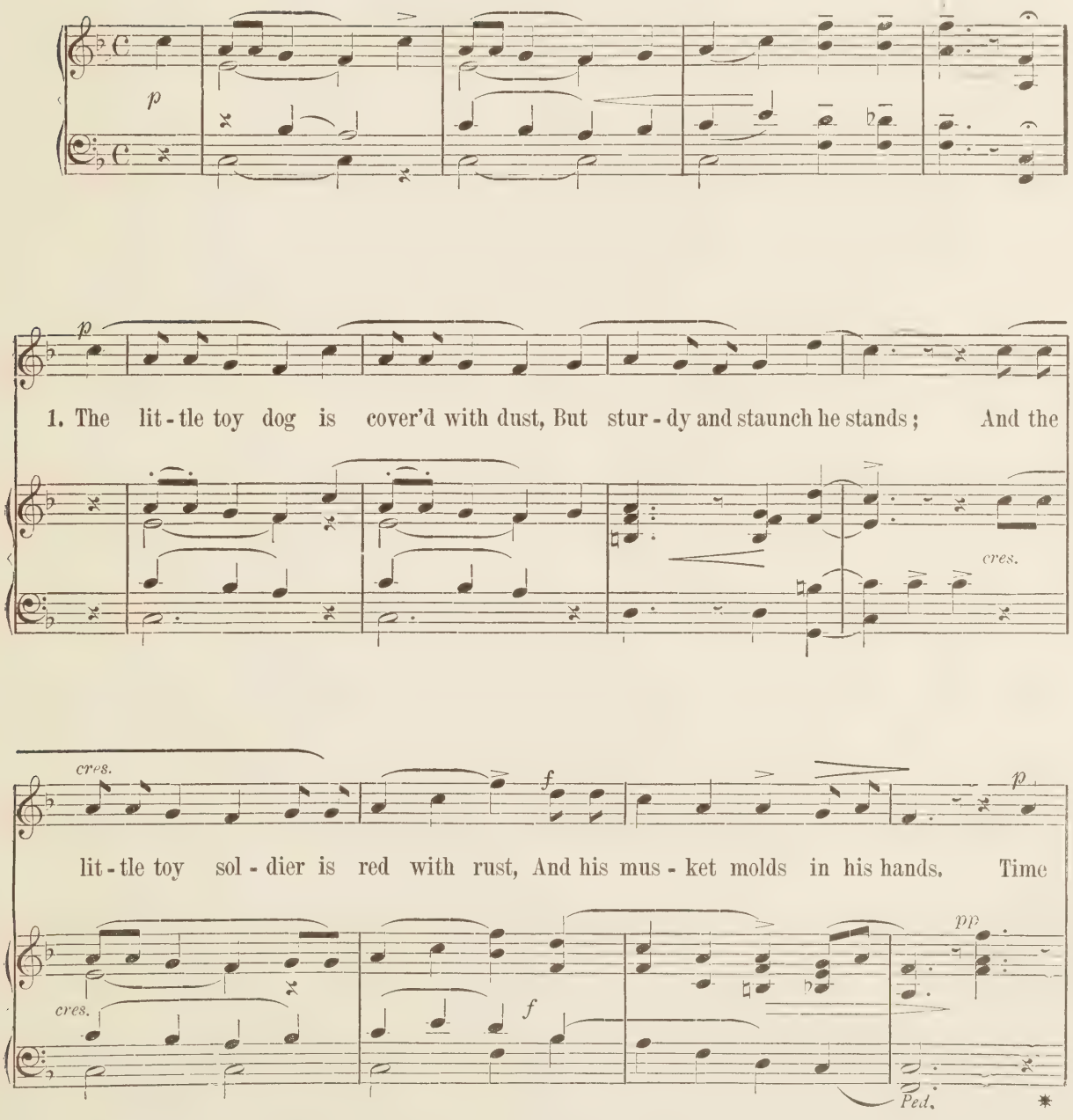
THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!
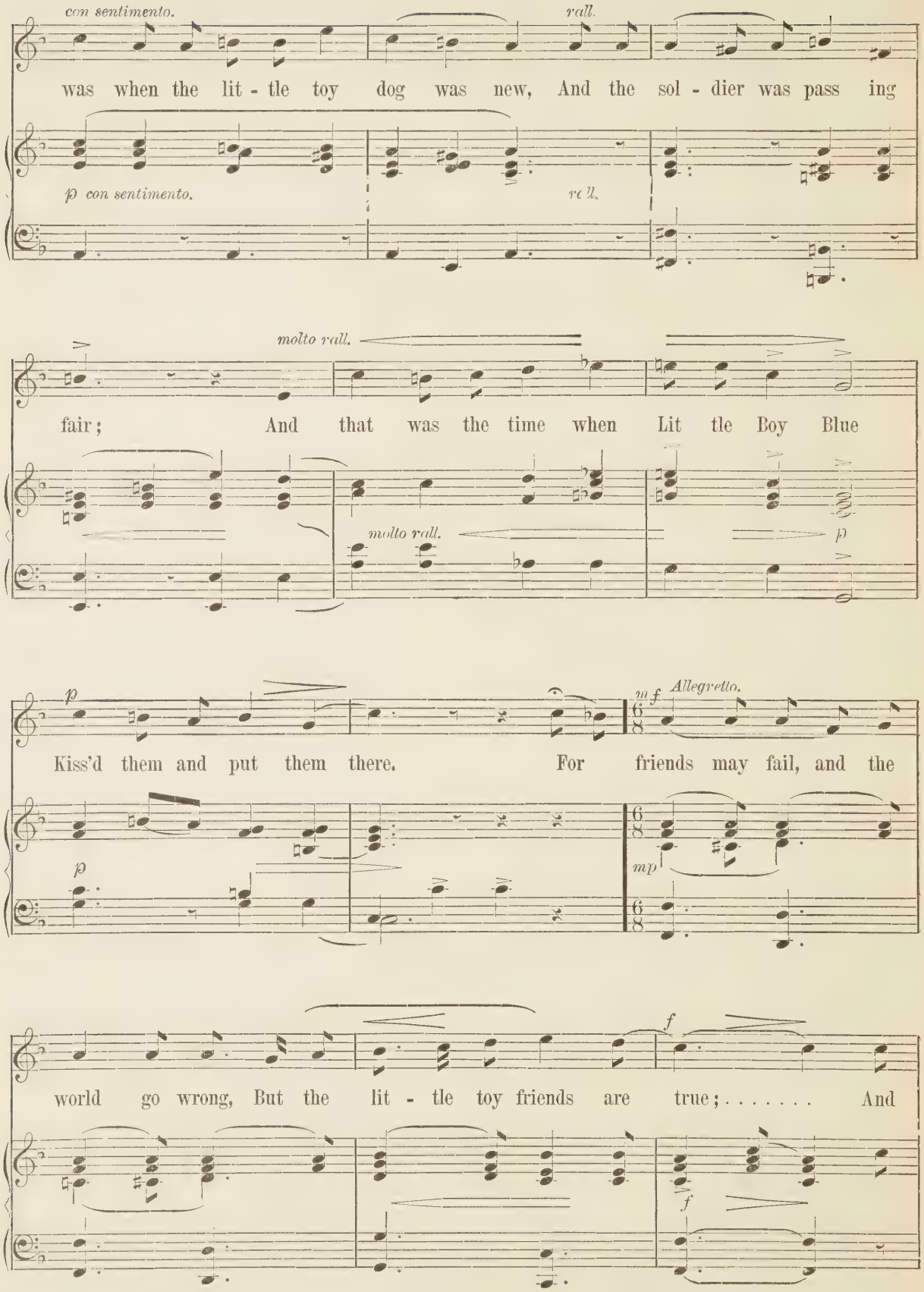
Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.
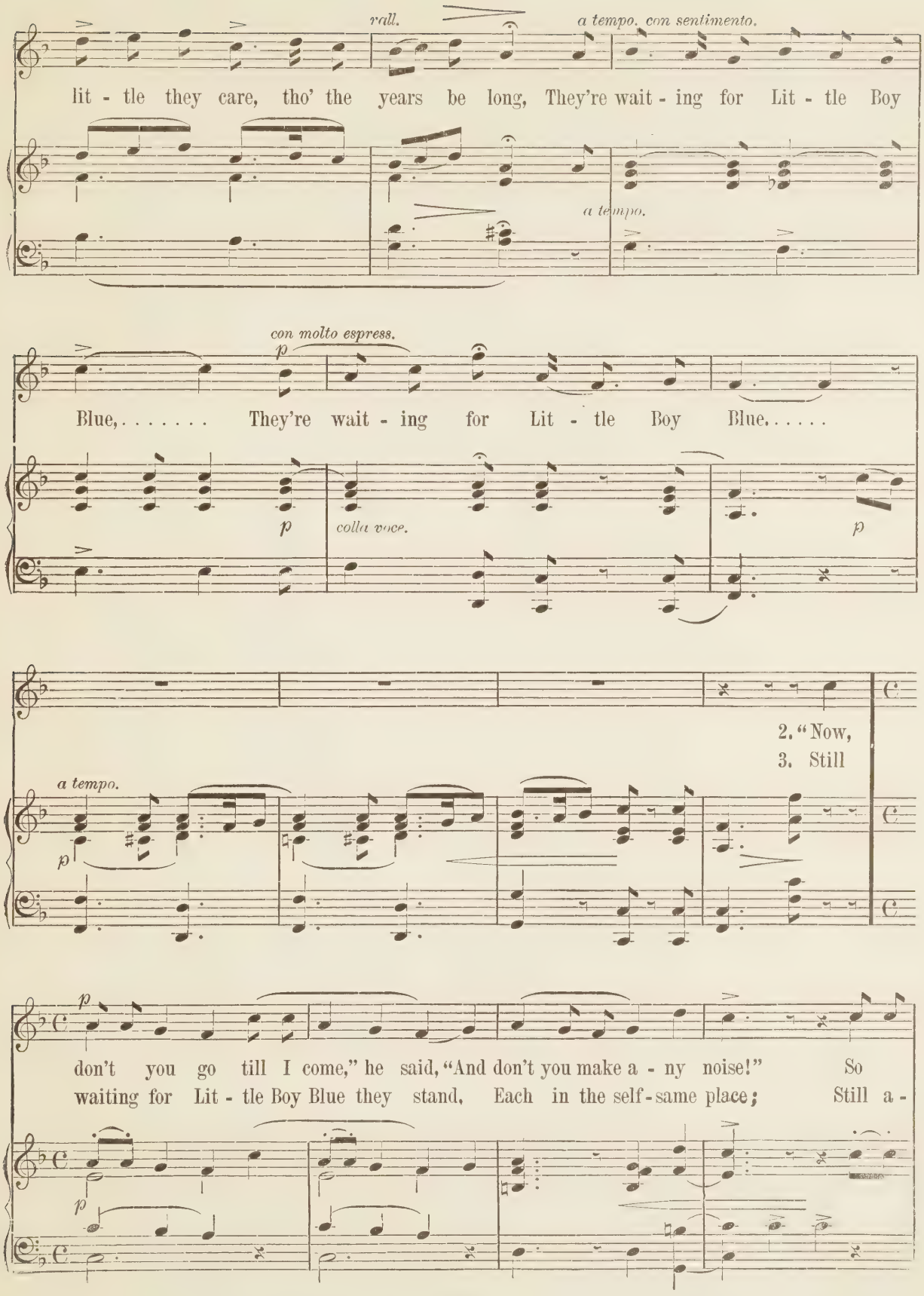
LITTLE BOY BLUE
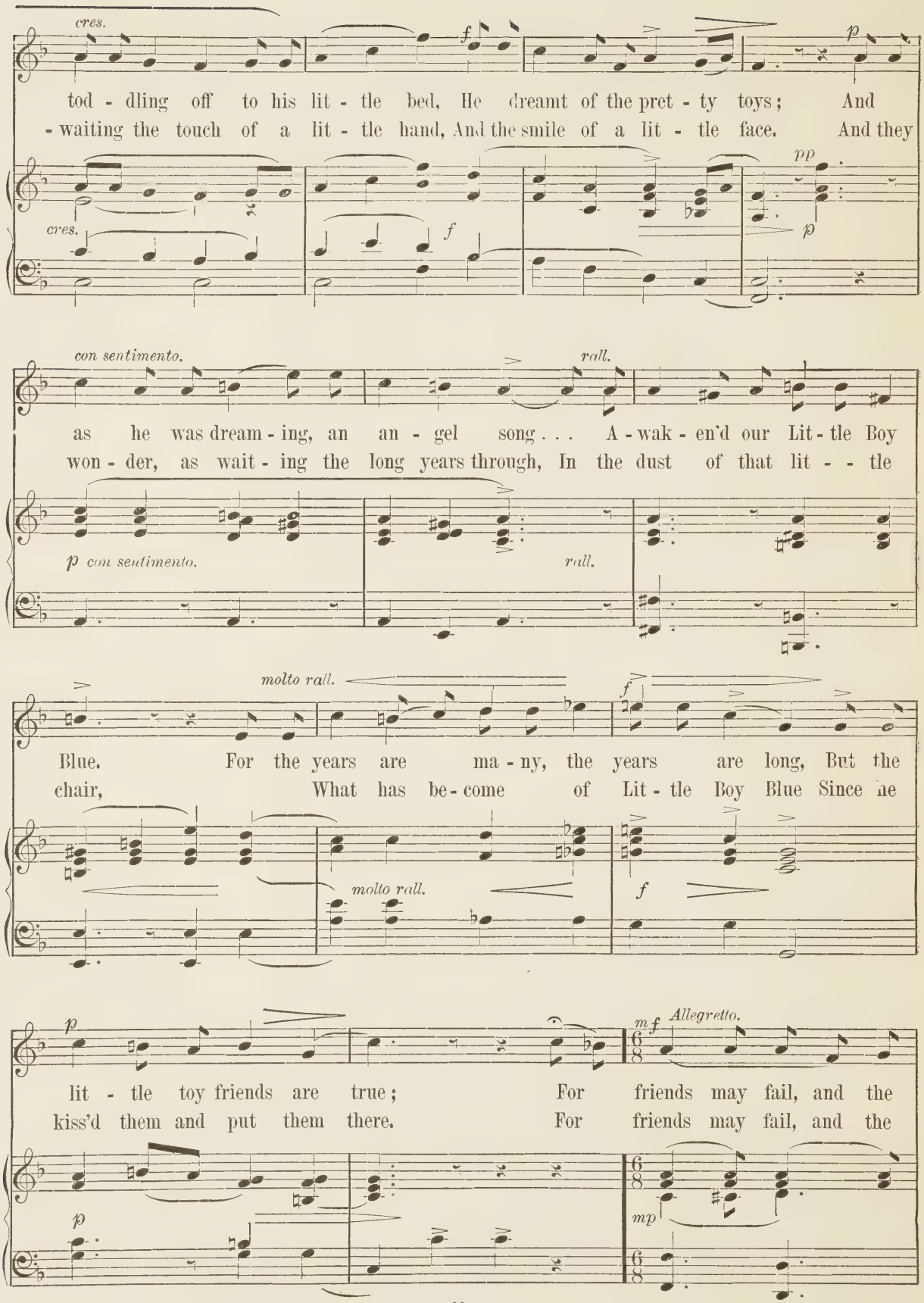
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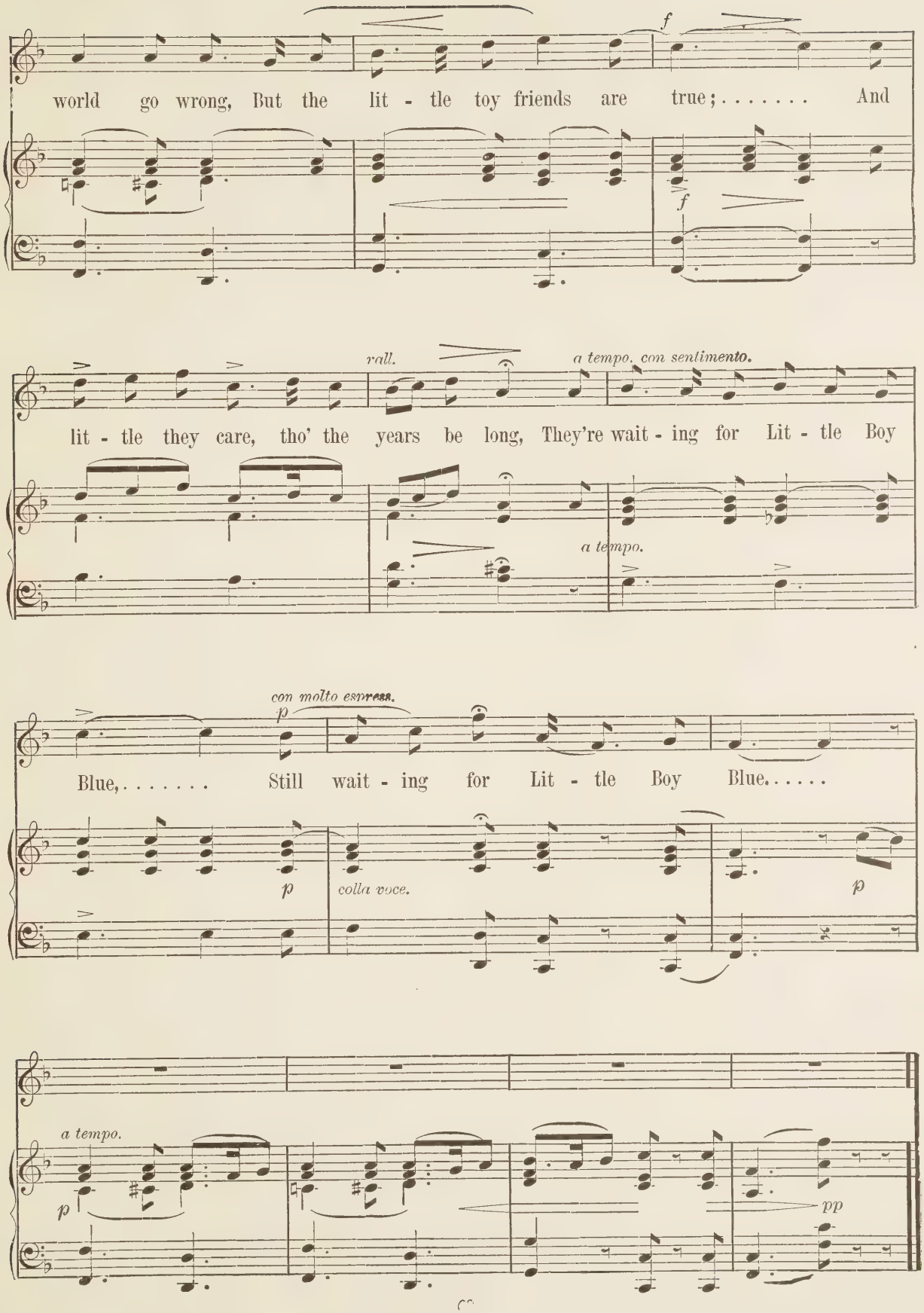


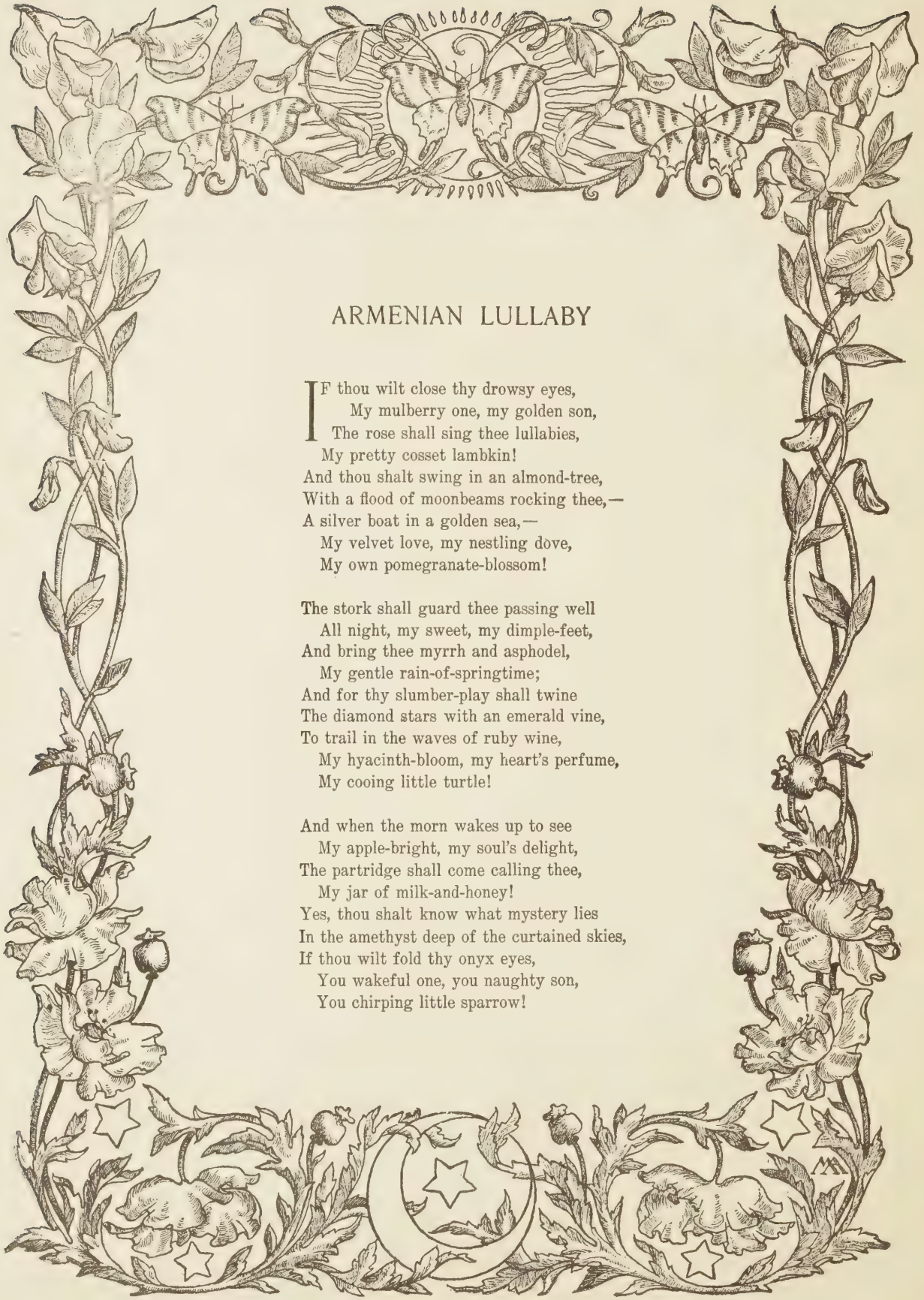
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con sentimento.
rall.
was when the lit - tle toy dog was new, And the sol - dier was pass ing
p con sentimento.
rall.
molto rall.
fair; And that was the time when Lit tle Boy Blue
molto rall.
p
p
Kiss'd them and put them there. For friends may fail, and the
mf
Allegretto.
p
mp
f
world go wrong, But the lit - tle toy friends are true; . . . . . And
f


rall.
a tempo, con sentimento.
lit - tle they care, tho' the years be long, They're wait - ing for Lit - tle Boy
a tempo.
con molto espress.
p
Blue,..... They're wait - ing for Lit - tle Boy Blue.....
p
colla voce.
p
2. "Now,
3. Still
a tempo.
p
p
don't you go till I come," he said, "And don't you make a - ny noise!" So
waiting for Lit - tle Boy Blue they stand, Each in the self-same place; Still a -
p


cres.
f
p
tod - dling off to his lit - tle bed, He dreamt of the pret - ty toys; And
- waiting the touch of a lit - tle hand, And the smile of a lit - tle face. And they
cres.
f
pp
p
con sentimento.
rall.
as he was dream - ing, an an - gel song . . . A - wak - en'd our Lit - tle Boy
won - der, as wait - ing the long years through, In the dust of that lit - - tle
p con sentimento.
rall.
molto rall.
f
Blue. For the years are ma - ny, the years are long, But the
chair, What has be - come of Lit - tle Boy Blue Since he
molto rall.
f
p
mf
Allegretto.
lit - tle toy friends are true; For friends may fail, and the
kiss'd them and put them there. For friends may fail, and the
p
mp


world go wrong, But the lit - tle toy friends are true; . . . . . And
f
f
rall.
a tempo. con sentimento.
lit - tle they care, tho' the years be long, They're wait - ing for Lit - tle Boy
a tempo.
con molto espress.
p
Blue, ... Still wait - ing for Lit - tle Boy Blue. . . . . .
p
colla voce.
p
a tempo.
p
pp



ARMENIAN LULLABY
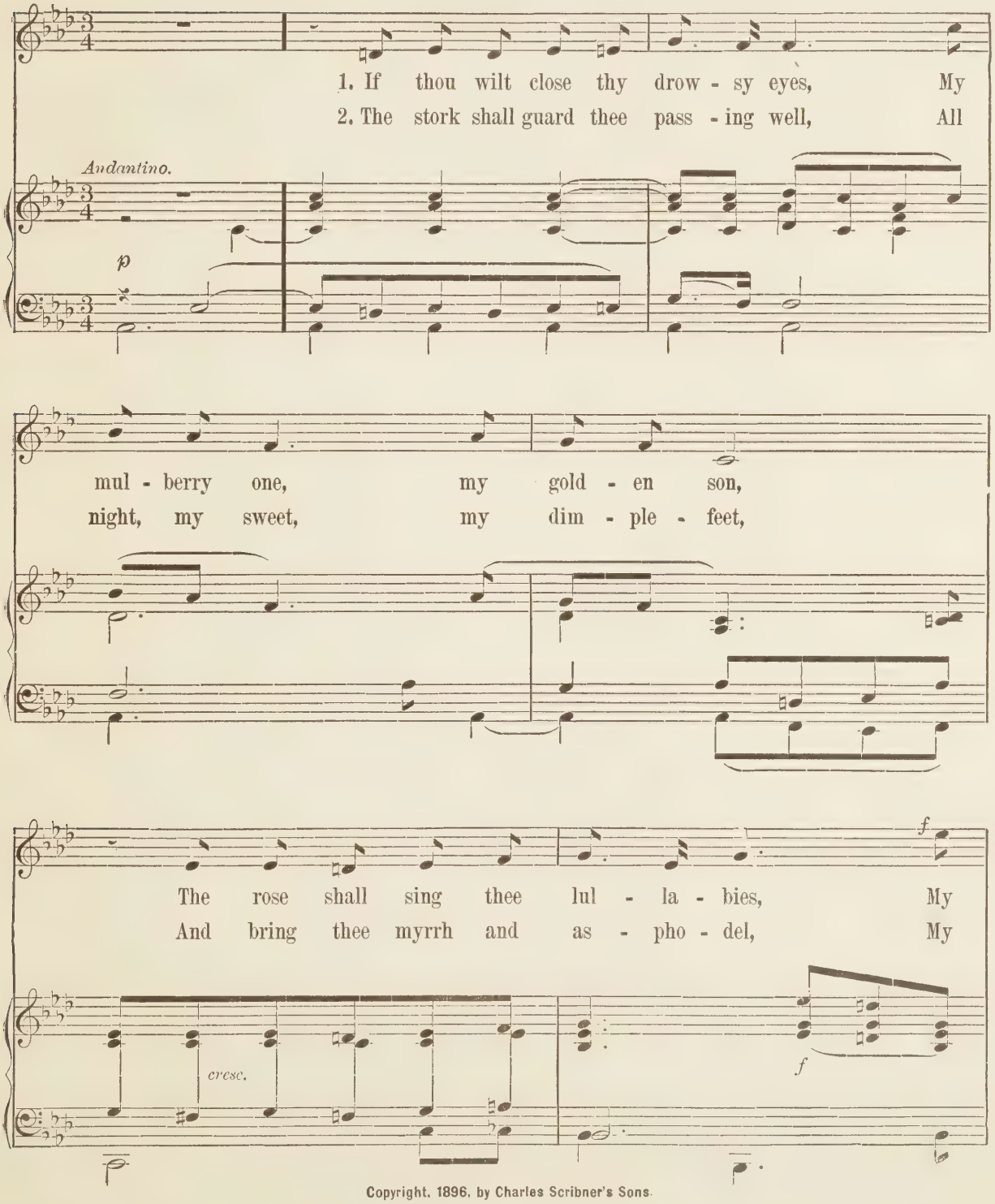
IF thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes,
My mulberry one, my golden son,
The rose shall sing thee lullabies,
My pretty cosset lambkin!
And thou shalt swing in an almond-tree,
With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee,—
A silver boat in a golden sea,—
My velvet love, my nestling dove,
My own pomegranate-blossom!

The stork shall guard thee passing well
All night, my sweet, my dimple-feet,
And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,
My gentle rain-of-springtime;
And for thy slumber-play shall twine
The diamond stars with an emerald vine,
To trail in the waves of ruby wine,
My hyacinth-bloom, my heart's perfume,
My cooing little turtle!
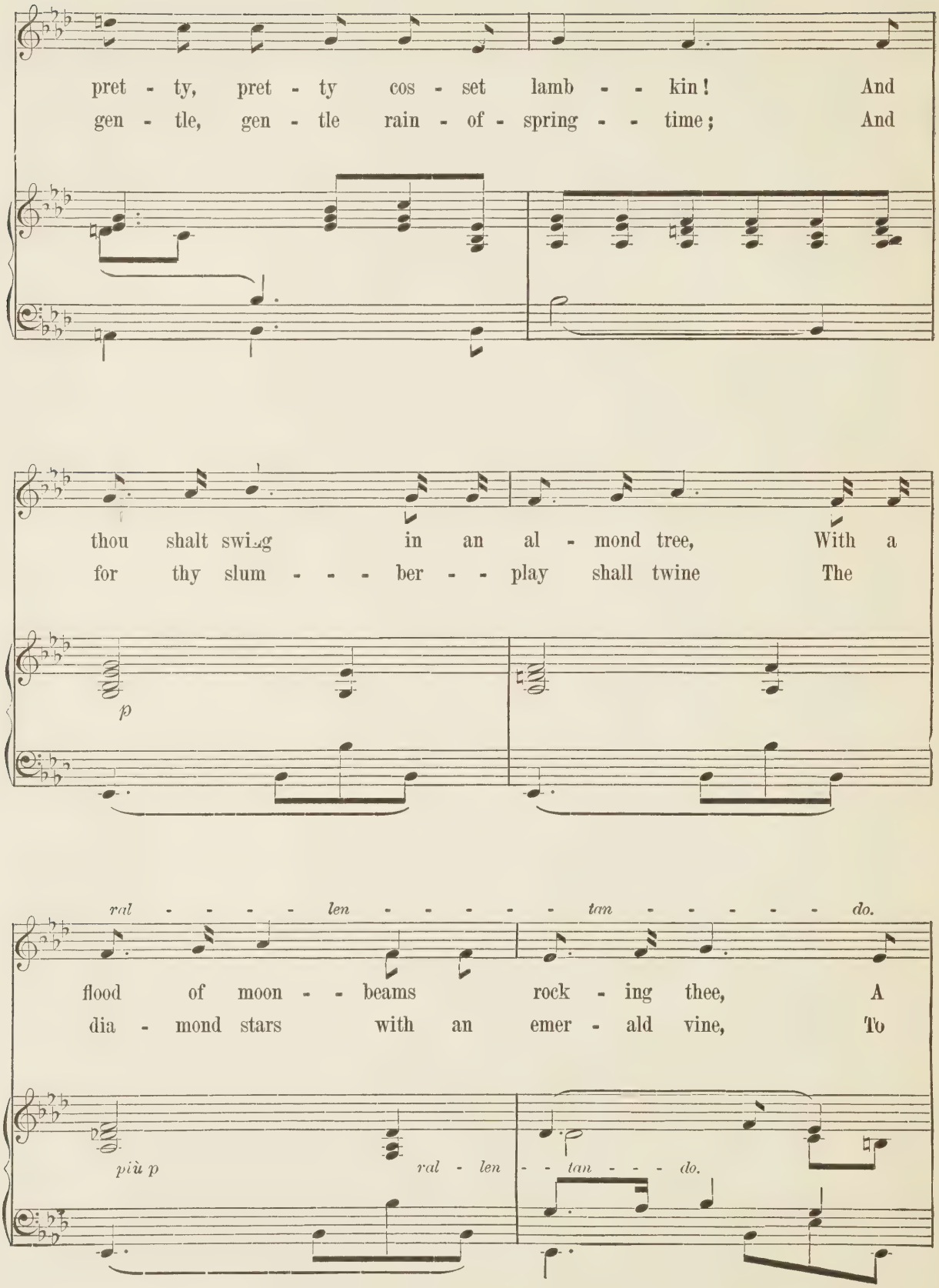
And when the morn wakes up to see
My apple-bright, my soul's delight,
The partridge shall come calling thee,
My jar of milk-and-honey!
Yes, thou shalt know what mystery lies
In the amethyst deep of the curtained skies,
If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,
You wakeful one, you naughty son,
You chirping little sparrow!
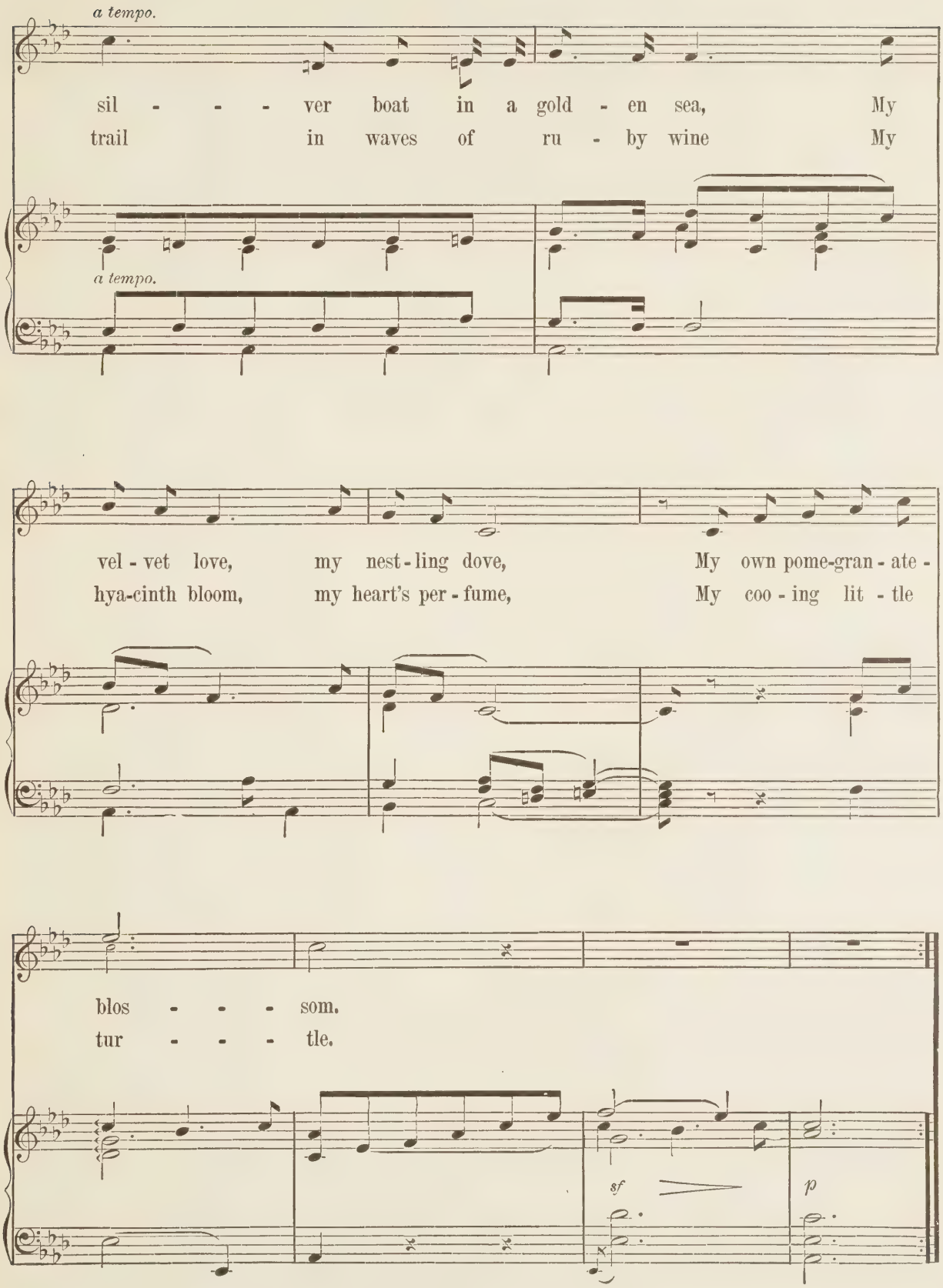
ARMENIAN LULLABY

Music by G. W. CHADWICK



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pret - ty, pret - ty cos - set lamb - - kin! And
gen - tle, gen - tle rain - of - spring - - time; And
thou shalt swing in an al - mond tree, With a
for thy slum - - - ber - - play shall twine The
p
ral - - - - len - - - - - - tan - - - - - - do.
flood of moon - - beams rock - ing thee, A
dia - mond stars with an emer - ald vine, To
più p
ral - len - - tan - - - do.


a tempo.
sil - - - - ver boat in a gold - en sea, My
trail in waves of ru - by wine My
a tempo.
vel - vet love, my nest - ling dove, My own pome-gran - ate -
hya-cinth bloom, my heart's per - fume, My coo - ing lit - tle
blos - - - - som.
tur - - - - tle.
sf
p

HUSHABY, SWEET MY OWN

FAIR is the castle up on the hill—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
The night is fair, and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and to me
In this lowly home beside the sea—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
And revellers drink to a little one's health;
But you and I bide night and day
For the other love that has sailed away—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

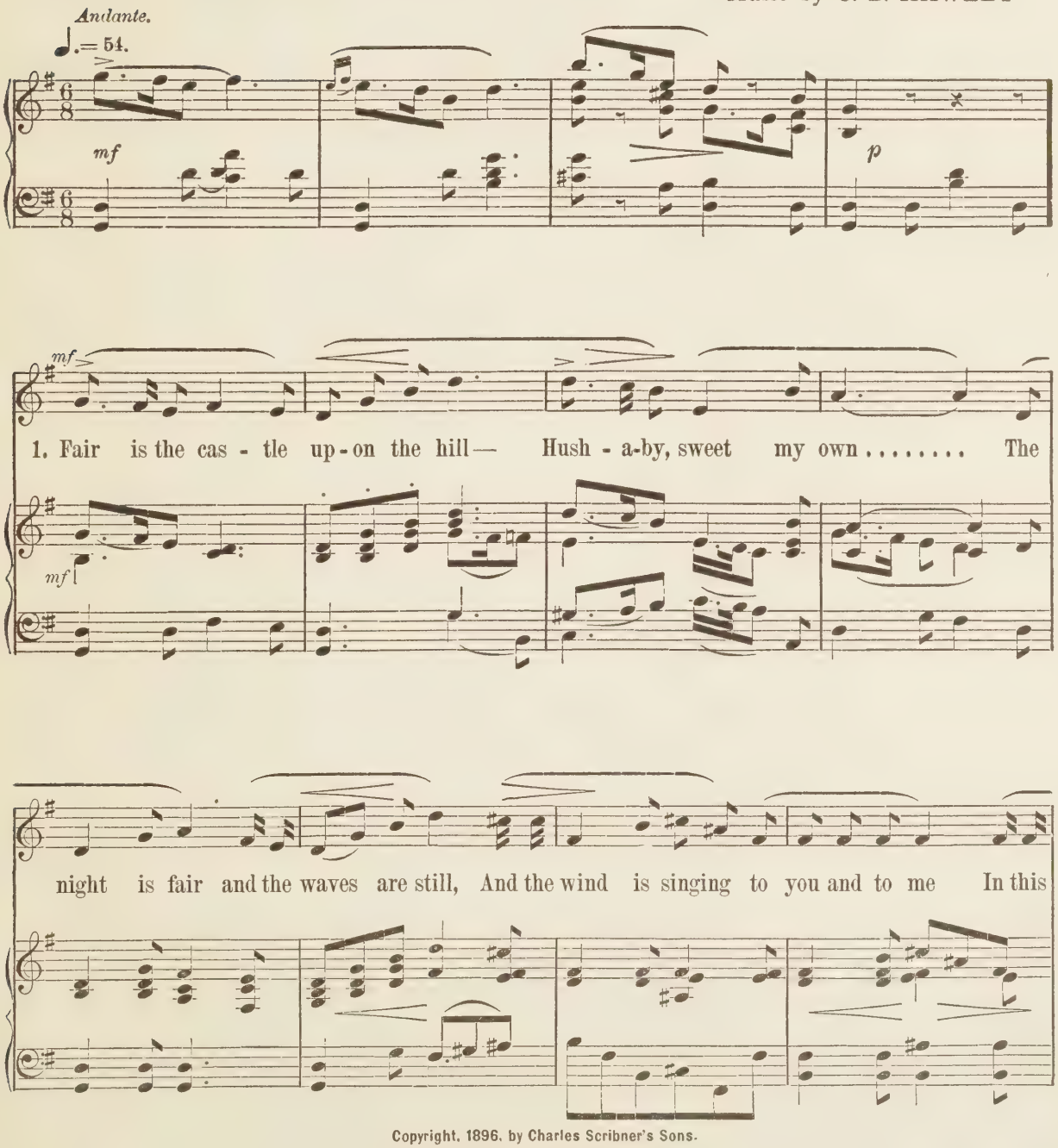
See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep
Ghostlike, O my own!
Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;
Oh, see them not and make no cry
Till the angels of death have passed us by—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

Ah, little they reck of you and me—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
In our lonely home beside the sea;
They seek the castle up on the hill,
And there they will do their ghostly will—
Hushaby, O my own!
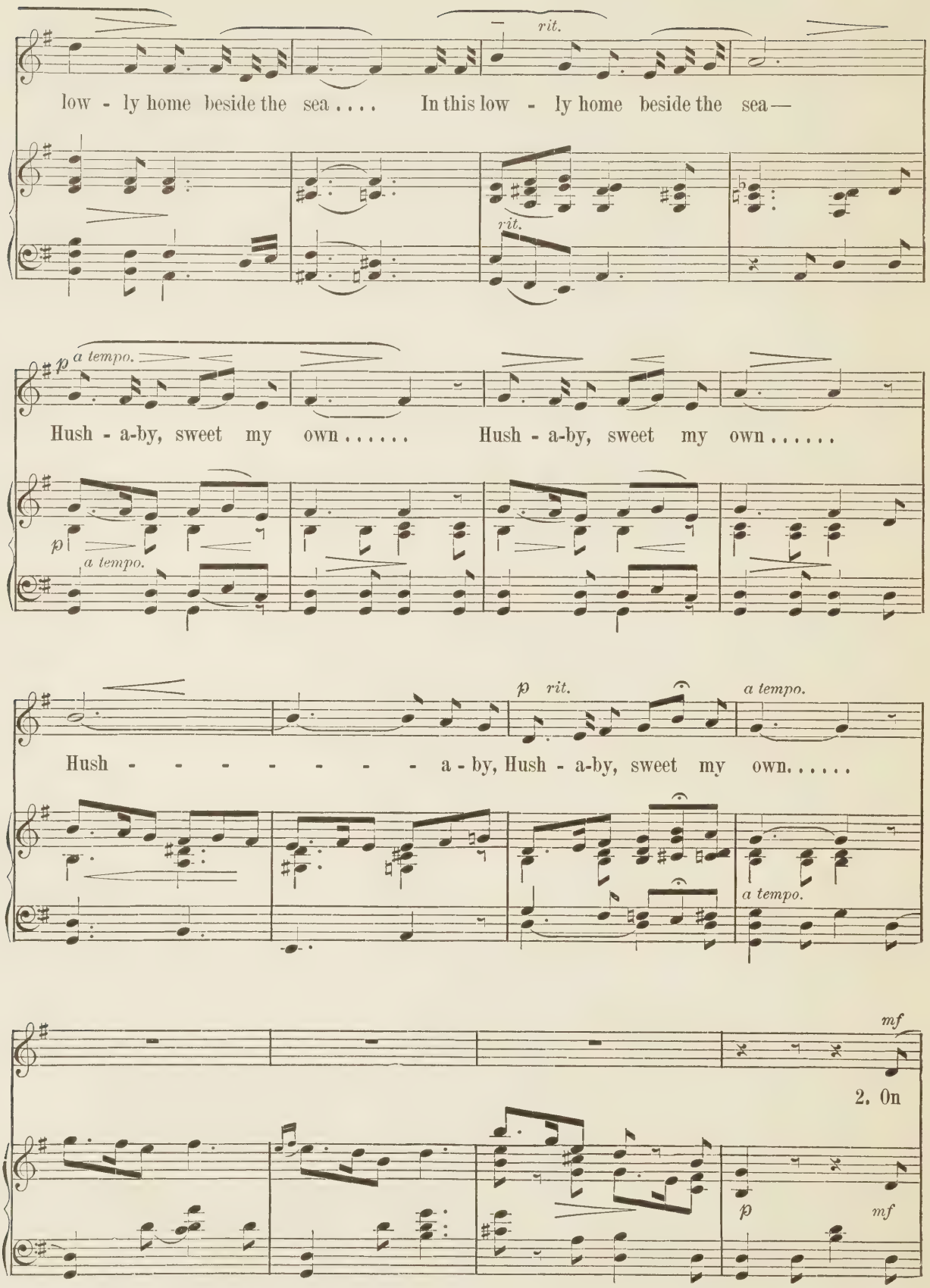
Here by the sea a mother croons
"Hushaby, sweet my own!"
In yonder castle a mother swoons
While the angels go down to the misty deep,
Bearing a little one fast asleep—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
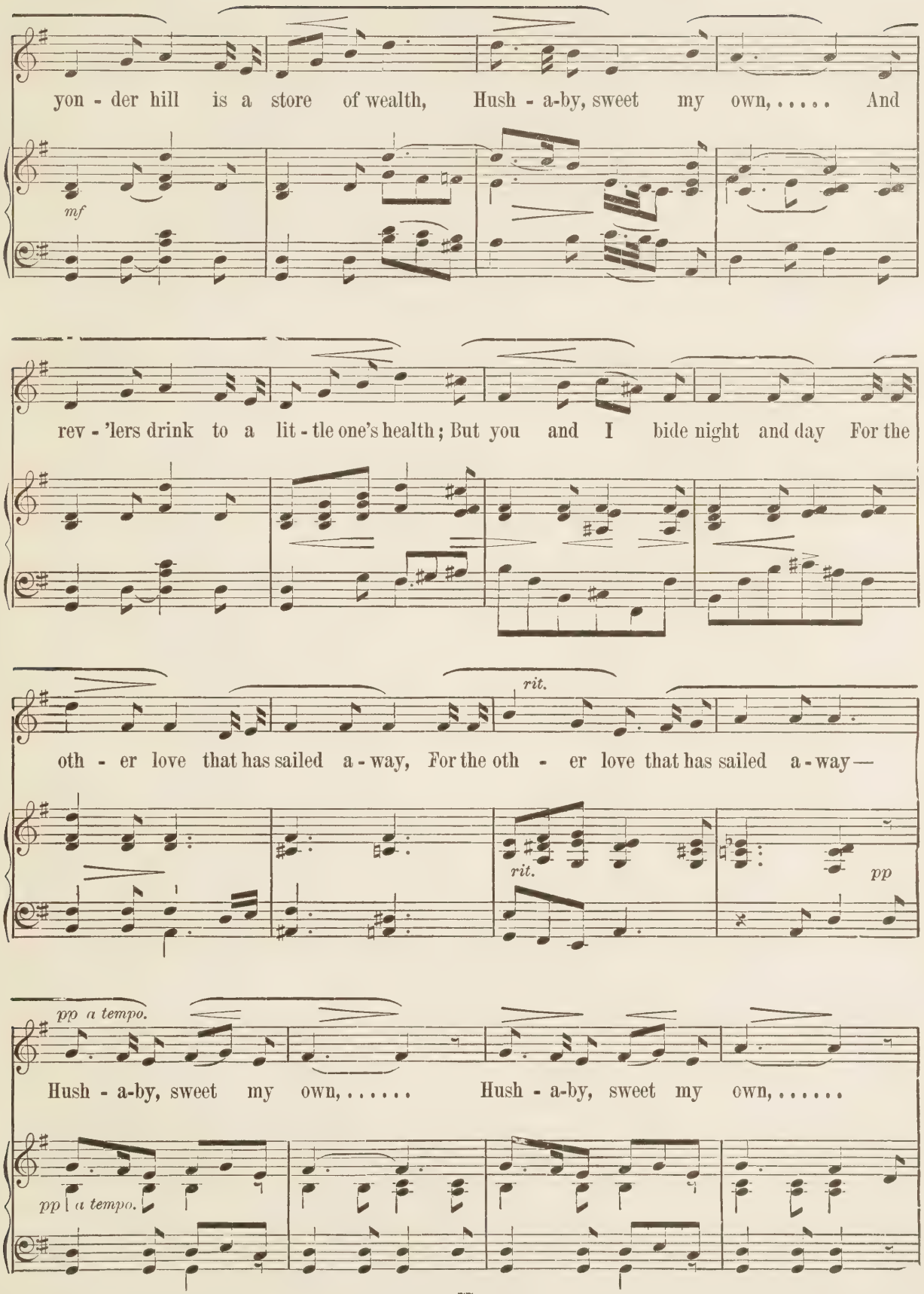
HUSHABY, SWEET MY OWN
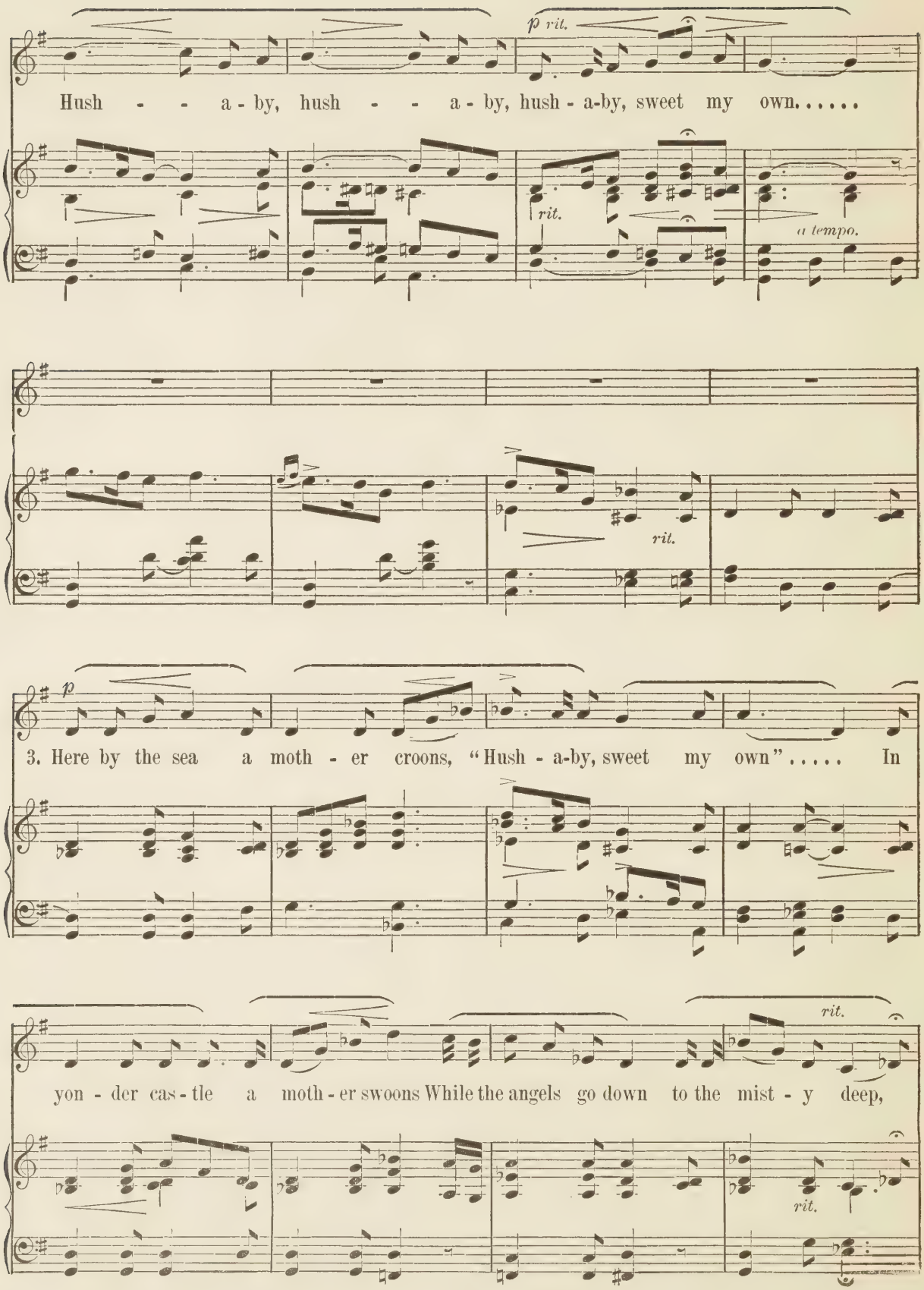
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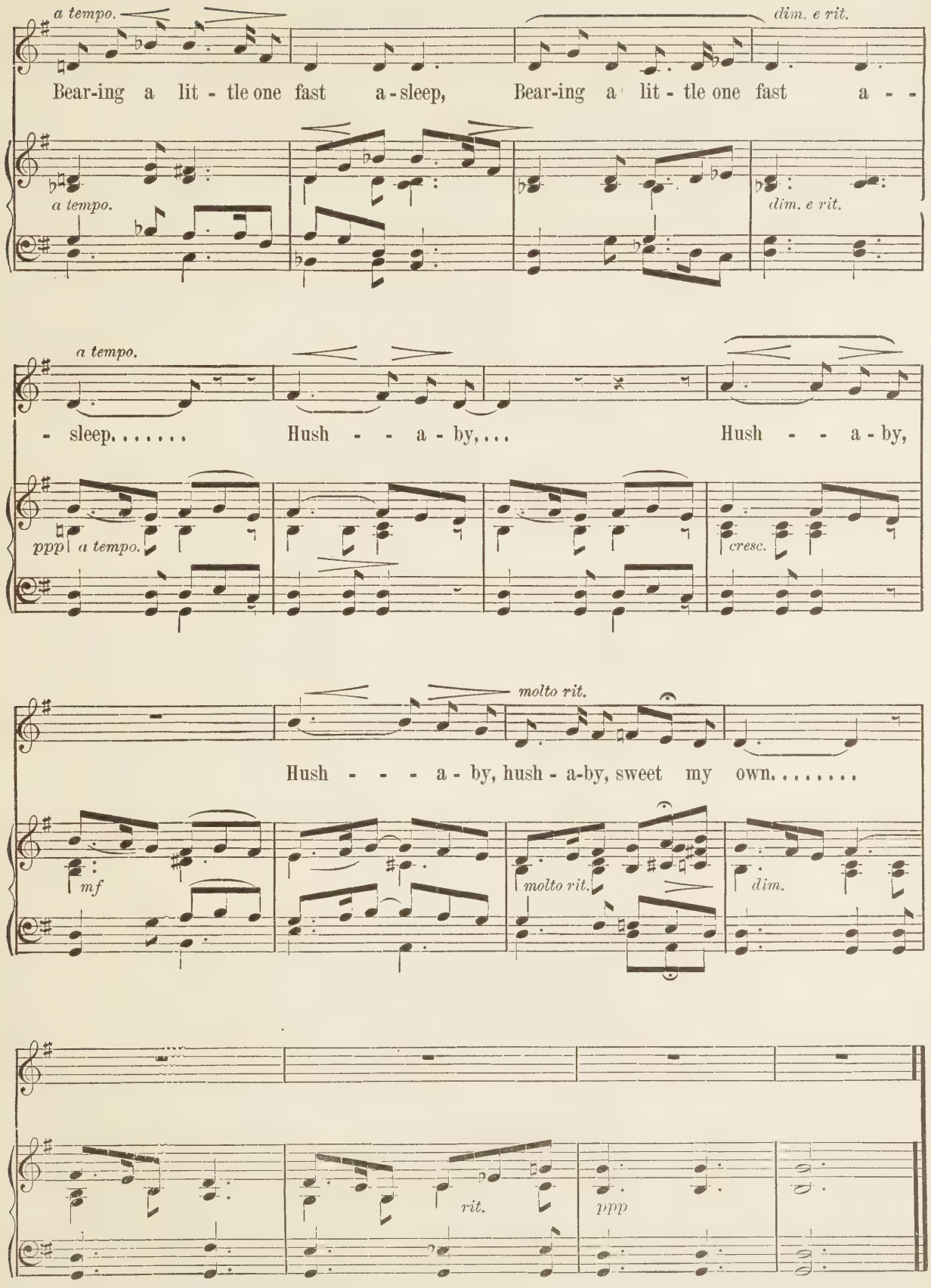


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rit.
low - ly home beside the sea . . . . In this low - ly home beside the sea —
rit.
p a tempo.
Hush - a-by, sweet my own . . . . . Hush - a-by, sweet my own . . . . . .
p
a tempo.
p rit. a tempo.
Hush - - - - - - - - a - by, Hush - a-by, sweet my own. . . . . .
a tempo.
mf
2. On
p
mf


yon - der hill is a store of wealth, Hush - a-by, sweet my own, ... And
mf
rev - 'lers drink to a lit - tle one's health; But you and I bide night and day For the
rit.
oth - er love that has sailed a - way, For the oth - er love that has sailed a - way—
rit.
pp
pp a tempo.
Hush - a-by, sweet my own, ... Hush - a-by, sweet my own, ...
pp a tempo.


p rit.
Hush - - a - by, hush - - a - by, hush - a-by, sweet my own.....
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
p
3. Here by the sea a moth - er croons, "Hush - a-by, sweet my own"..... In
rit.
yon - der cas - tle a moth - er swoons While the angels go down to the mist - y deep,
rit.


a tempo.
dim. e rit.
Bear-ing a lit - tle one fast a - sleep, Bear-ing a lit - tle one fast a - -
a tempo.
dim. e rit.
a tempo.
- sleep. . . . . Hush - - a - by, . . . Hush - - a - by,
ppp a tempo.
cresc.
molto rit.
Hush - - - a - by, hush - a-by, sweet my own. . . . . .
mf
molto rit.
dim.
rit.
ppp

DUTCH LULLABY

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.
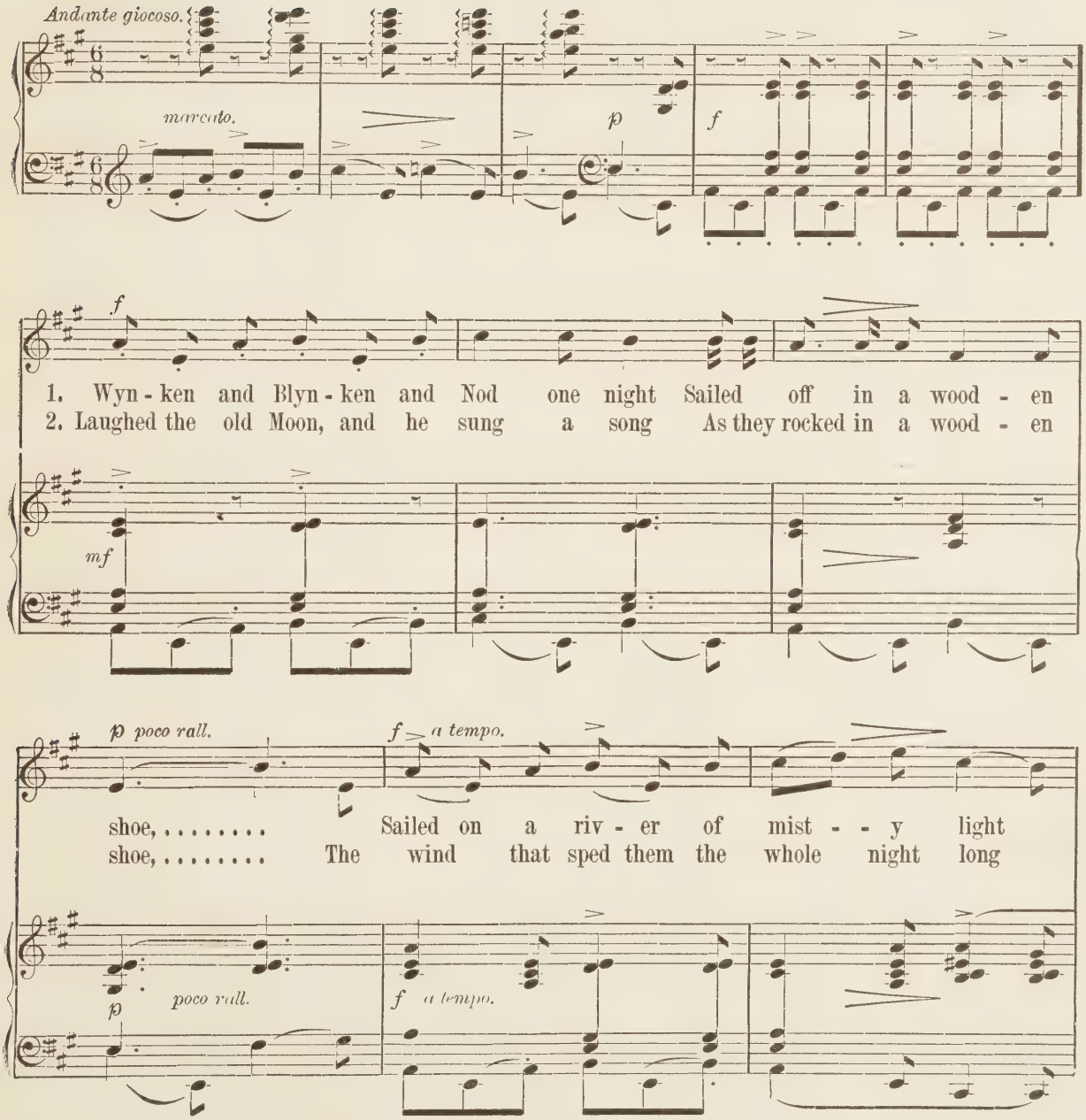
* * * * * * *

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 't was a dream they 'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

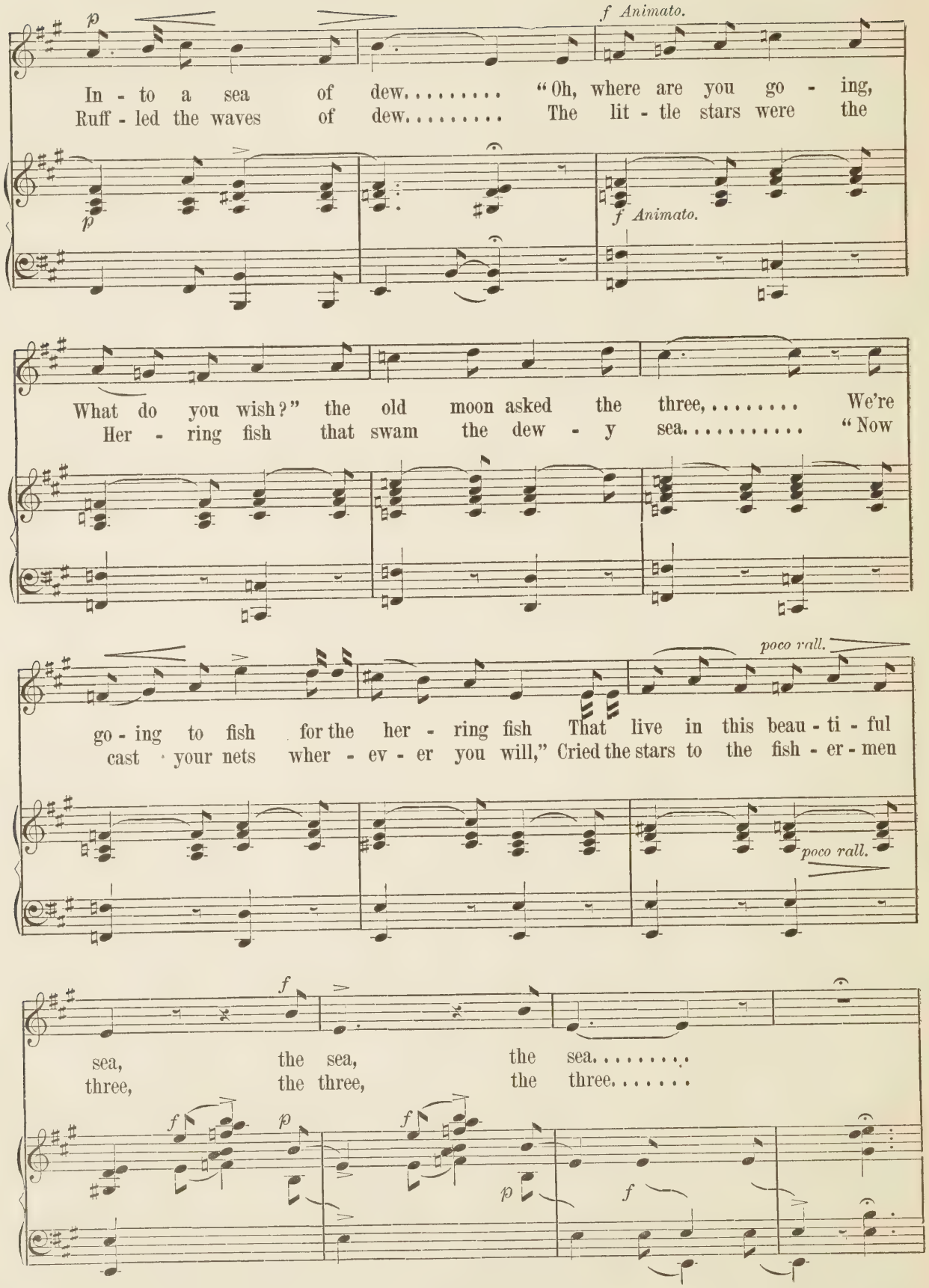
Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.
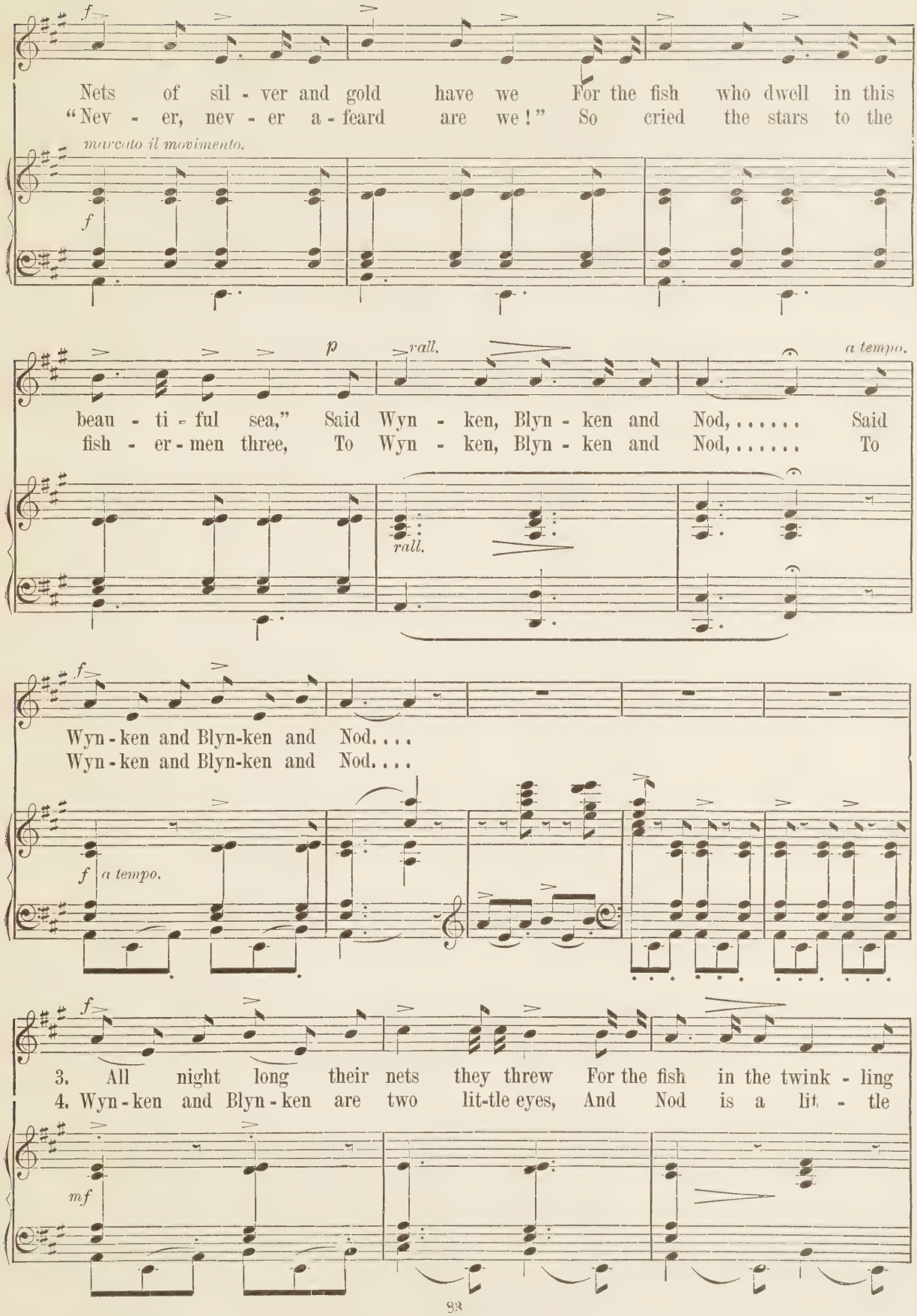
DUTCH LULLABY
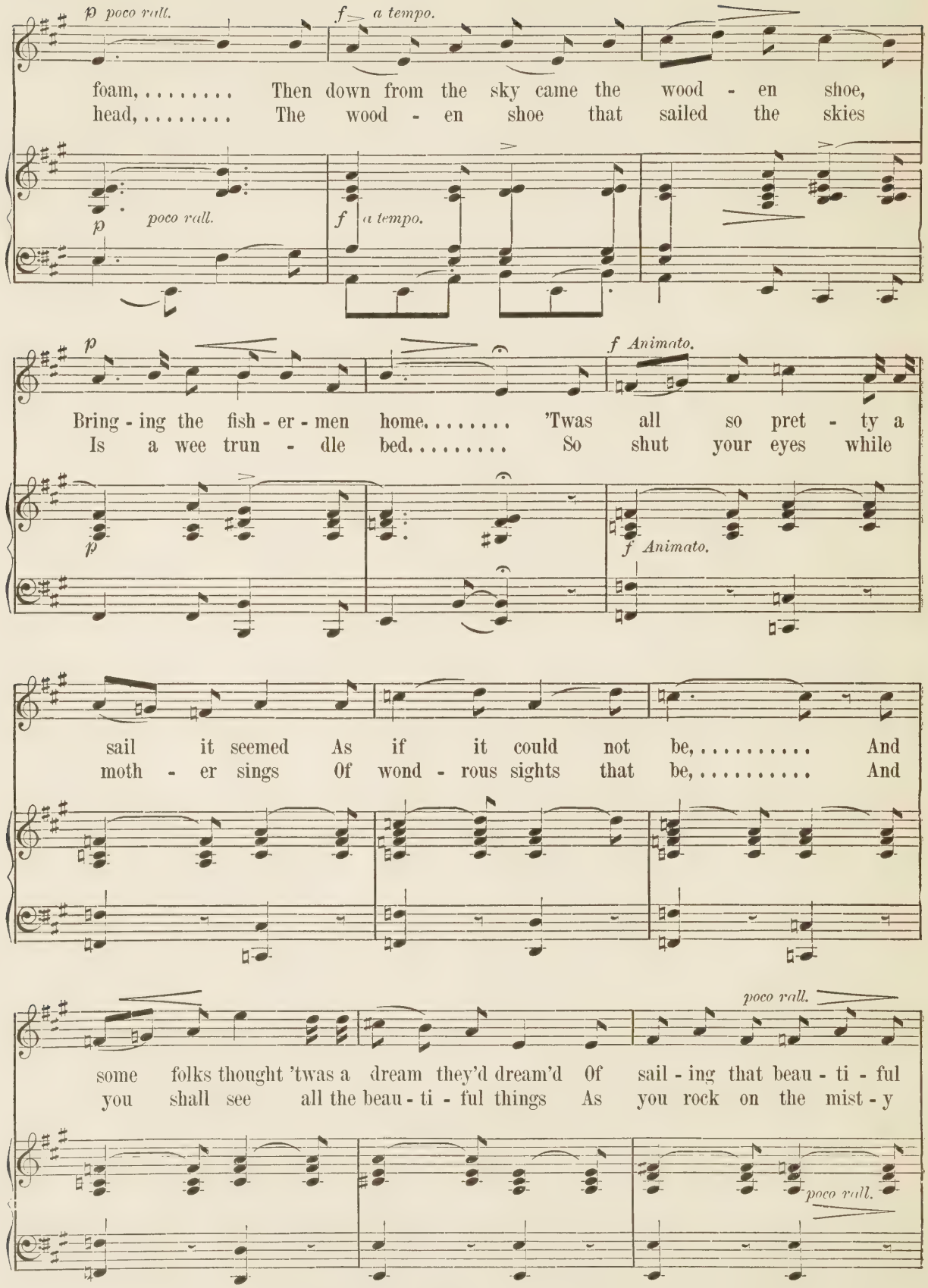
Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN, Op. 53, No. 1
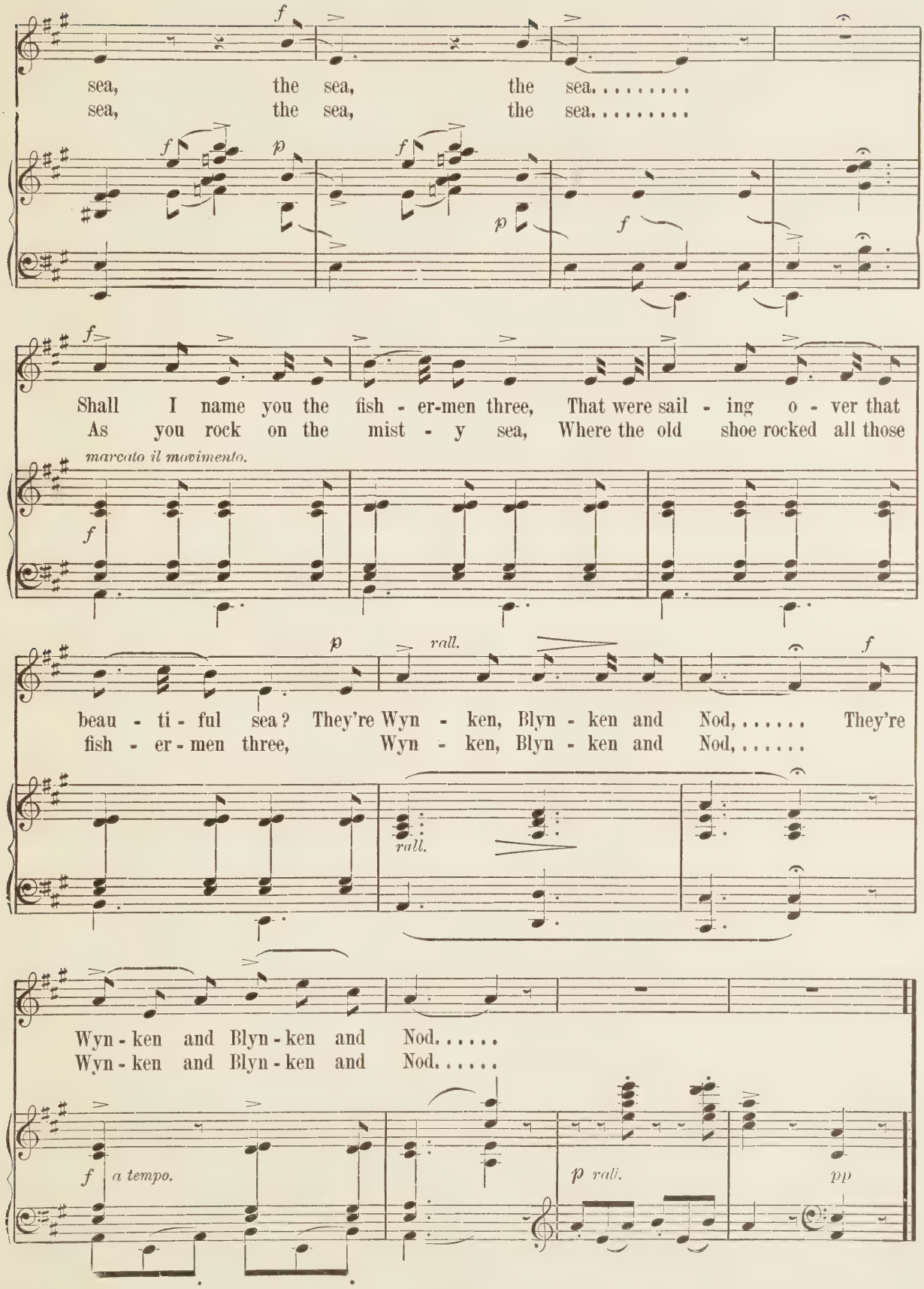


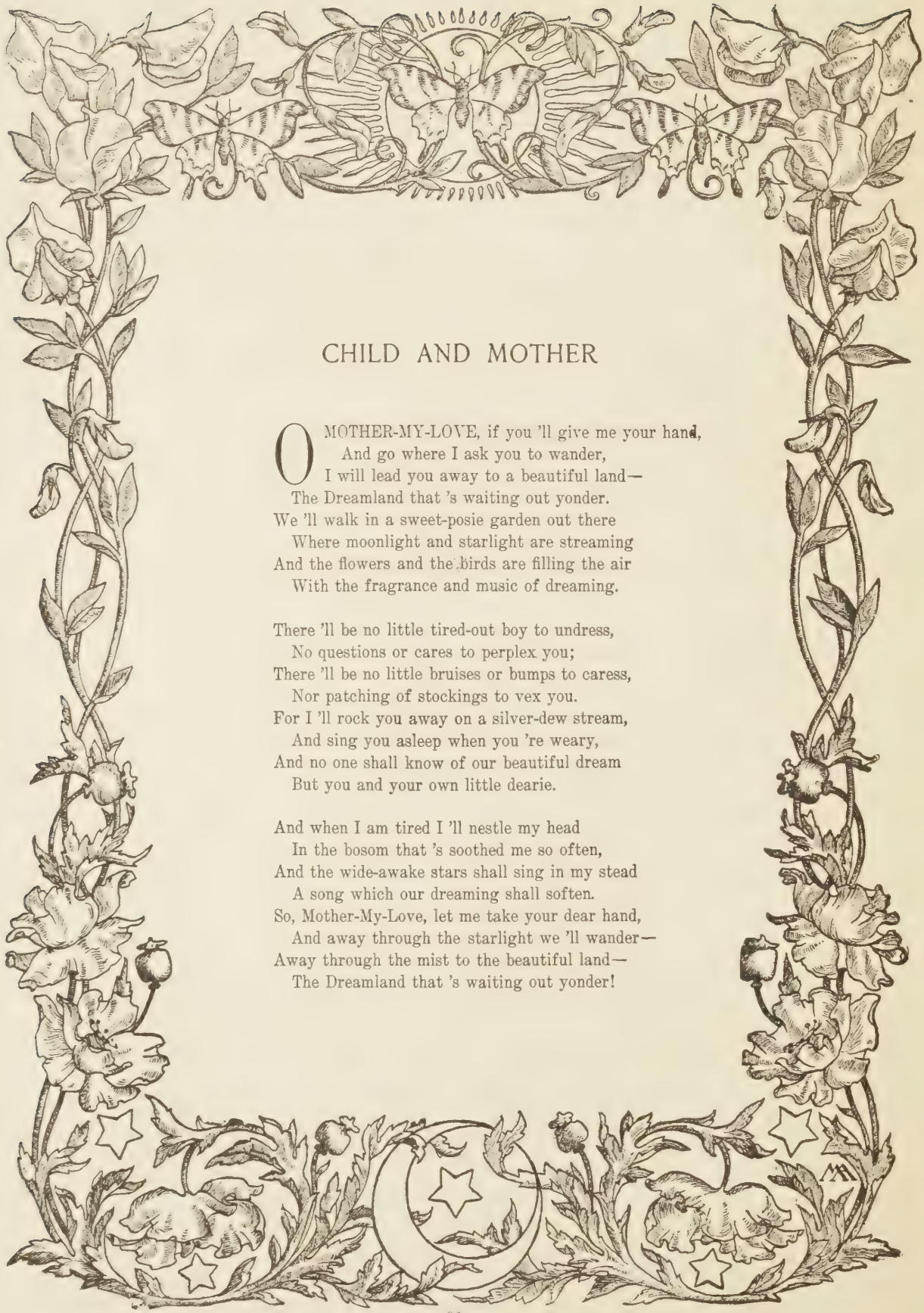
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p
f Animato.
In - to a sea of dew. . . . . "Oh, where are you go - ing,
Ruff - led the waves of dew. . . . . The lit - tle stars were the
p
f Animato.
What do you wish?" the old moon asked the three, ... We're
Her - ring fish that swam the dew - y sea. . . . . "Now
poco rall.
go - ing to fish for the her - ring fish That live in this beau - ti - ful
cast your nets wher - ev - er you will," Cried the stars to the fish - er - men
poco rall.
f
sea, the sea, the sea. . . . . .
three, the three, the three. . . . . .
f
p
f
p
f


Nets of sil - ver and gold have we For the fish who dwell in this
"Nev - er, nev - er a - feard are we!" So cried the stars to the
marcato il movimento.
f
p
rall.
a tempo.
beau - ti - ful sea," Said Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod, ... Said
fish - er - men three, To Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod, ... To
rall.
Wyn - ken and Blyn-ken and Nod. . . .
Wyn - ken and Blyn-ken and Nod. . . .
a tempo.
3. All night long their nets they threw For the fish in the twink - ling
4. Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken are two lit-tle eyes, And Nod is a lit - tle
mf


p poco rall.
f a tempo.
foam, ... Then down from the sky came the wood - en shoe,
head, ... The wood - en shoe that sailed the skies
p poco rall.
f a tempo.
p
f Animato.
Bring - ing the fish - er - men home. . . . . 'Twas all so pret - ty a
Is a wee trun - dle bed. . . . . So shut your eyes while
p
f Animato.
sail it seemed As if it could not be, ... And
moth - er sings Of wond - rous sights that be, ... And
poco rall.
some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dream'd Of sail - ing that beau - ti - ful
you shall see all the beau - ti - ful things As you rock on the mist - y
poco rall.


sea, the sea, the sea.....
sea, the sea, the sea.....
Shall I name you the fish - er-men three, That were sail - ing o - ver that
As you rock on the mist - y sea, Where the old shoe rocked all those
marcato il movimento.
beau - ti - ful sea? They're Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod,..... They're
fish - er - men three, Wyn - ken, Blyn - ken and Nod,.....
rall.
Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken and Nod.....
Wyn - ken and Blyn - ken and Nod.....
a tempo.
rall.



CHILD AND MOTHER
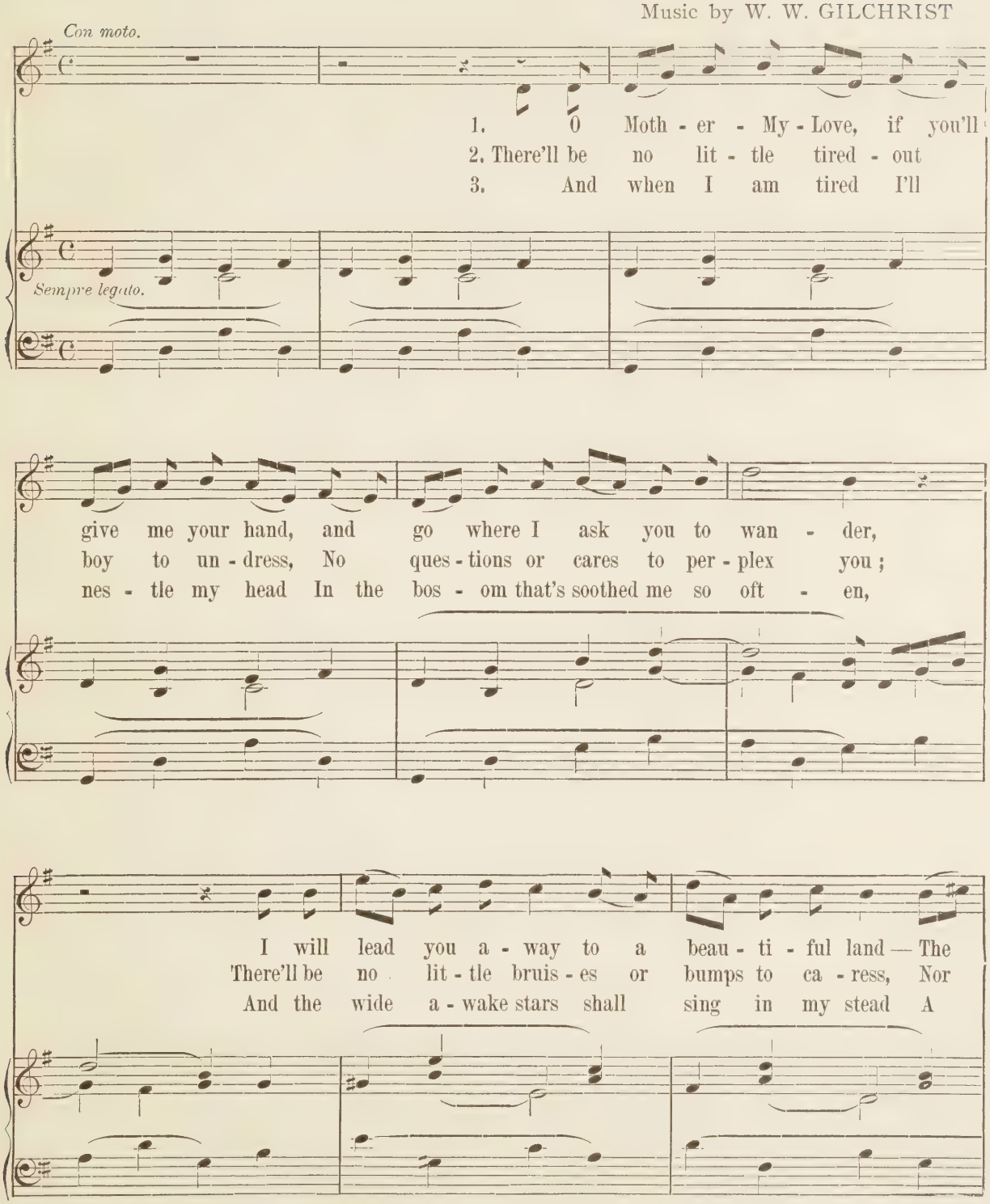
O MOTHER-MY-LOVE, if you 'll give me your hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—
The Dreamland that 's waiting out yonder.
We 'll walk in a sweet-posie garden out there
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There 'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There 'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.
For I 'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you 're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.
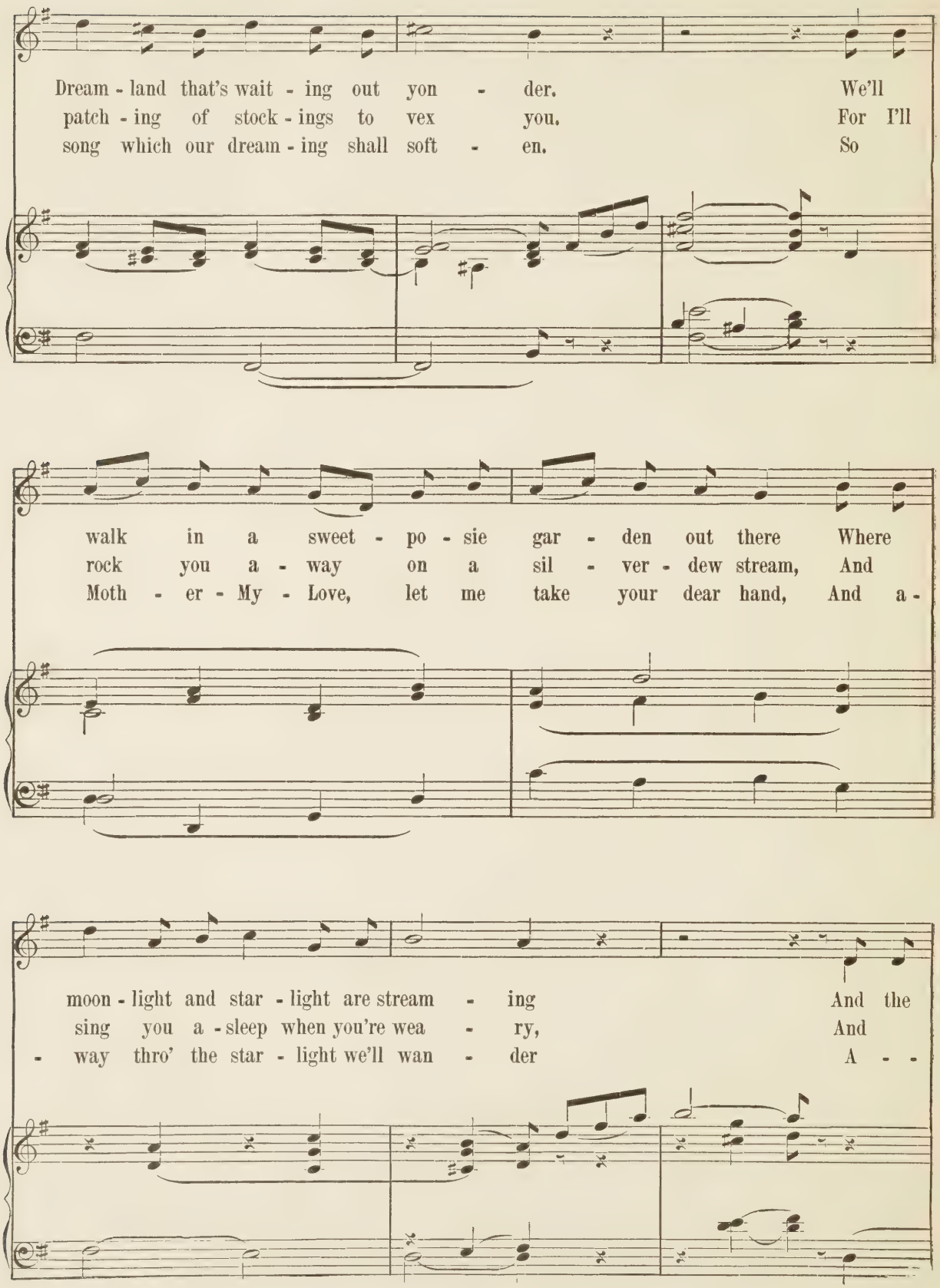
And when I am tired I 'll nestle my head
In the bosom that 's soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which our dreaming shall soften.
So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we 'll wander—
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—
The Dreamland that 's waiting out yonder!
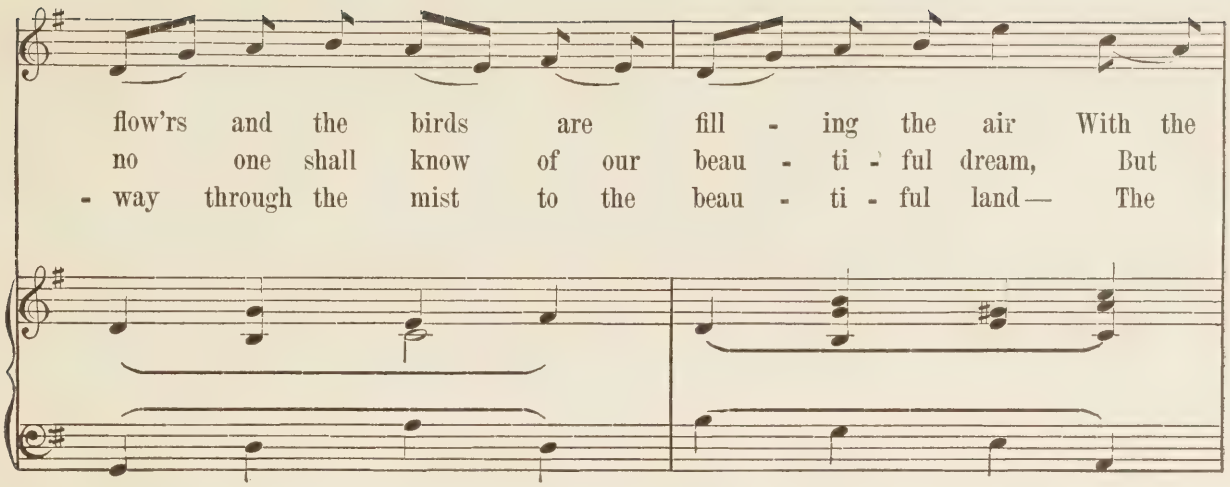
CHILD AND MOTHER

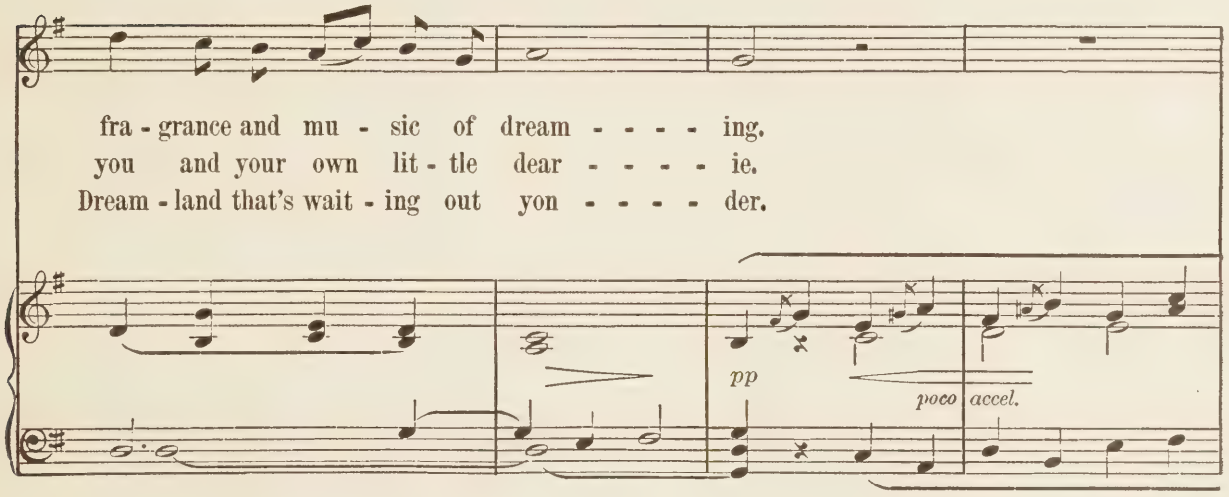
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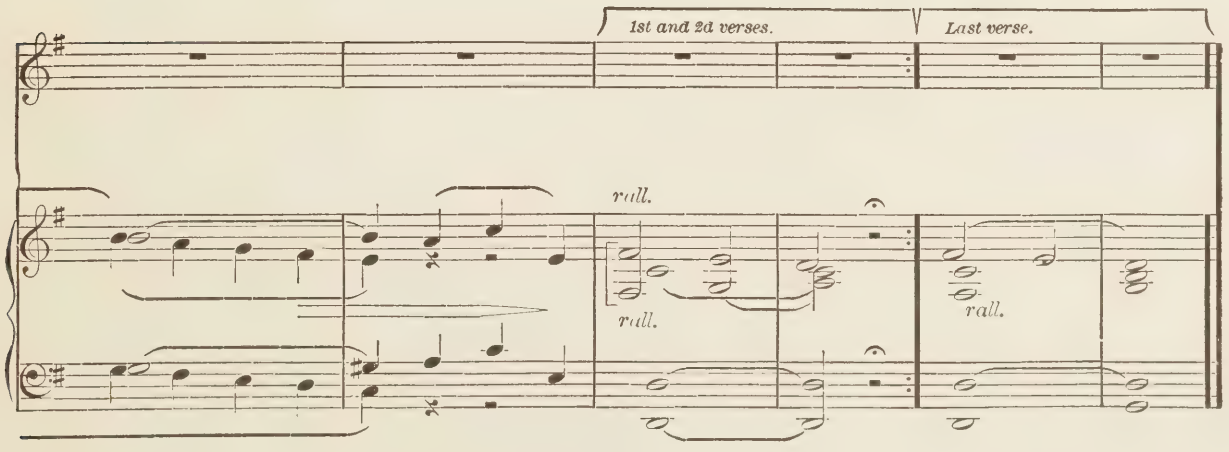


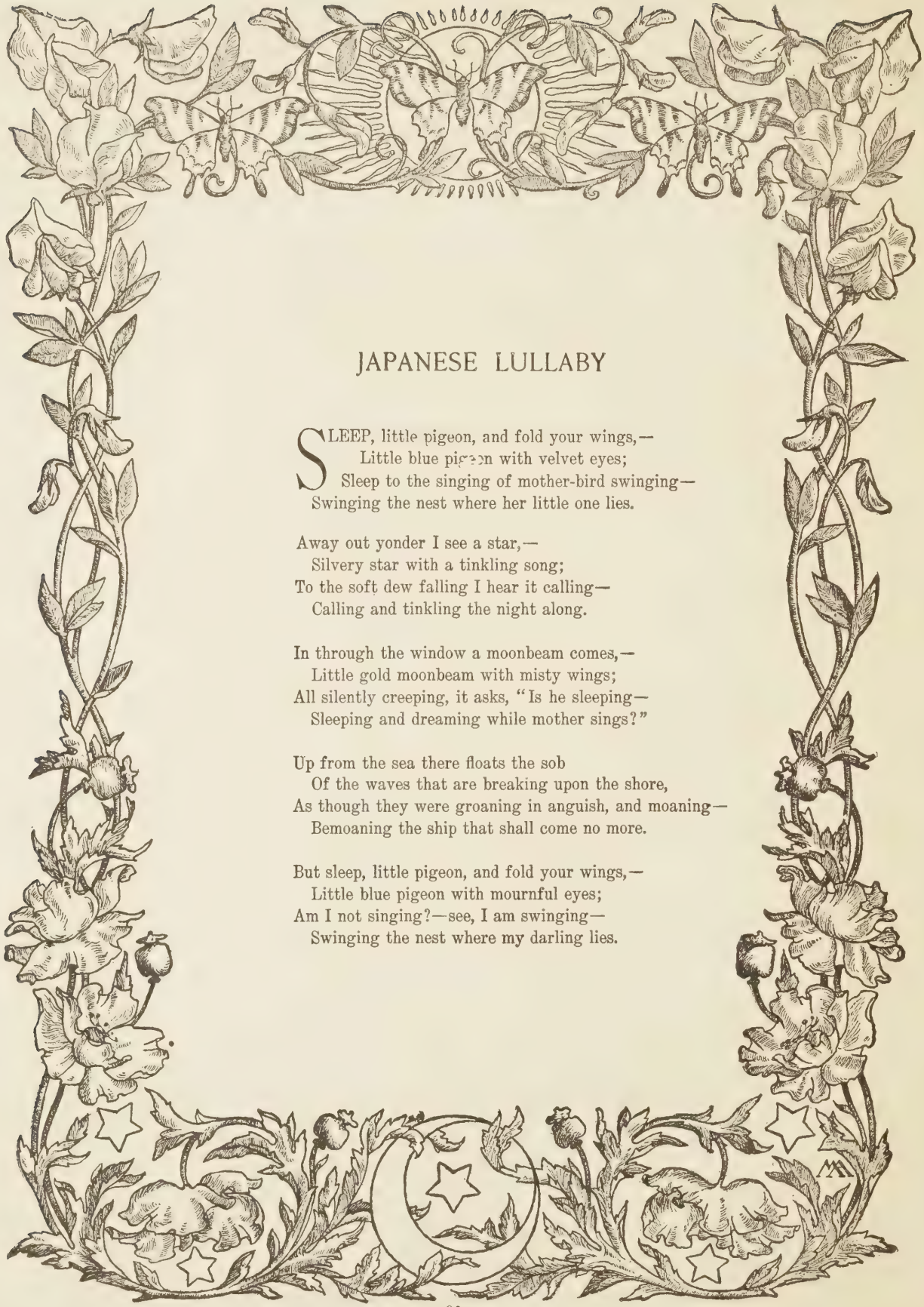
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Dream - land that's wait - ing out yon - der. We'll
patch - ing of stock - ings to vex you. For I'll
song which our dream - ing shall soft - en. So
walk in a sweet - po - sie gar - den out there Where
rock you a - way on a sil - ver - dew stream, And
Moth - er - My - Love, let me take your dear hand, And a -
moon - light and star - light are stream - ing And the
sing you a - sleep when you're wea - ry, And
- way thro' the star - light we'll wan - der A - -


flow'rs and the birds are fill - ing the air With the
no one shall know of our beau - ti - ful dream, But
- way through the mist to the beau - ti - ful land— The


fra - grance and mu - sic of dream - - - - ing,
you and your own lit - tle dear - - - - ie,
Dream - land that's wait - ing out yon - - - - der.
pp
poco accel.


1st and 2d verses.
Last verse.
rall.
rall.
rall.



JAPANESE LULLABY

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,—
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.
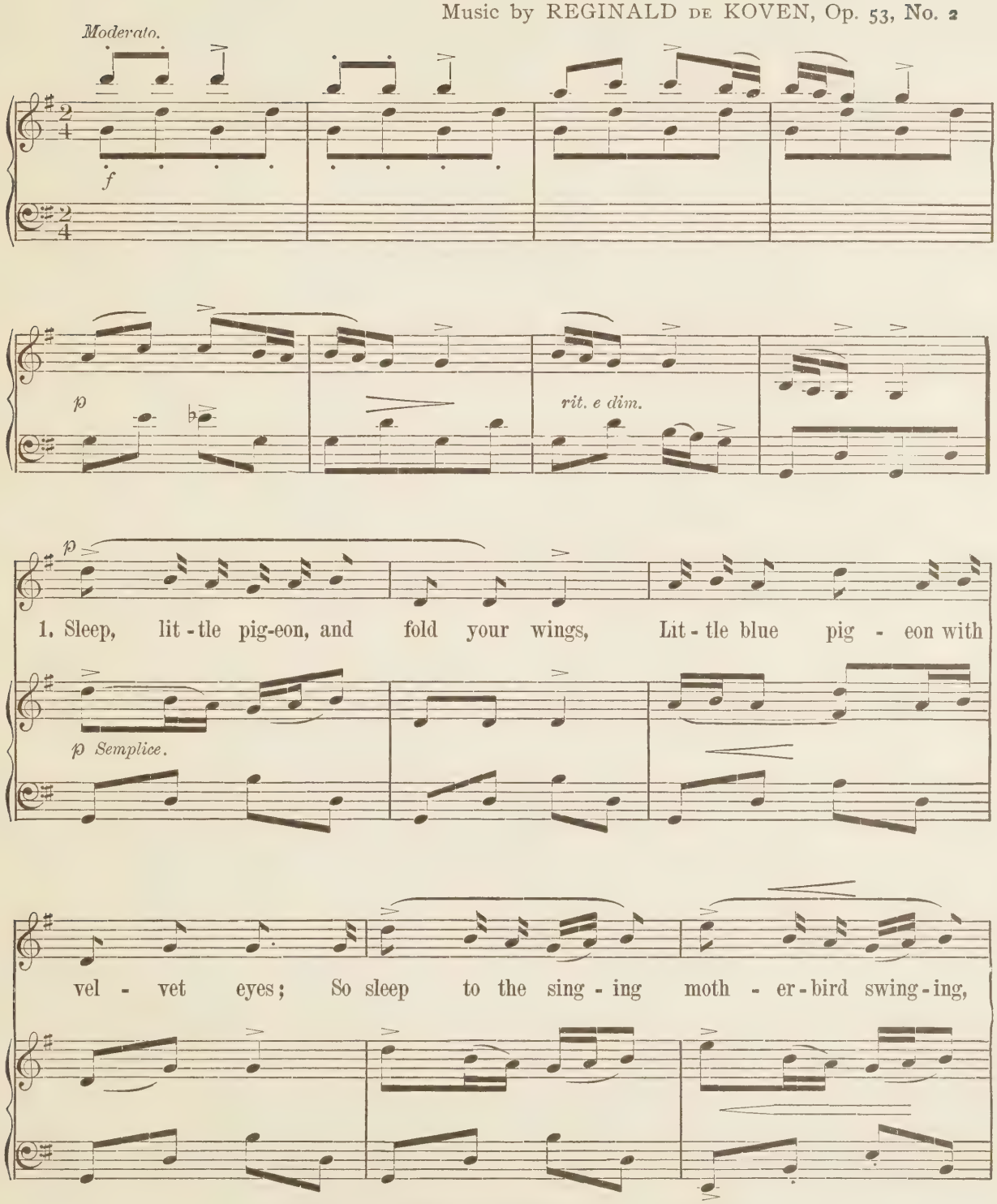
In through the window a moonbeam comes,—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.
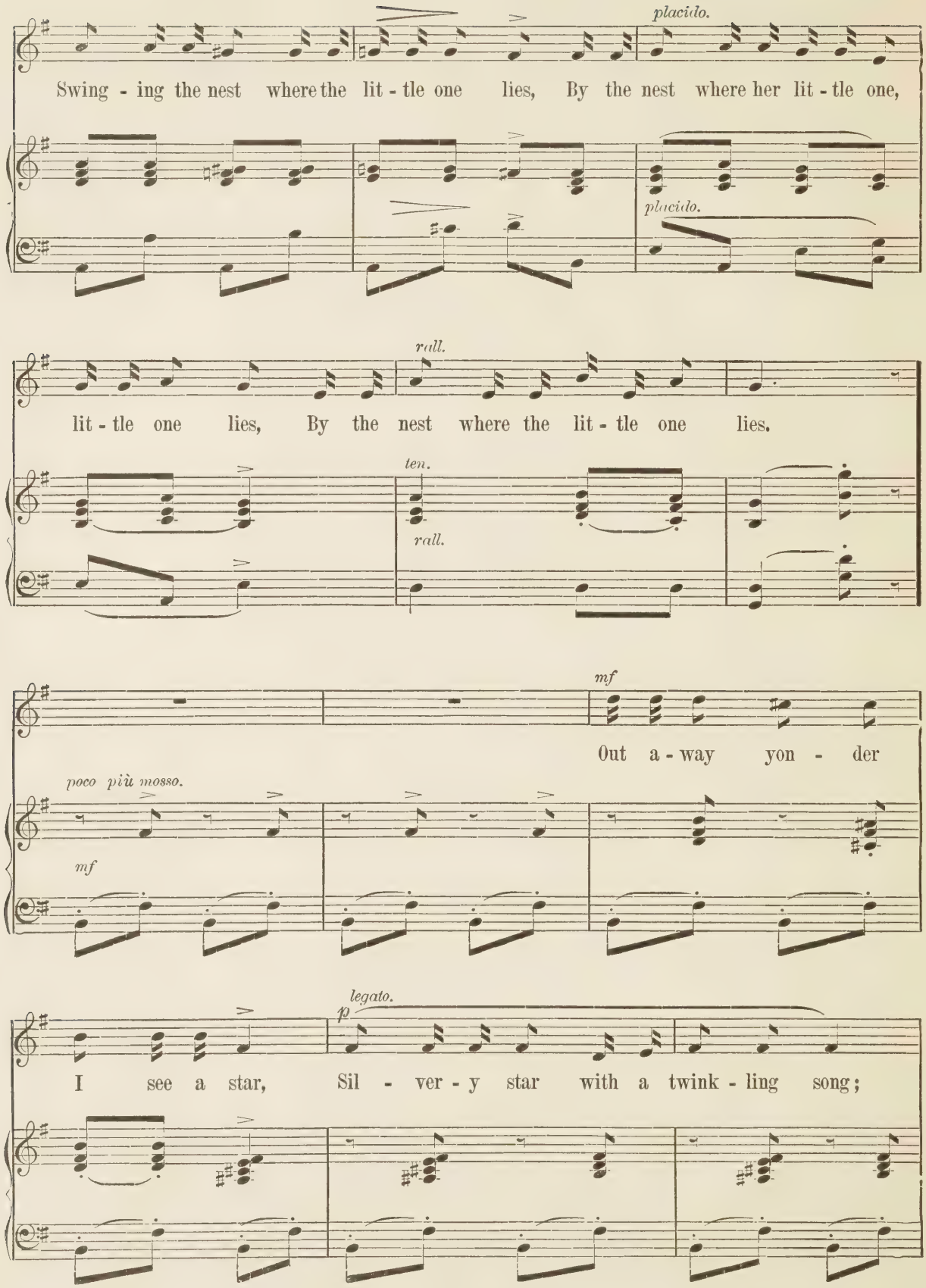
But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.
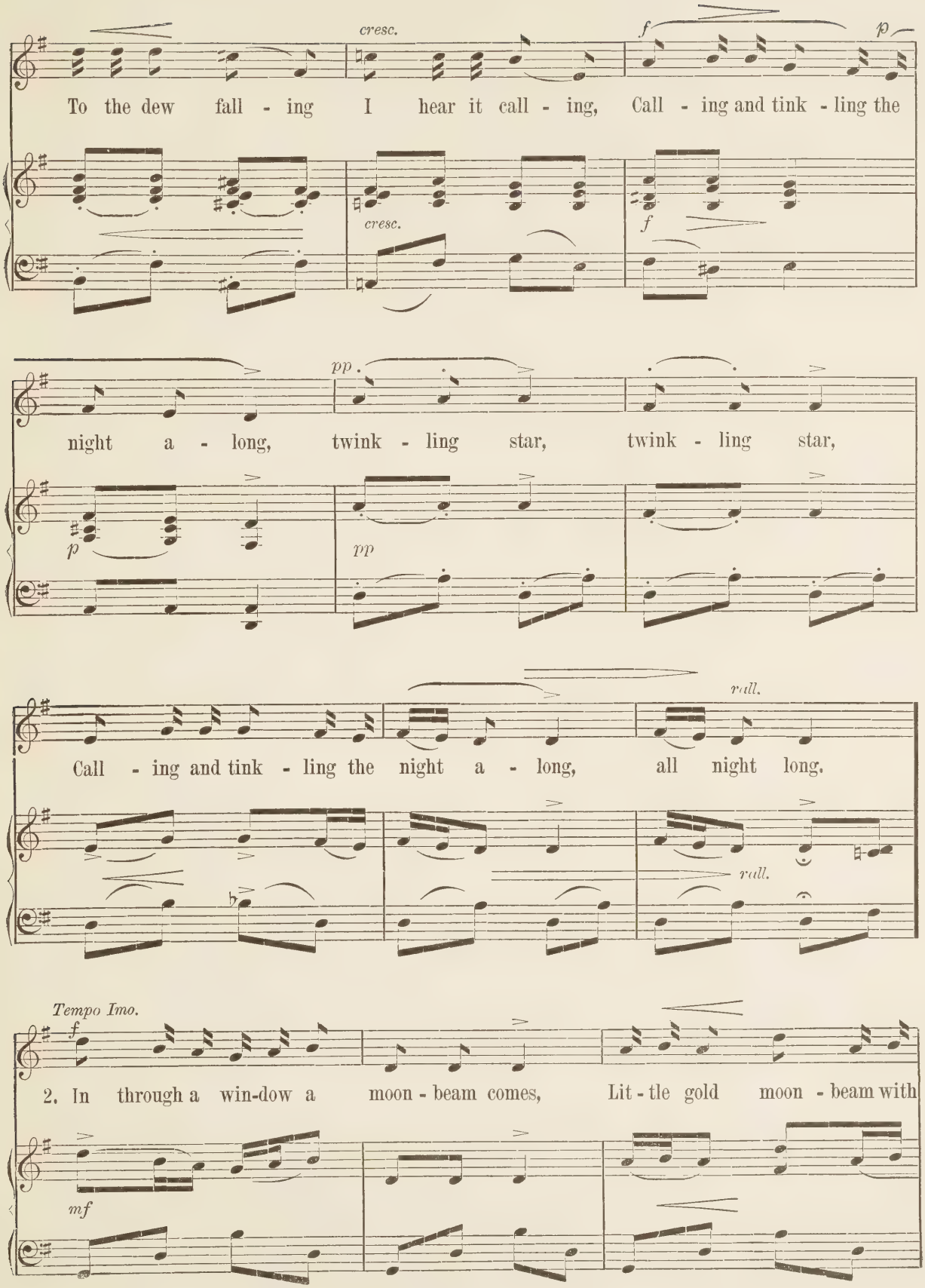
JAPANESE LULLABY
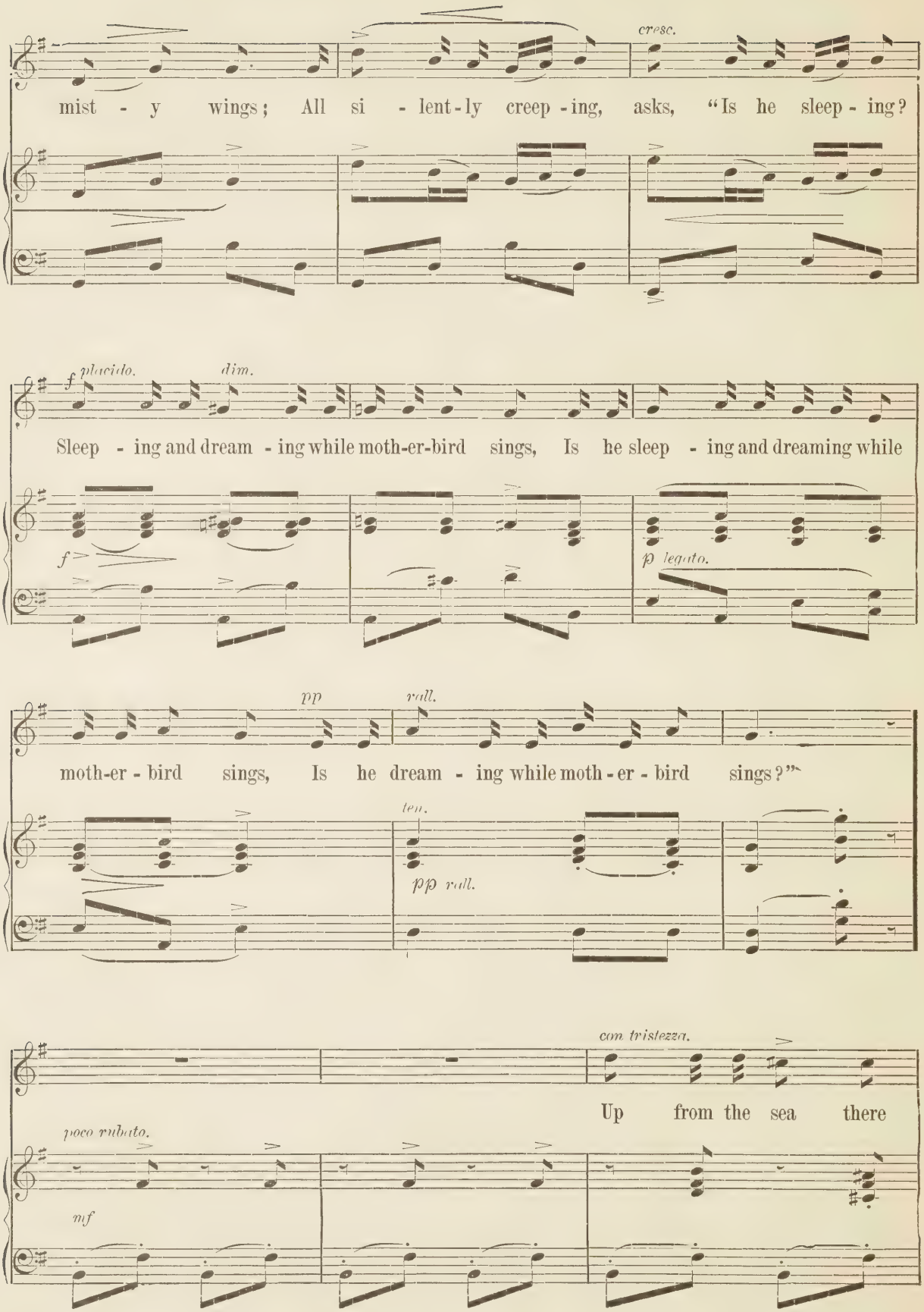
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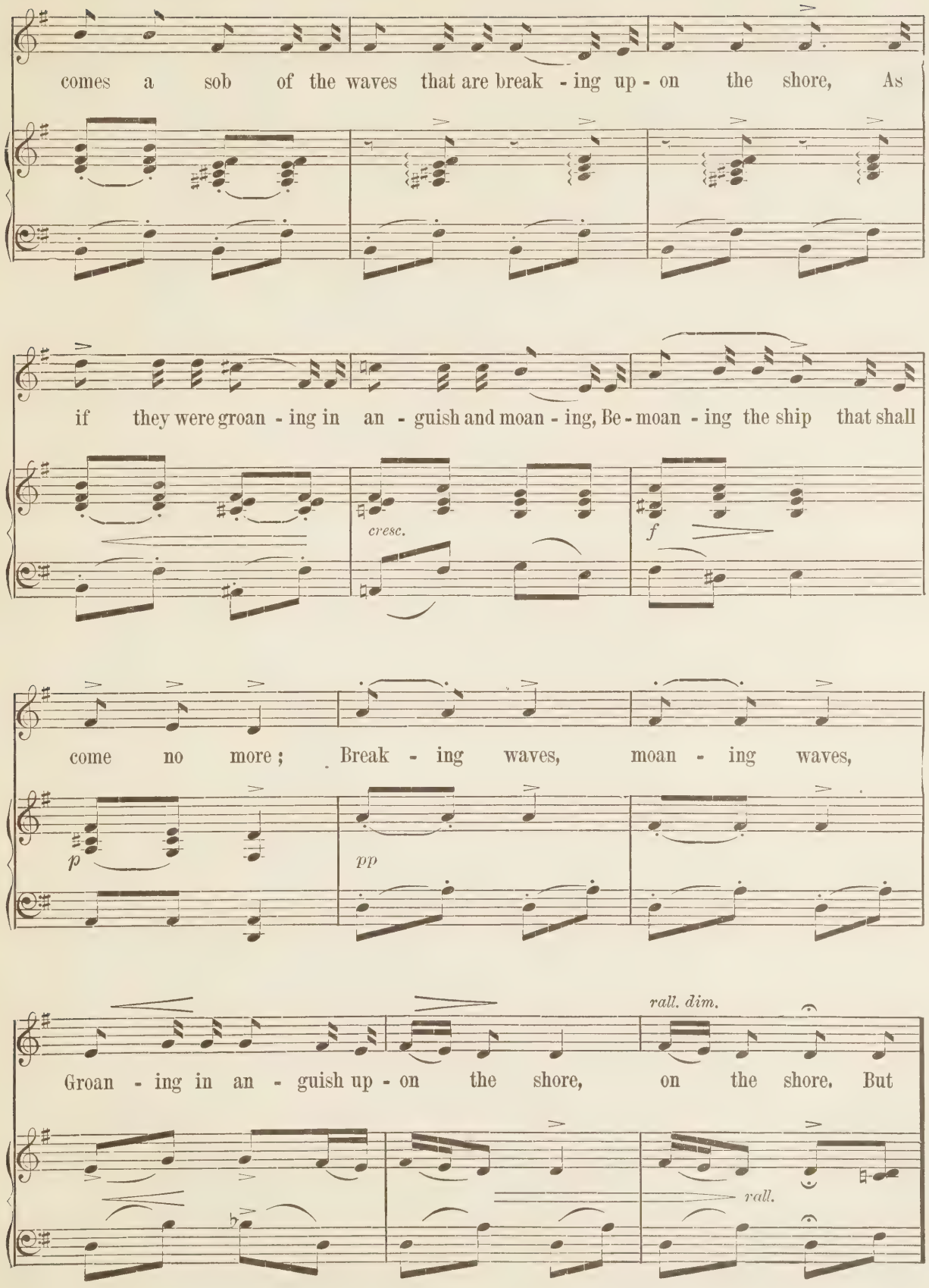


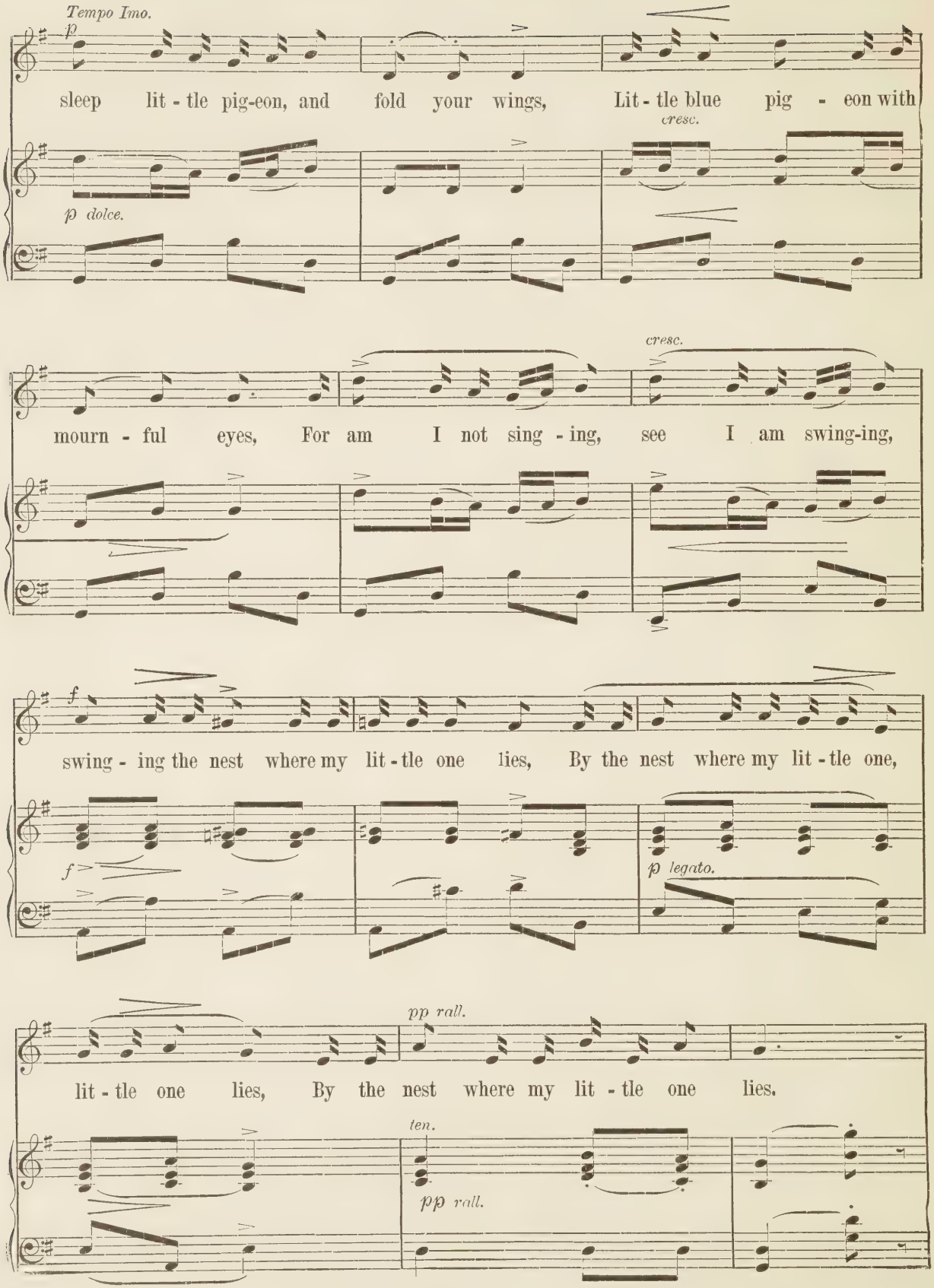
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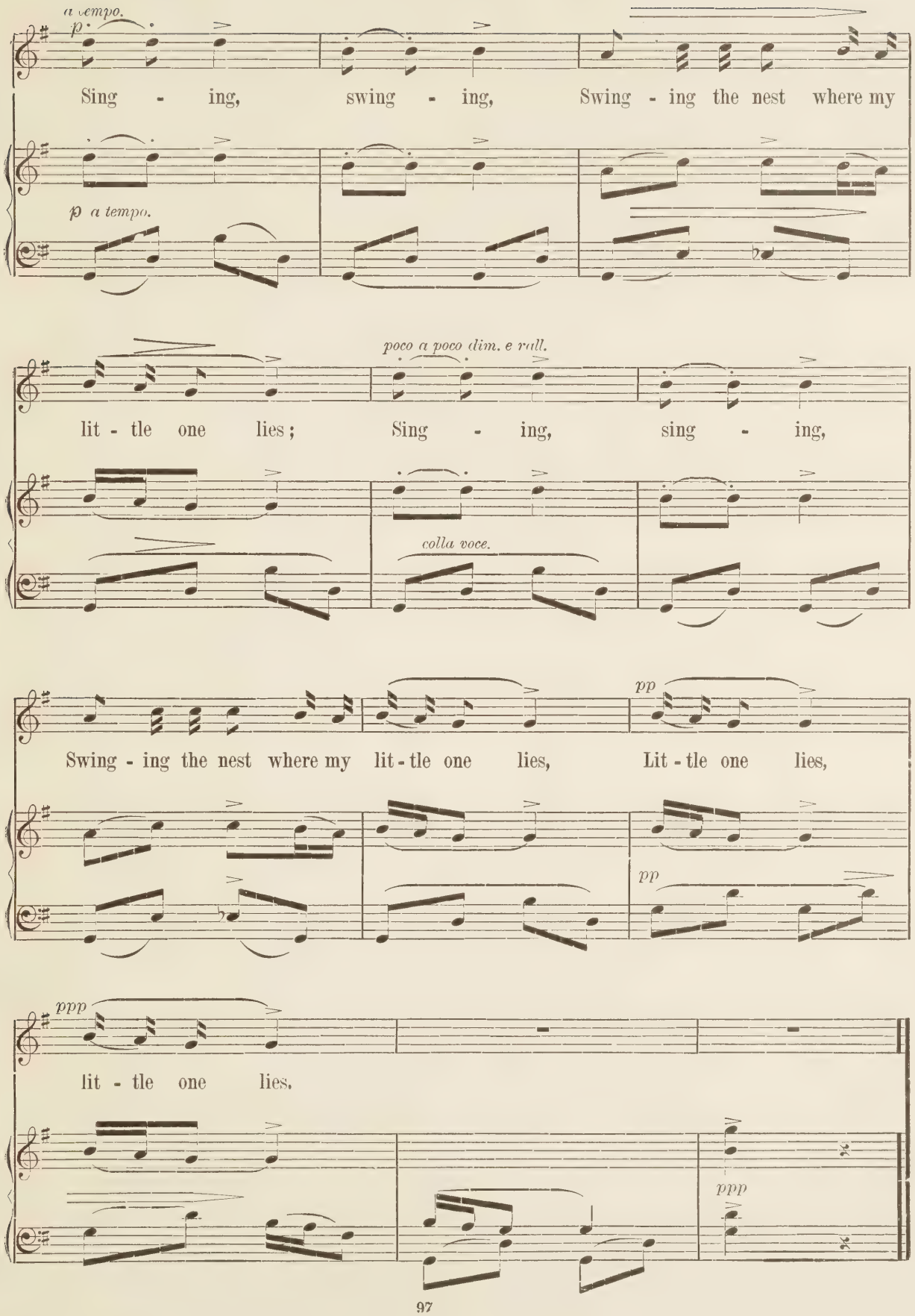

placido.
Swing - ing the nest where the lit - tle one lies, By the nest where her lit - tle one,
placido.
rall.
lit - tle one lies, By the nest where the lit - tle one lies.
ten.
rall.
mf
Out a - way yon - der
poco più mosso.
mf
legato.
p
I see a star, Sil - ver - y star with a twink - ling song;


cresc.
f
p
To the dew fall - ing I hear it call - ing, Call - ing and tink - ling the
cresc.
f
pp
night a - long, twink - ling star, twink - ling star,
p
pp
rall.
Call - ing and tink - ling the night a - long, all night long,
rall.
Tempo Imo.
f
2. In through a win-dow a moon - beam comes, Lit - tle gold moon - beam with
mf


cresc.
mist - y wings; All si - lent-ly creep-ing, asks, "Is he sleep - ing?
f placido.
dim.
Sleep - ing and dream - ing while moth-er-bird sings, Is he sleep - ing and dreaming while
f
p legato.
pp
rall.
moth-er - bird sings, Is he dream - ing while moth - er - bird sings?"
ten.
pp rall.
con tristezza.
Up from the sea there
poco rubato.
mf


comes a sob of the waves that are break - ing up - on the shore, As
if they were groan - ing in an - guish and moan - ing, Be - moan - ing the ship that shall
cresc.
f
come no more; Break - ing waves, moan - ing waves,
p
pp
rall. dim.
Groan - ing in an - guish up - on the shore, on the shore. But
rall.


Tempo Imo.
p
sleep lit - tle pig-eon, and fold your wings, Lit - tle blue pig - eon with
cresc.
p dolce.
cresc.
mourn - ful eyes, For am I not sing - ing, see I am swing-ing,
f
swing - ing the nest where my lit - tle one lies, By the nest where my lit - tle one,
f
p legato.
pp rall.
lit - tle one lies, By the nest where my lit - tle one lies.
ten.
pp rall.


a tempo.
p
Sing - ing, swing - ing, Swing - ing the nest where my
p a tempo.
poco a poco dim. e rall.
lit - tle one lies; Sing - ing, sing - ing,
colla voce.
pp
Swing - ing the nest where my lit - tle one lies, Lit - tle one lies,
pp
ppp
lit - tle one lies.
ppp

THE DINKEY-BIRD

IN an ocean, 'way out yonder
(As all sapient people know),
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,
Whither children love to go;
It 's their playing, romping, swinging,
That give great joy to me
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing
In the amfalula tree!

There the gum-drops grow like cherries,
And taffy 's thick as peas—
Caramels you pick like berries
When, and where, and how you please;
Big red sugar-plums are clinging
To the cliffs beside that sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

So when children shout and scamper
And make merry all the day,
When there 's naught to put a damper
To the ardor of their play;
When I hear their laughter ringing,
Then I 'm sure as sure can be
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.
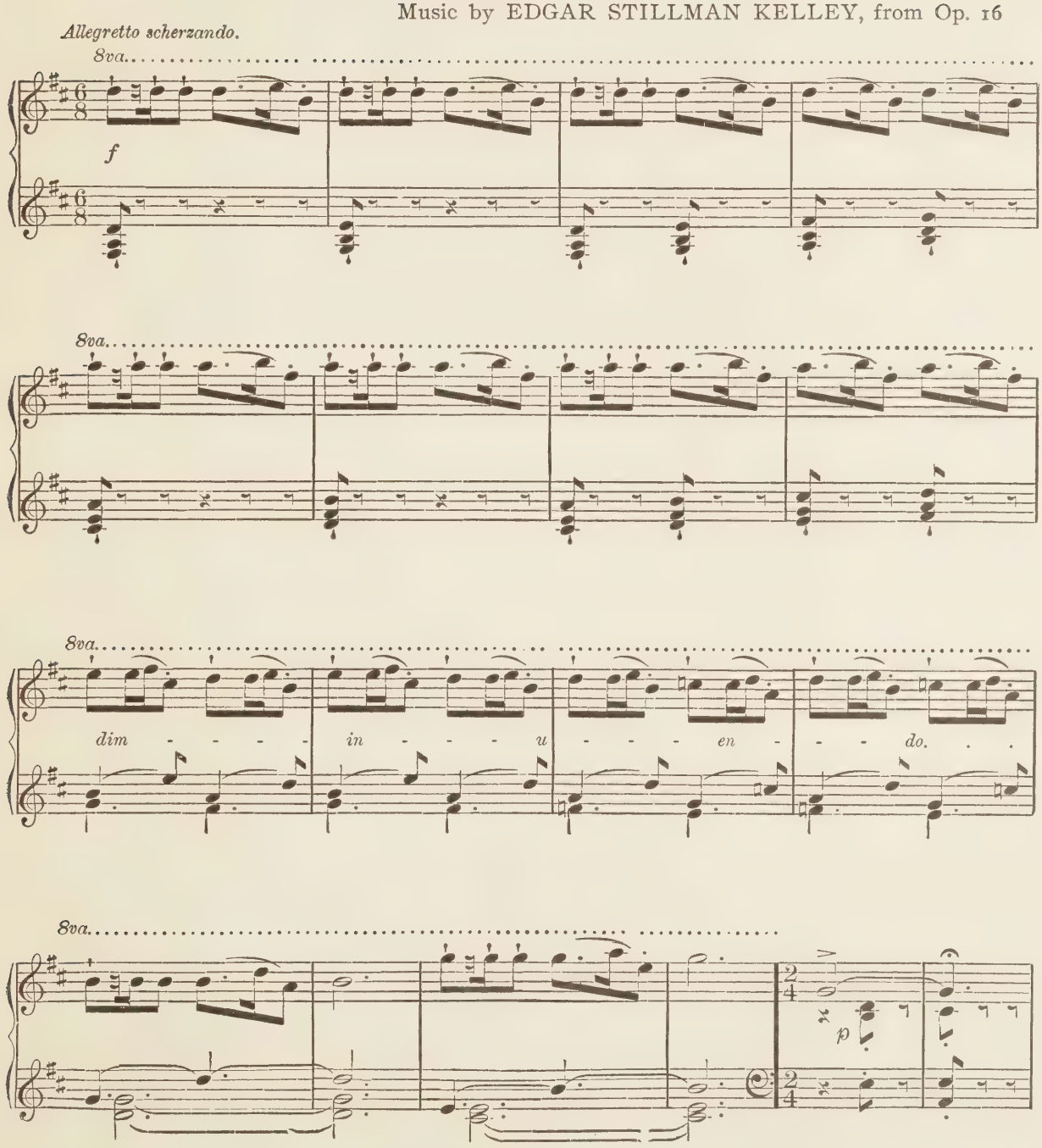
For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras
And staccatos are so sweet—
His roulades, appoggiaturas,
And robustos so complete,
That the youth of every nation—
Be they near or far away—
Have especial delectation
In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,
Their lungs begin to crow,
Their hearts get light and lighter,
And their cheeks are all aglow;
For an echo cometh bringing
The news to all and me,
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.
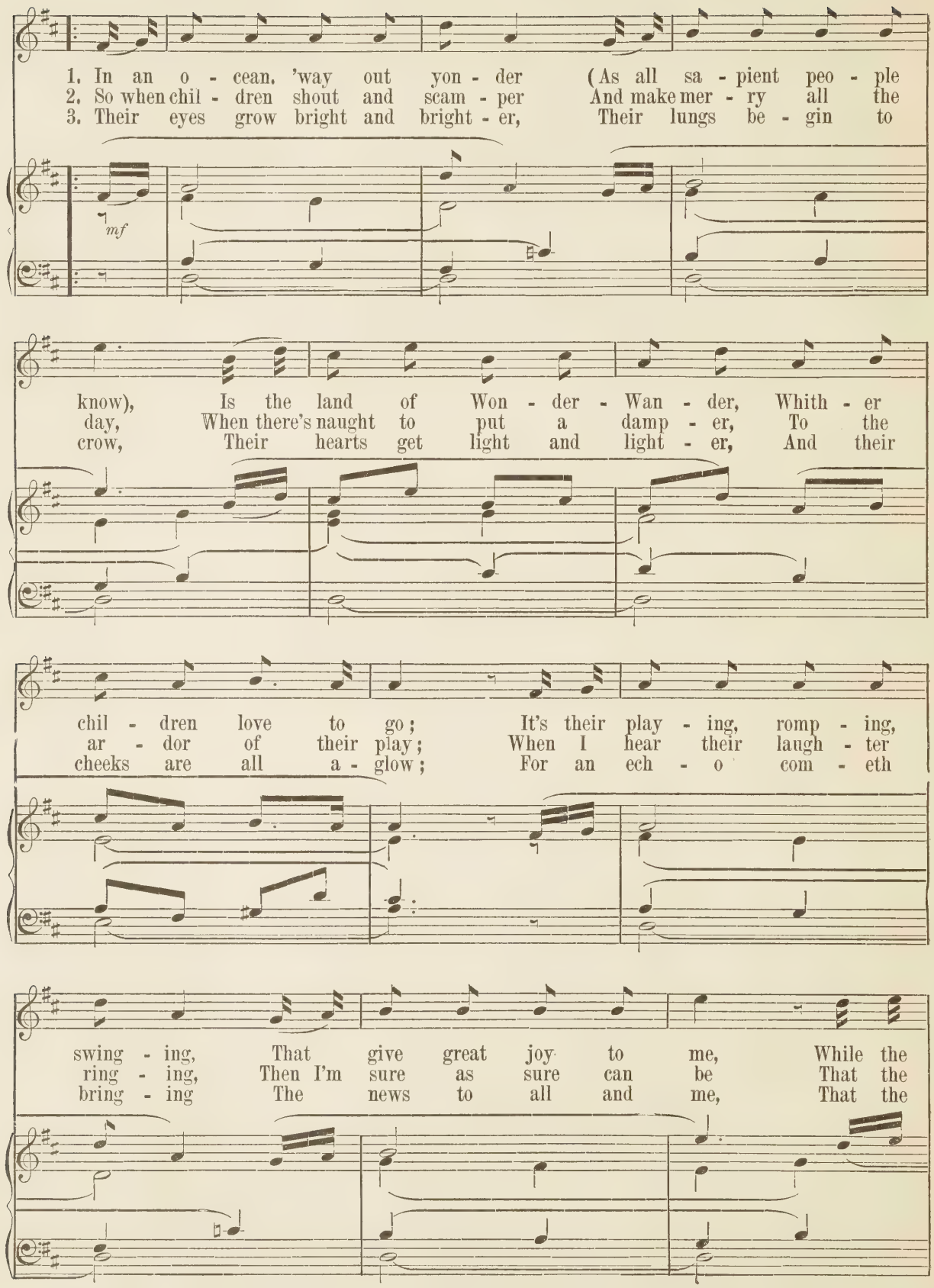
I 'm sure you like to go there
To see your feathered friend—
And so many goodies grow there
You would like to comprehend!
Speed, little dreams, your winging
To that land across the sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree!
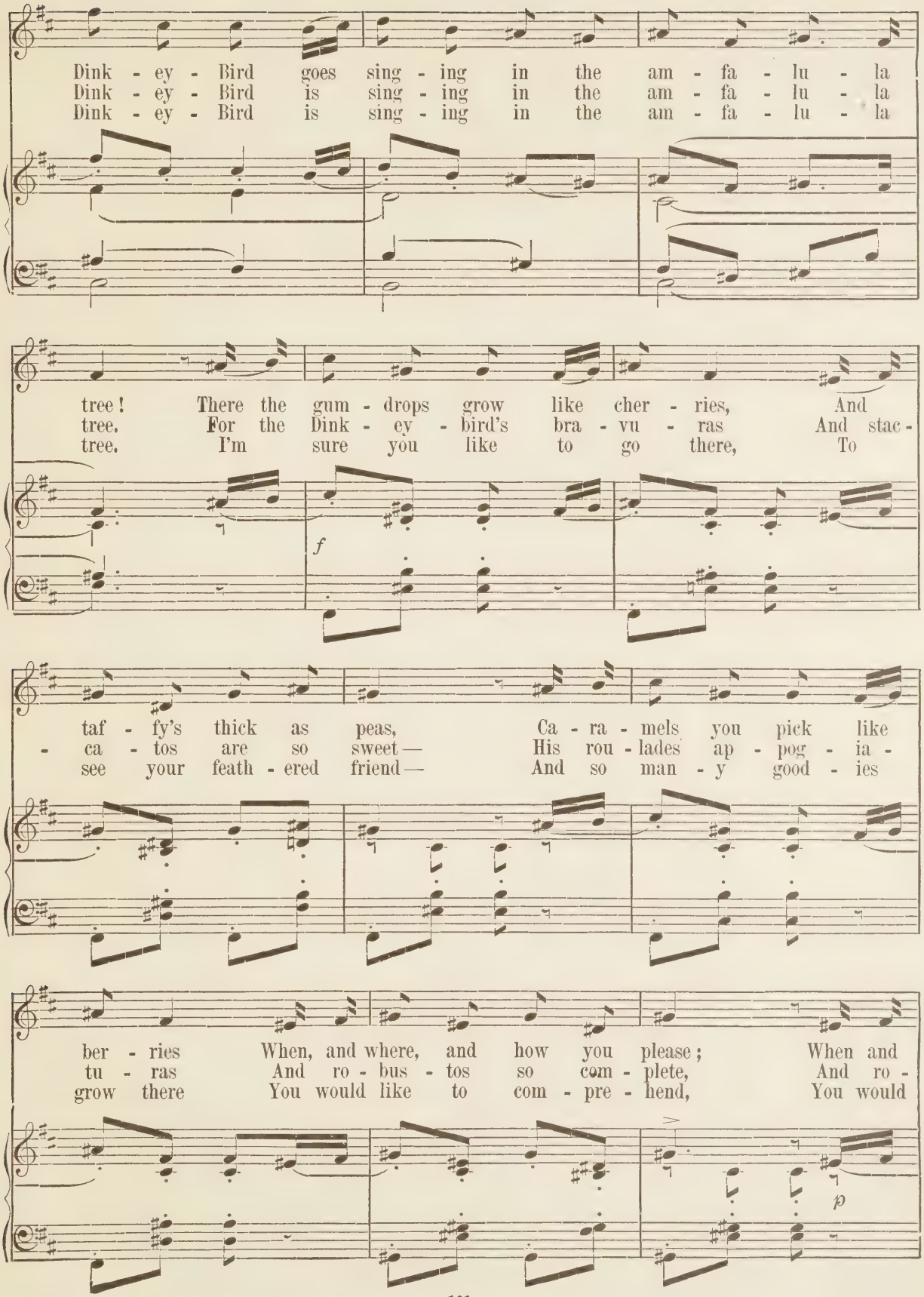
THE DINKEY-BIRD
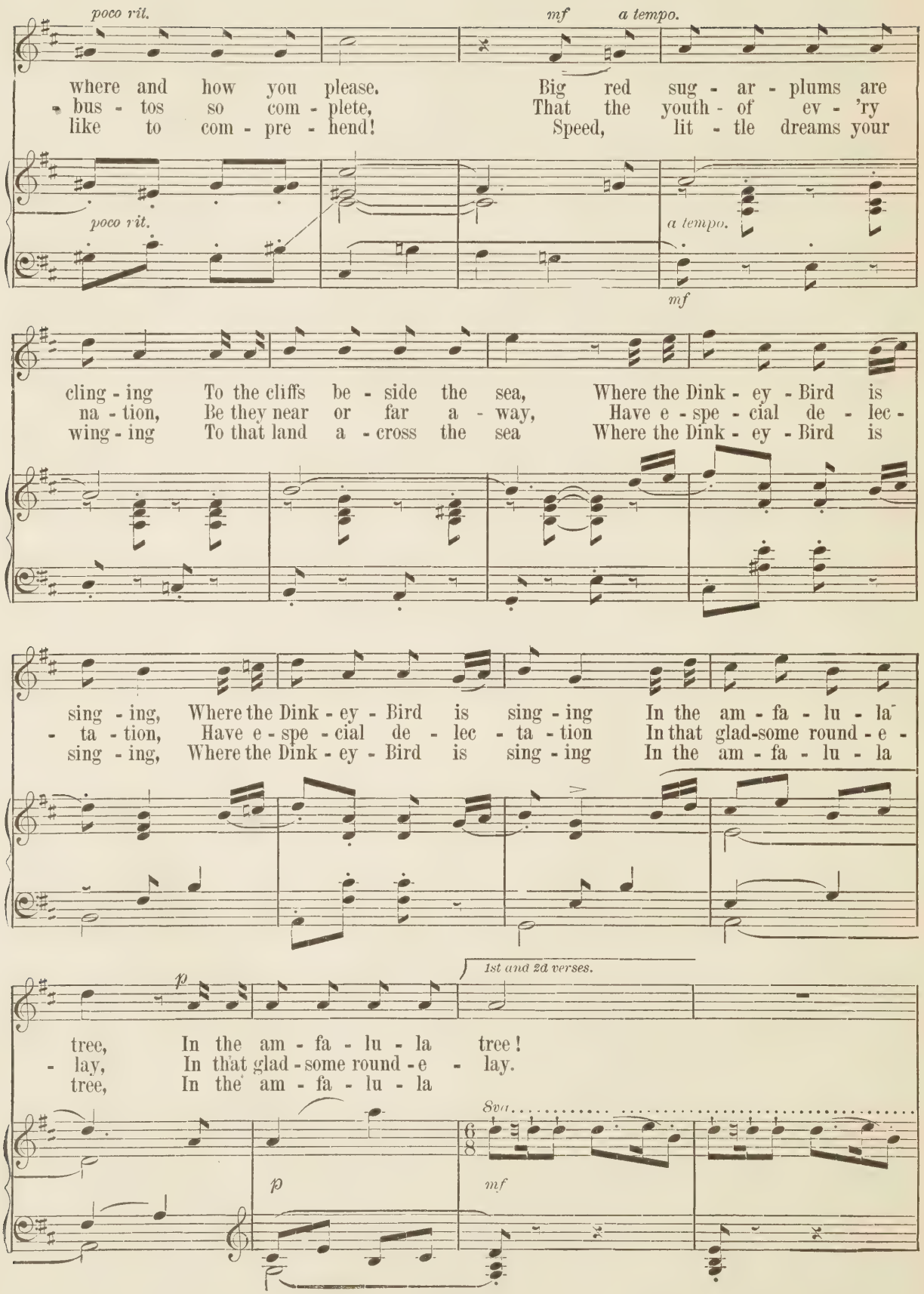
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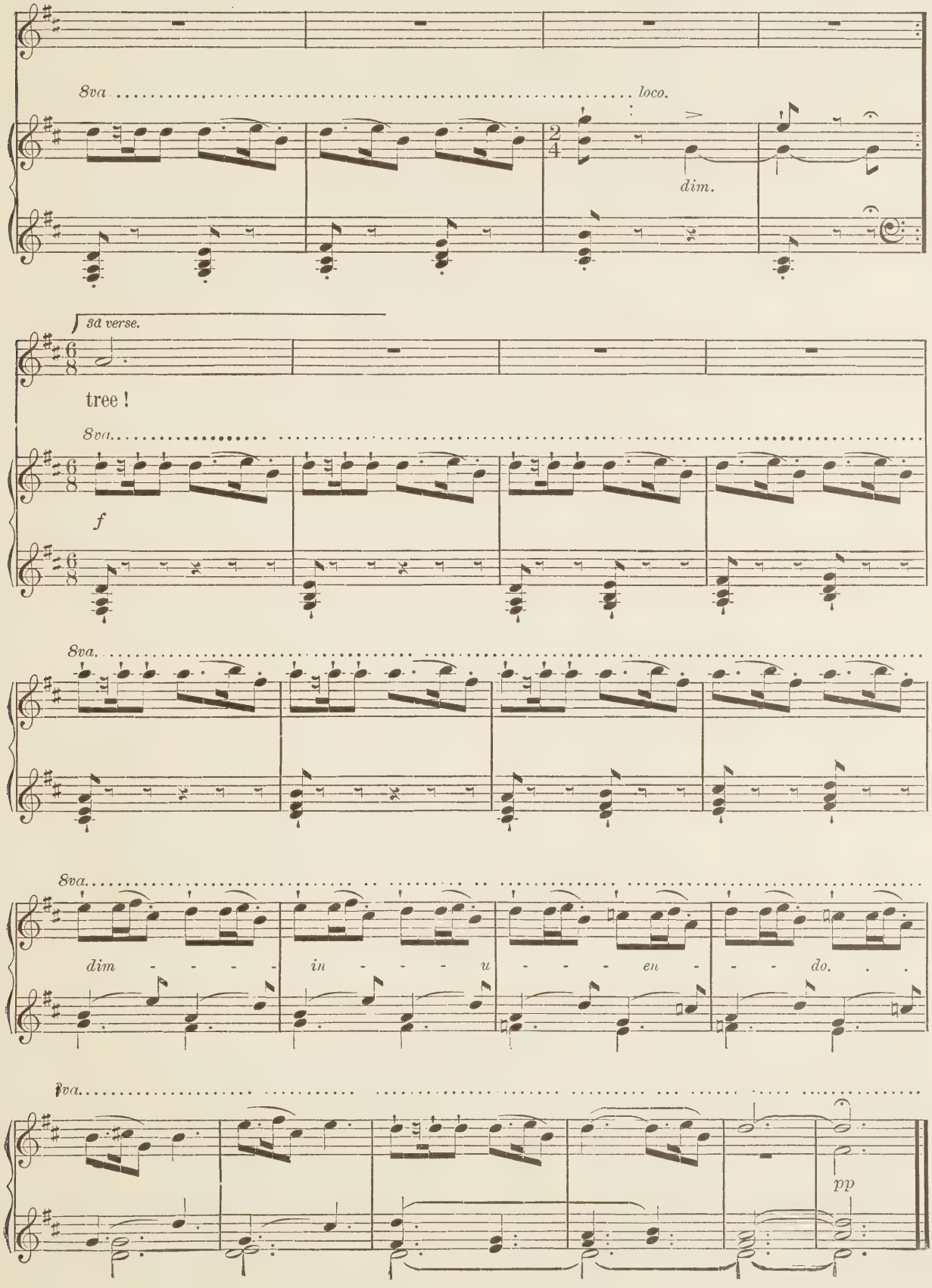


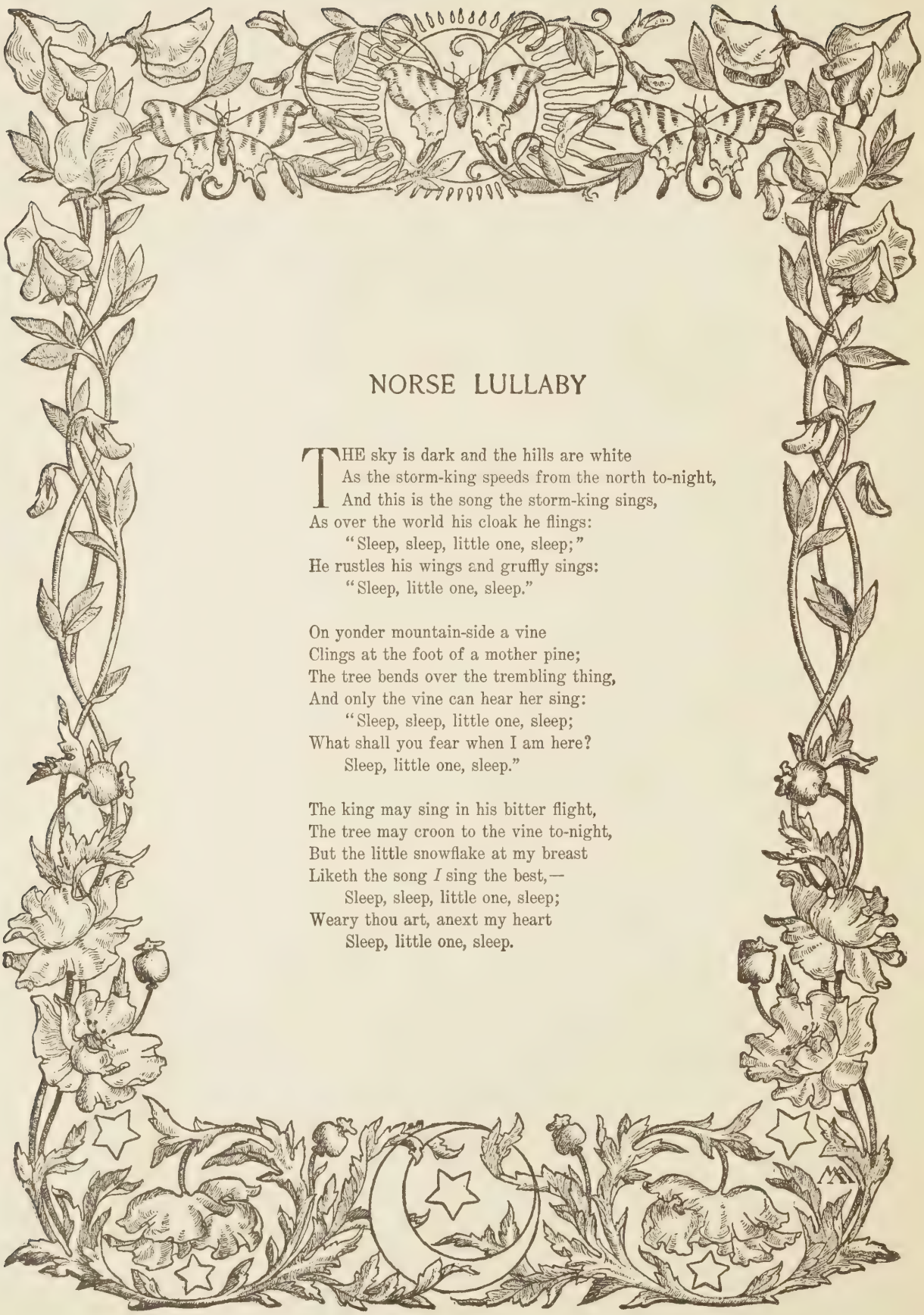
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1. In an o - cean, 'way out yon - der (As all sa - pient peo - ple
2. So when chil - dren shout and scam - per And make mer - ry all the
3. Their eyes grow bright and bright - er, Their lungs be - gin to
mf
know), Is the land of Won - der - Wan - der, Whith - er
day, When there's naught to put a damp - er, To the
crow, Their hearts get light and light - er, And their
chil - dren love to go; It's their play - ing, romp - ing,
ar - dor of their play; When I hear their laugh - ter
cheeks are all a - glow; For an ech - o com - eth
swing - ing, That give great joy to me, While the
ring - ing, Then I'm sure as sure can be That the
bring - ing The news to all and me, That the


Dink - ey - Bird goes sing - ing in the am - fa - lu - la
Dink - ey - Bird is sing - ing in the am - fa - lu - la
Dink - ey - Bird is sing - ing in the am - fa - lu - la
tree! There the gum - drops grow like cher - ries, And
tree. For the Dink - ey - bird's bra - vu - ras And stac -
tree. I'm sure you like to go there, To
f
taf - fy's thick as peas, Ca - ra - mels you pick like
- ca - tos are so sweet — His rou - lades ap - pog - ia -
see your feath - ered friend — And so man - y good - ies
ber - ries When, and where, and how you please; When and
tu - ras And ro - bus - tos so com - plete, And ro -
grow there You would like to com - pre - hend, You would
p


poco rit.
mf
a tempo.
where and how you please.
Big red sug - ar - plums are
bus - tos so com - plete,
That the youth - of ev - 'ry
like to com - pre - hend!
Speed, lit - tle dreams your
poco rit.
a tempo.
mf
cling - ing To the cliffs be - side the sea, Where the Dink - ey - Bird is
na - tion, Be they near or far a - way, Have e - spe - cial de - lec -
wing - ing To that land a - cross the sea Where the Dink - ey - Bird is
sing - ing, Where the Dink - ey - Bird is sing - ing In the am - fa - lu - la
- ta - tion, Have e - spe - cial de - lec - ta - tion In that glad-some round - e -
sing - ing, Where the Dink - ey - Bird is sing - ing In the am - fa - lu - la
p
1st and 2d verses.
tree, In the am - fa - lu - la tree!
- lay, In that glad - some round - e - lay.
tree, In the am - fa - lu - la
8va
6/8
p
mf


8va
loco.
dim.
sä verse.
tree !
8va.
f
8va.
8va.
dim - - - - in - - - - u - - - - en - - - do. . .
8va.
pp



NORSE LULLABY
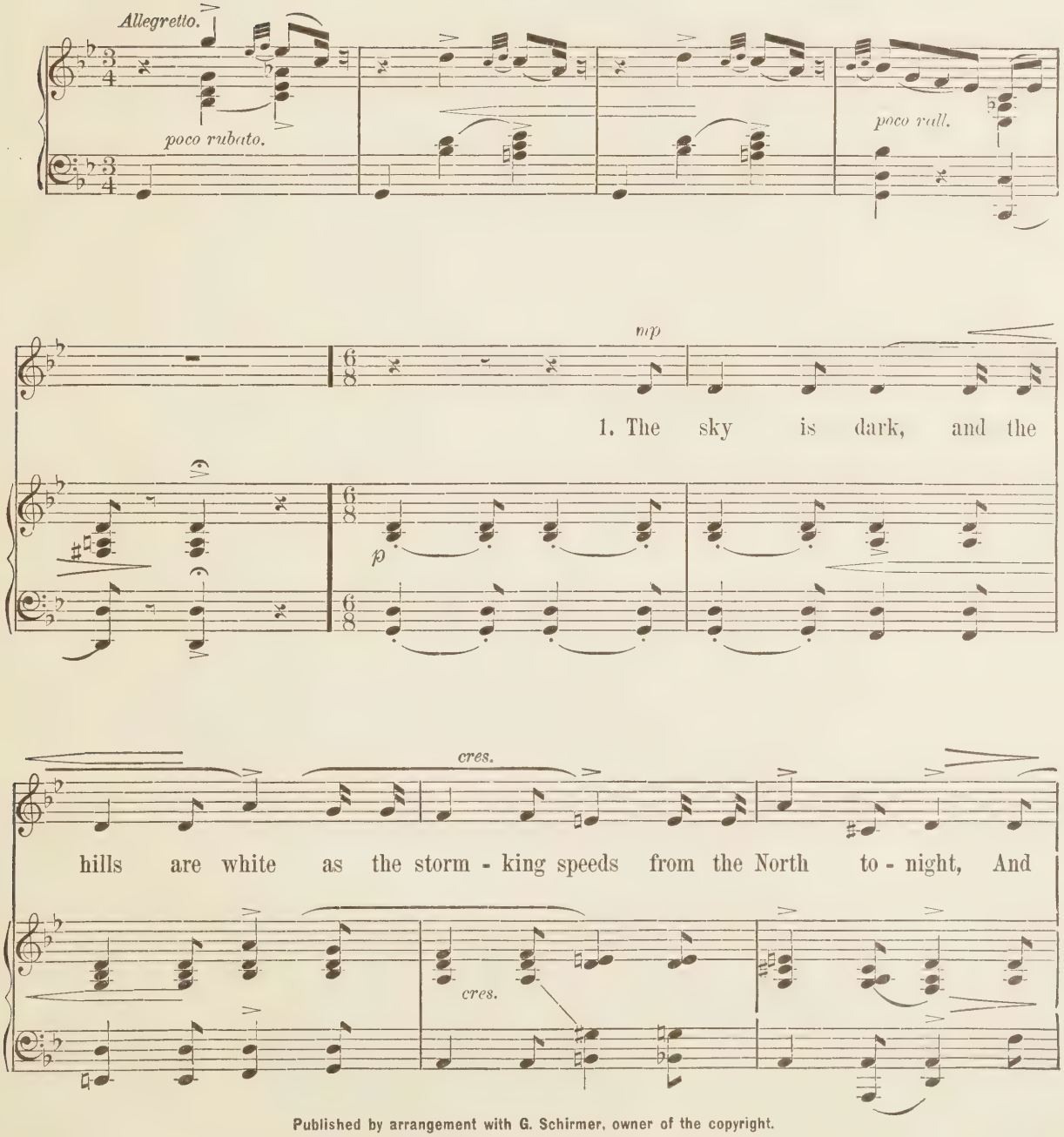
THE sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night,
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;"
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."
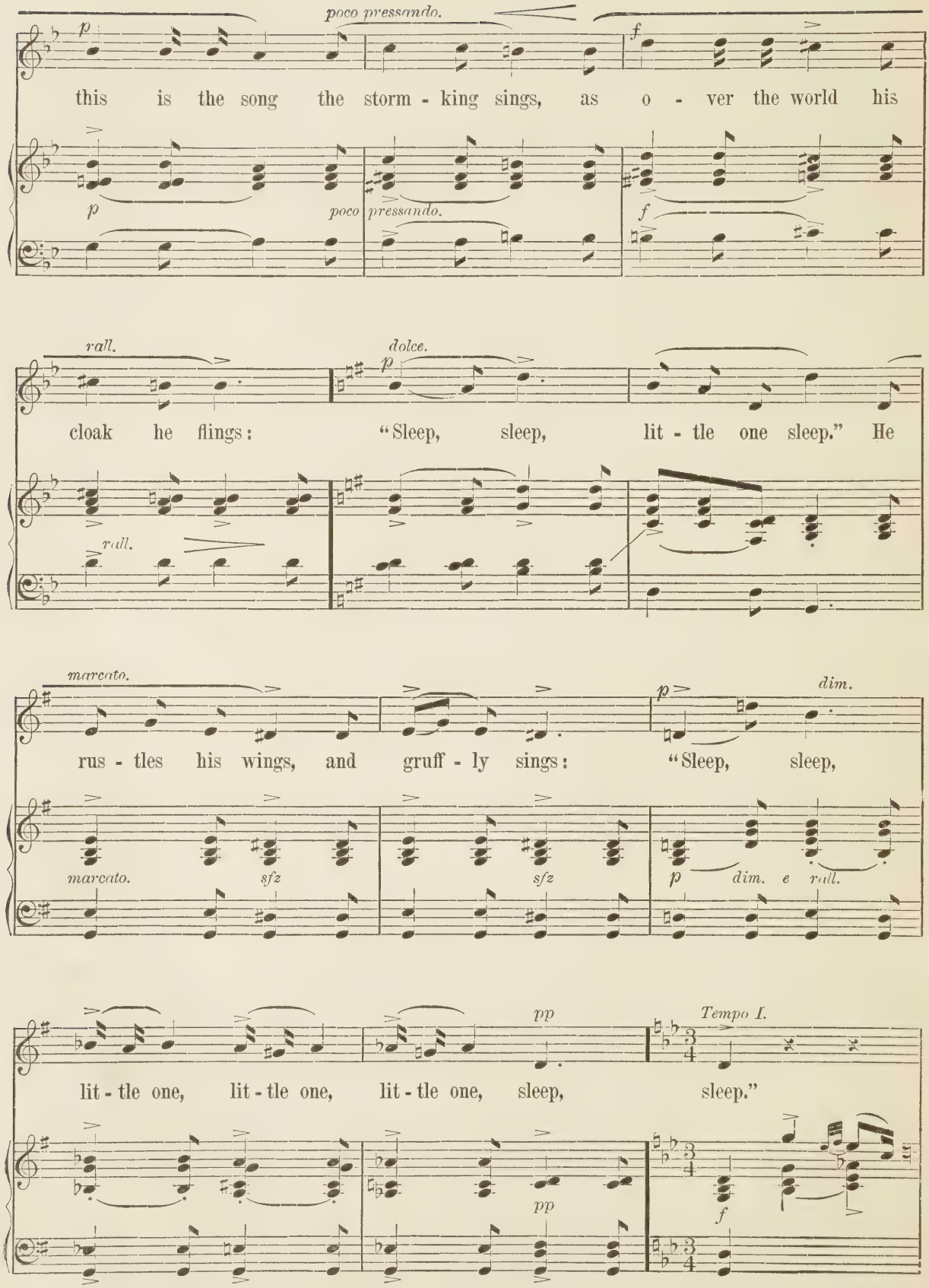
The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song *I* sing the best,—
Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, anext my heart
Sleep, little one, sleep.
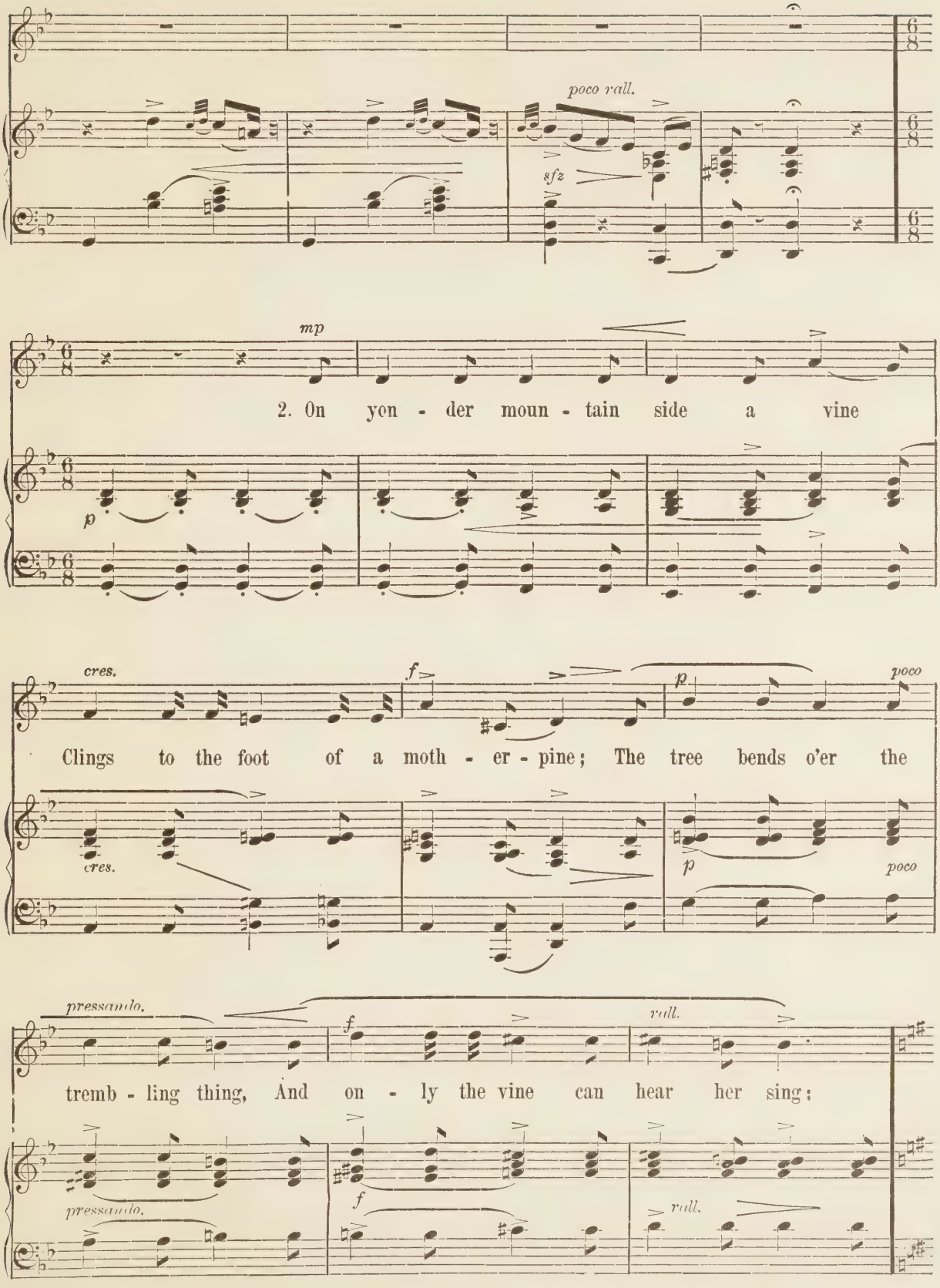
NORSE LULLABY
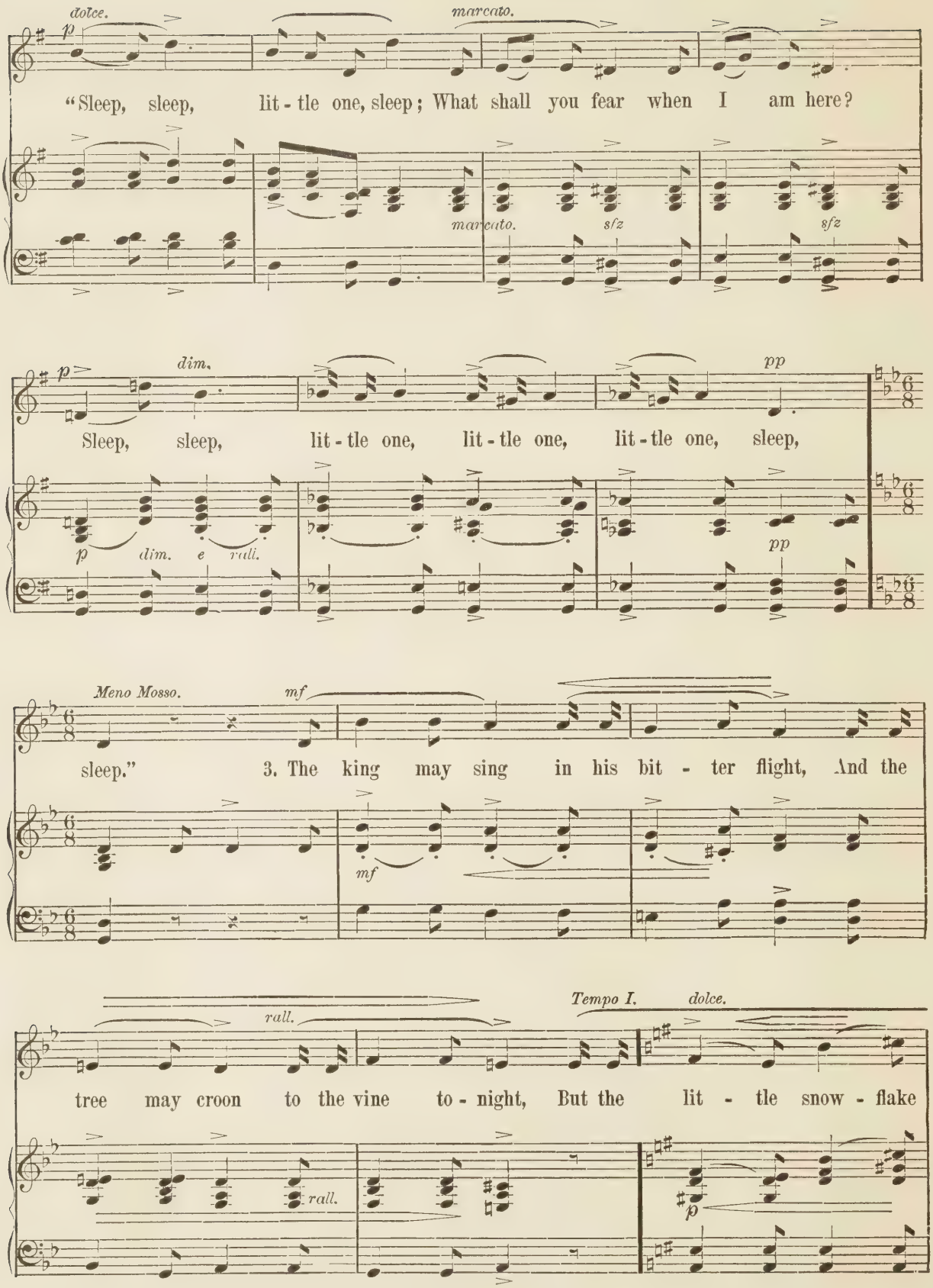
Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN, Op. 53, No. 3
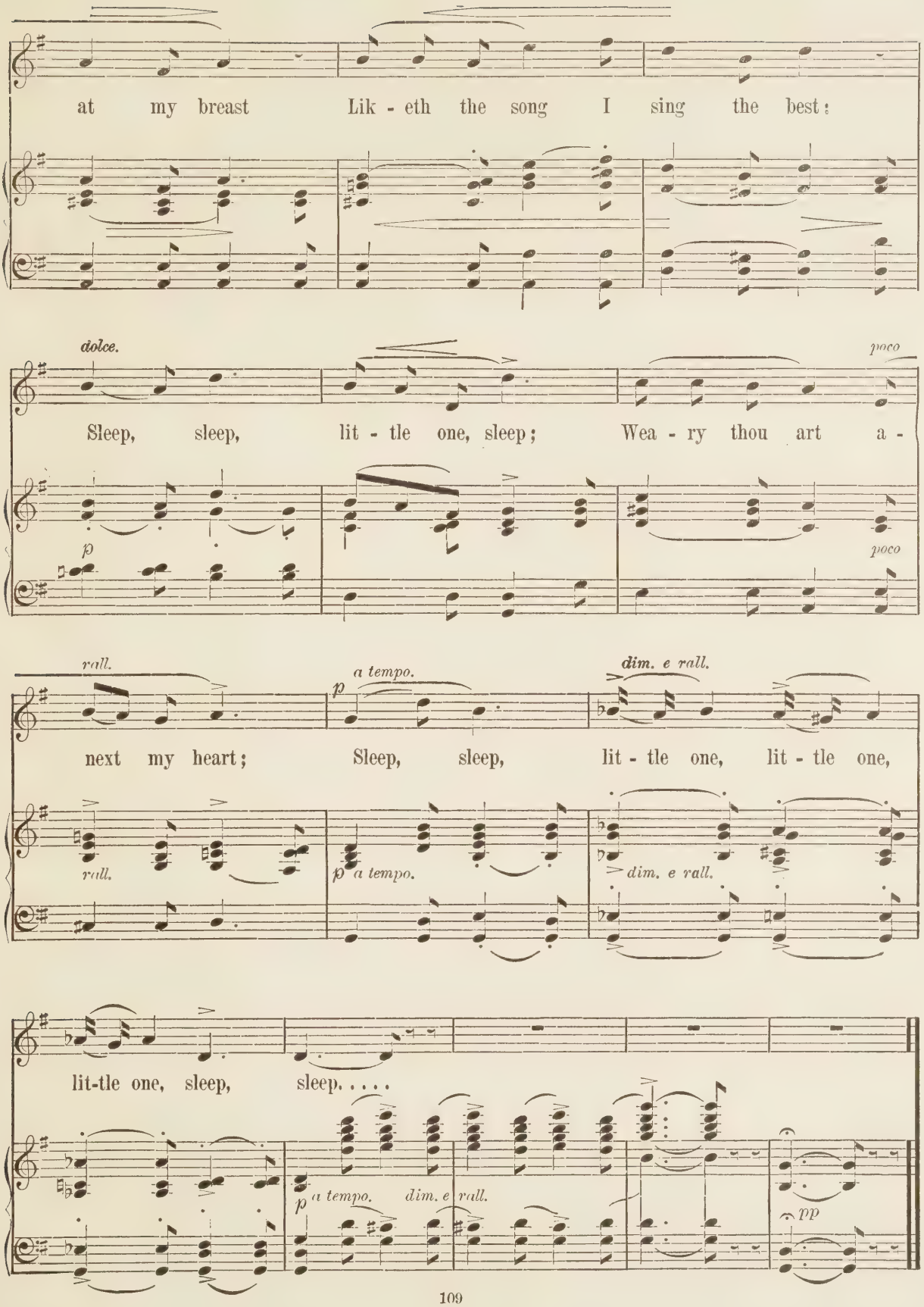


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poco pressando.
this is the song the storm - king sings, as o - ver the world his
poco pressando.
rall.
dolce.
cloak he flings: "Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one sleep." He
rall.
marcato.
dim.
rus - tles his wings, and gruff - ly sings: "Sleep, sleep,
marcato.
sfz
sfz
dim. e rall.
pp
Tempo I.
lit - tle one, lit - tle one, lit - tle one, sleep, sleep."
pp


poco rall.
sfz
mp
2. On yon - der moun - tain side a vine
p
cres.
f
p
poco
Clings to the foot of a moth - er - pine; The tree bends o'er the
cres.
p
poco
pressando.
f
rall.
tremb - ling thing, And on - ly the vine can hear her sing:
pressando.
f
rall.


dolce.
p
marcato.
"Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep; What shall you fear when I am here?
marcato.
sfz
sfz
p
dim.
Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, lit - tle one, lit - tle one, sleep,
pp
p
dim. e rall.
pp
Meno Mosso.
mf
sleep." 3. The king may sing in his bit - ter flight, And the
mf
rall.
Tempo I.
dolce.
tree may croon to the vine to - night, But the lit - tle snow - flake
rall.
p


at my breast Lik - eth the song I sing the best:
dolce.
poco
Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep; Wea - ry thou art a -
p
poco
rall.
a tempo.
dim. e rall.
next my heart; Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, lit - tle one,
rall.
p a tempo.
dim. e rall.
lit-tle one, sleep, sleep. . . .
p a tempo. dim. e rall.
pp

THE LITTLE PEACH

A LITTLE peach in the orchard grew,—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew,—
Trouble the doctor could n't subdue.
Too true!

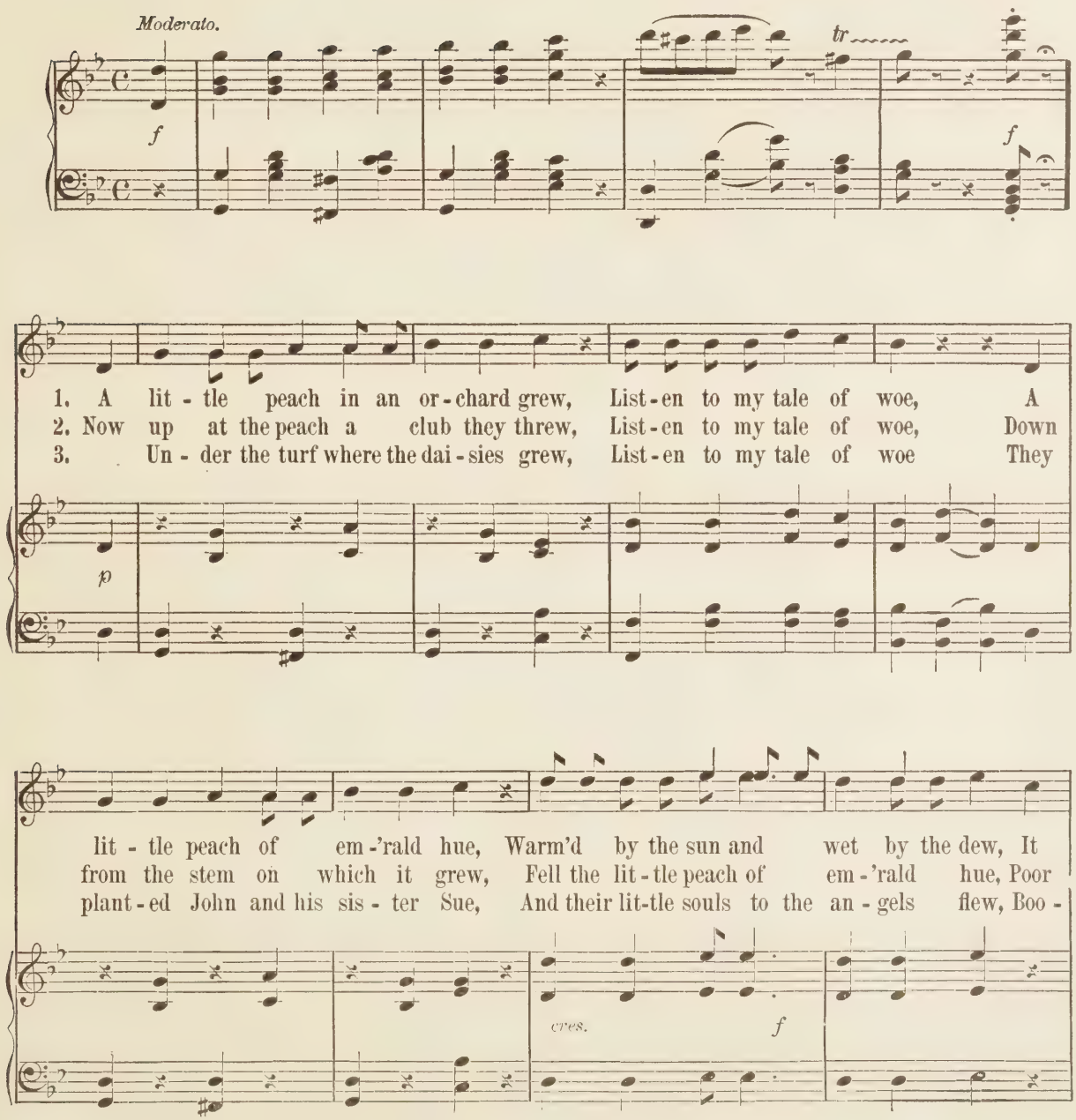
Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew,—
Boo hoo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!
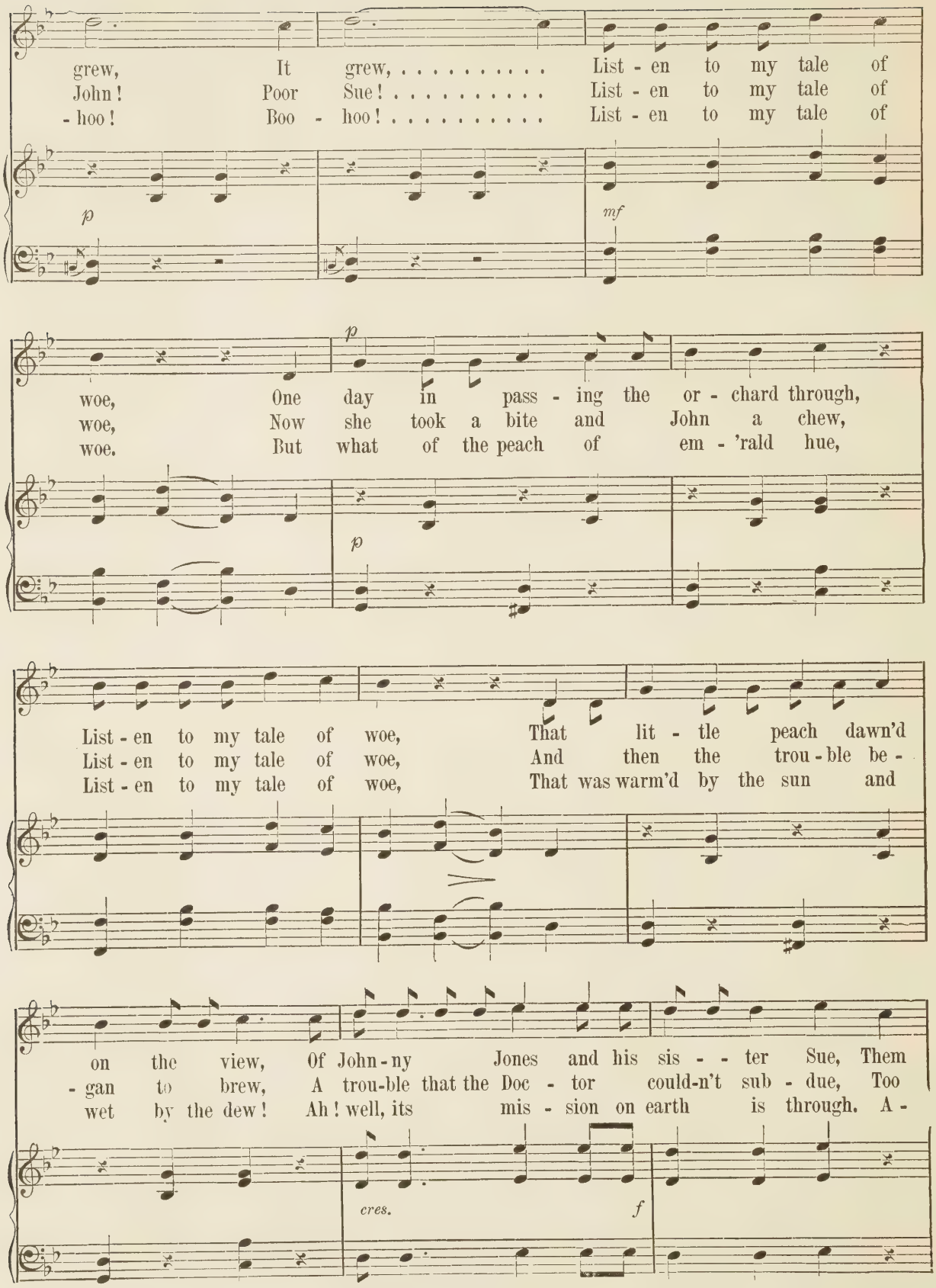
THE LITTLE PEACH
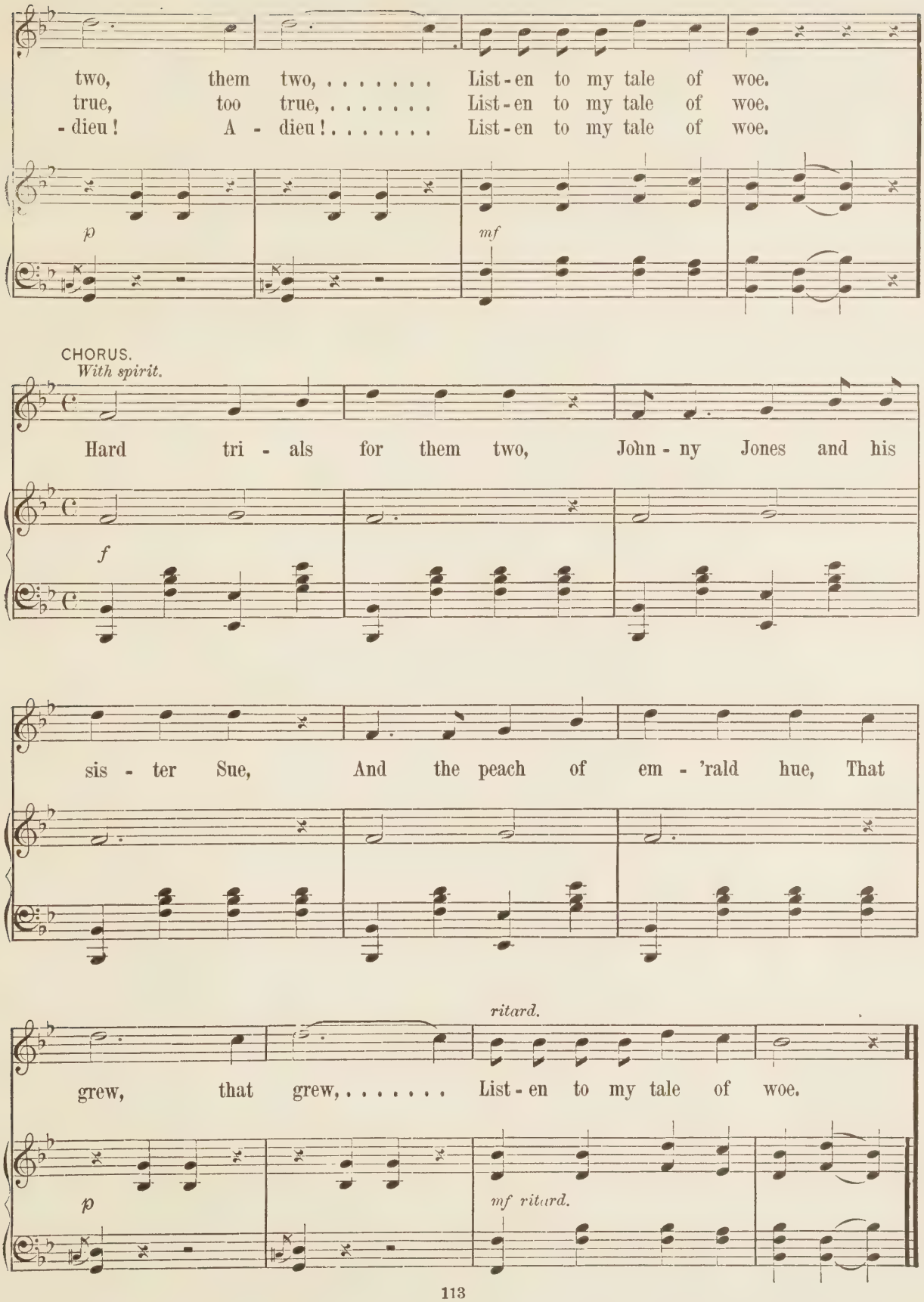
(LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE)

Music by HUBBARD T. SMITH



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grew, It grew, ... List - en to my tale of
John! Poor Sue! . . . . . List - en to my tale of
- hoo! Boo - hoo! . . . . . List - en to my tale of
p
mf
woe, One day in pass - ing the or - chard through,
woe, Now she took a bite and John a chew,
woe. But what of the peach of em - 'rald hue,
p
p
List - en to my tale of woe, That lit - tle peach dawn'd
List - en to my tale of woe, And then the trou - ble be -
List - en to my tale of woe, That was warm'd by the sun and
on the view, Of John - ny Jones and his sis - - ter Sue, Them
- gan to brew, A trou-ble that the Doc - tor could-n't sub - due, Too
wet by the dew! Ah! well, its mis - sion on earth is through. A -
cres.
f


two, them two, ... List - en to my tale of woe.
true, too true, ... List - en to my tale of woe.
- dieu ! A - dieu ! . . . . . List - en to my tale of woe.
p
mf
CHORUS.
With spirit.
Hard tri - als for them two, John - ny Jones and his
f
sis - ter Sue, And the peach of em - 'rald hue, That
ritard.
grew, that grew, ... List - en to my tale of woe.
p
mf ritard.

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de Koven
and
others
H.M.A